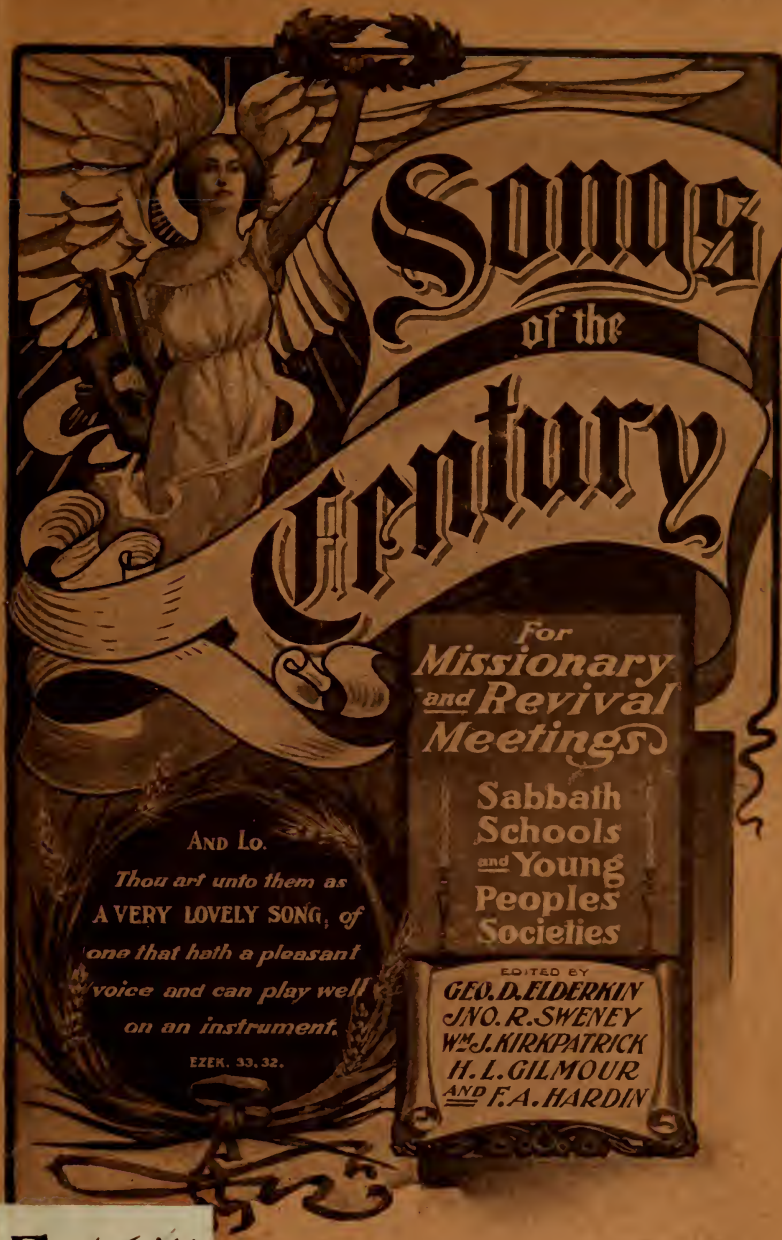

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Songs of the Century

FOR MISSIONARY AND REVIVAL MEETINGS, SABBATH SCHOOLS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

EDITED BY

GEO. D. ELDERKIN, JNO. R. SWENEY, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
H. L. GILMOUR and F. A. HARDIN

CHICAGO
GEO. D. ELDERKIN, Publisher
57 Washington St.
1900

Songs of the Century

Every page of "**Songs of the Century**" will speak for itself.

The editors have gleaned from the entire field of Gospel music, such songs as have the highest musical excellence and will be most valuable in the Sabbath School and social meetings of the Church.

"**Songs of the Century**" has been compiled under the same active editorship as "**The Finest of the Wheat.**" We believe it will prove to be an eminently worthy successor.

THE EDITORS.

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1 Heralds of Light.

Rev. C. COOKE. I. B. WOODBURY. Arr.

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2 Let the Gospel Light Shine In.

IDA L. REED. H. L. GILMOUR.

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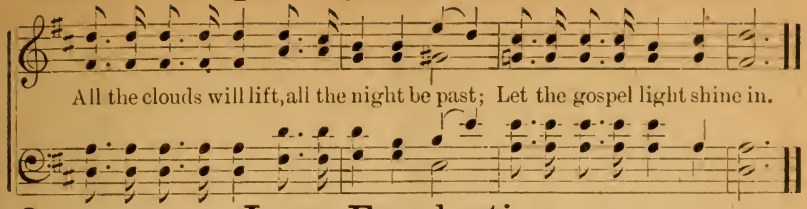
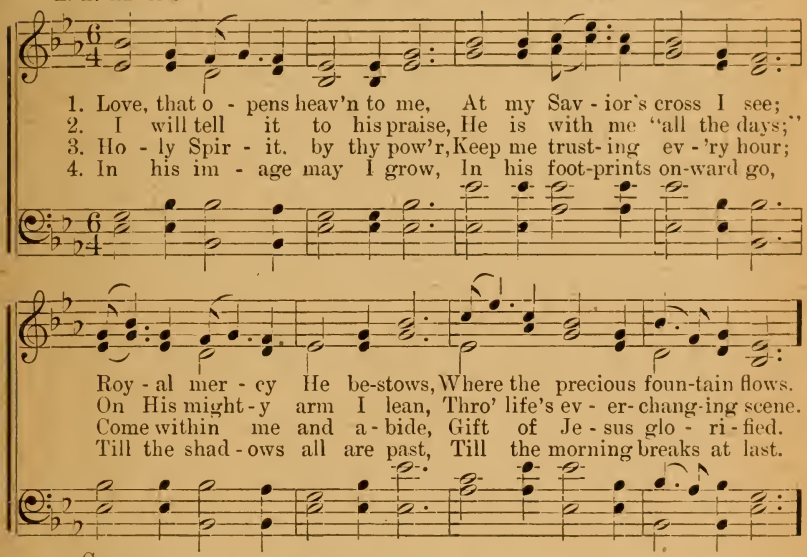


3 Love Everlasting.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

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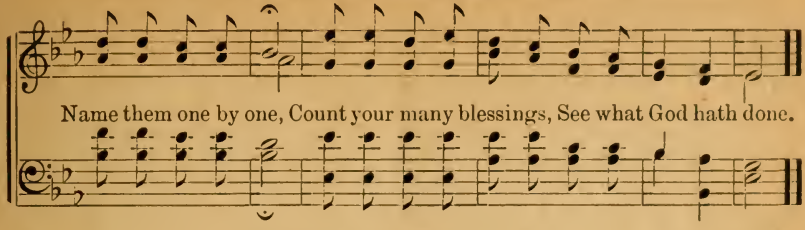
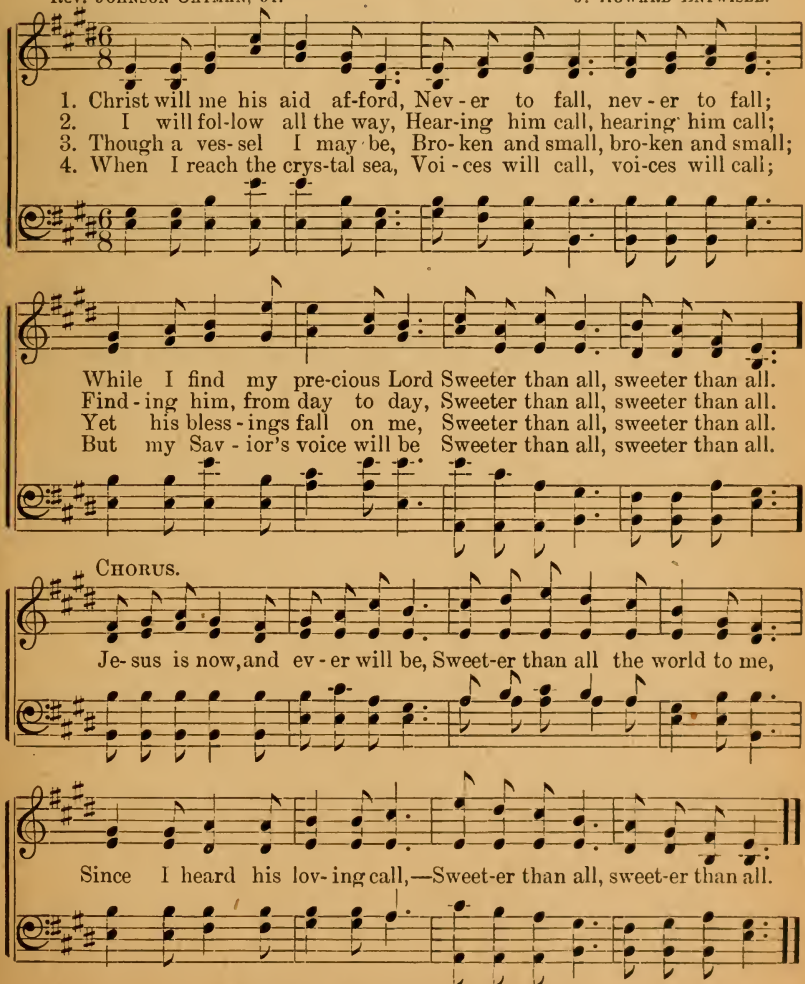
Count Your Blessings—Concluded.



5 Sweeter than All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.



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FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Will I Have a Guide?

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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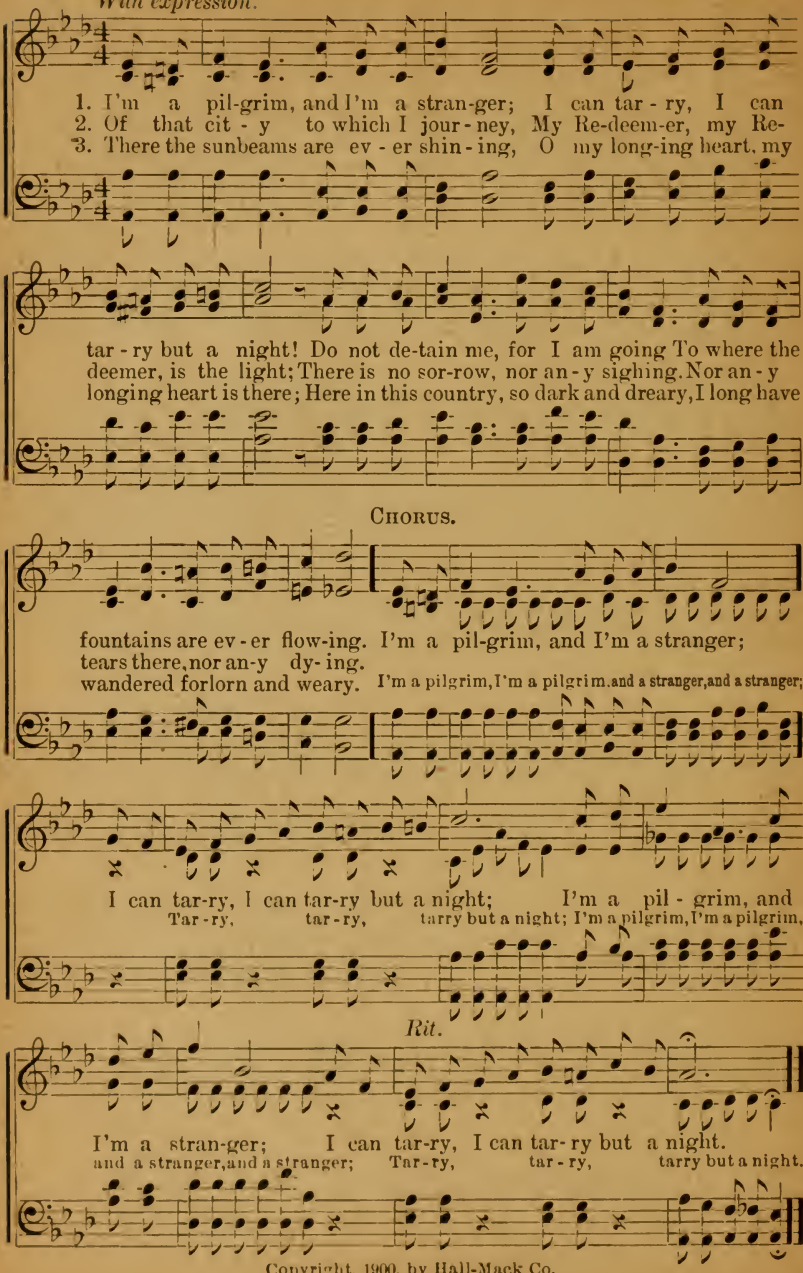
I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

With expression.



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Go Spread the Tidings.

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The Better Land.

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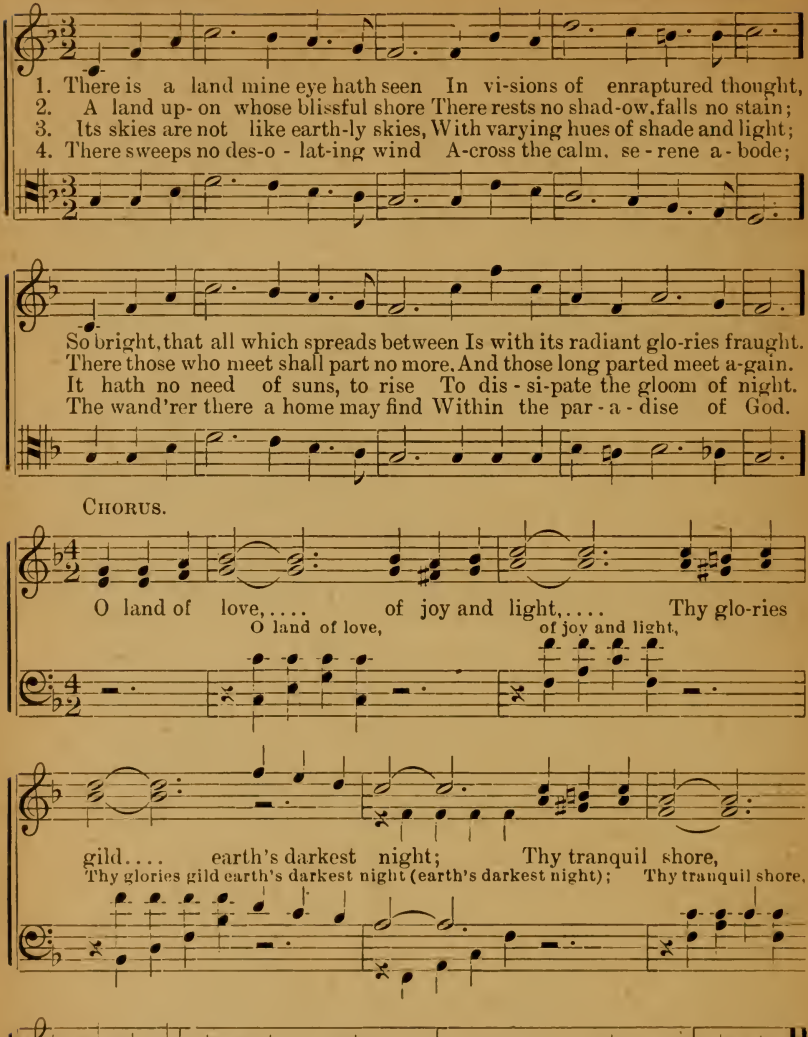

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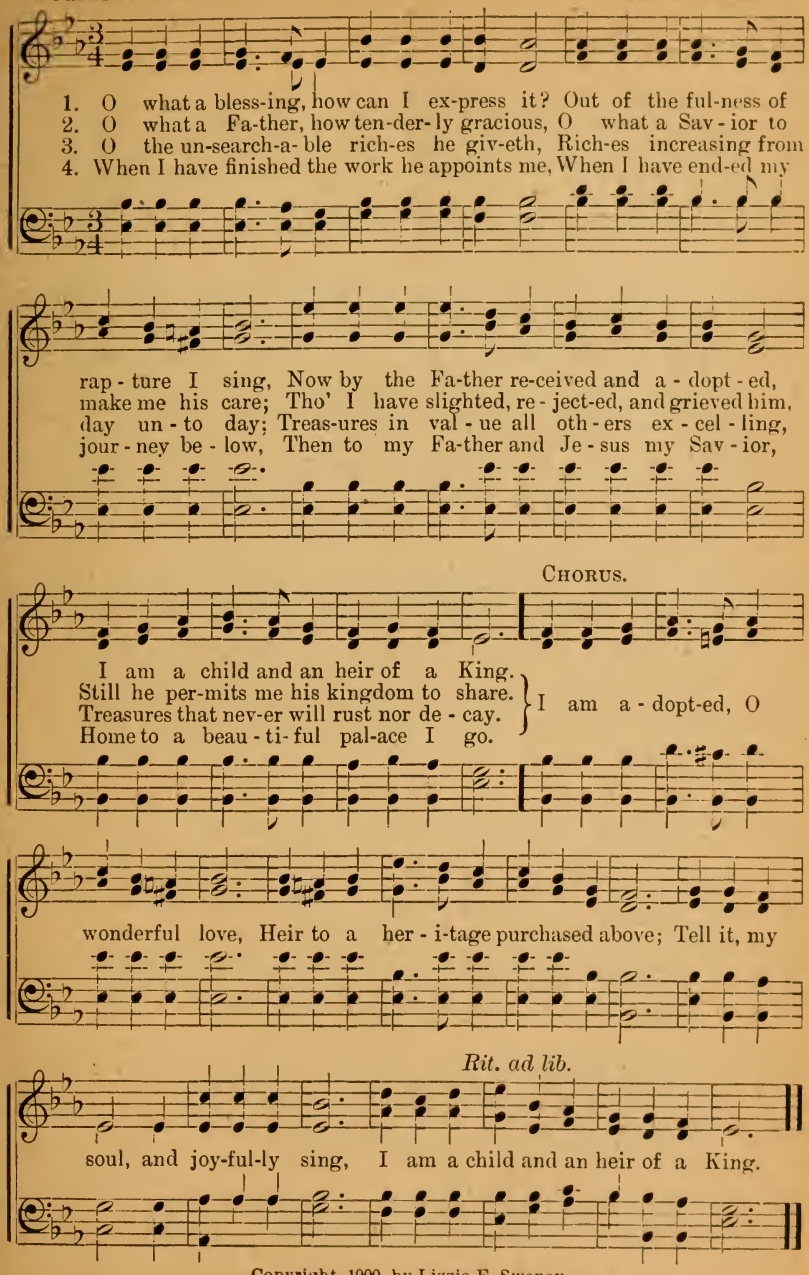

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12 Send a Cheer Across the Wave.

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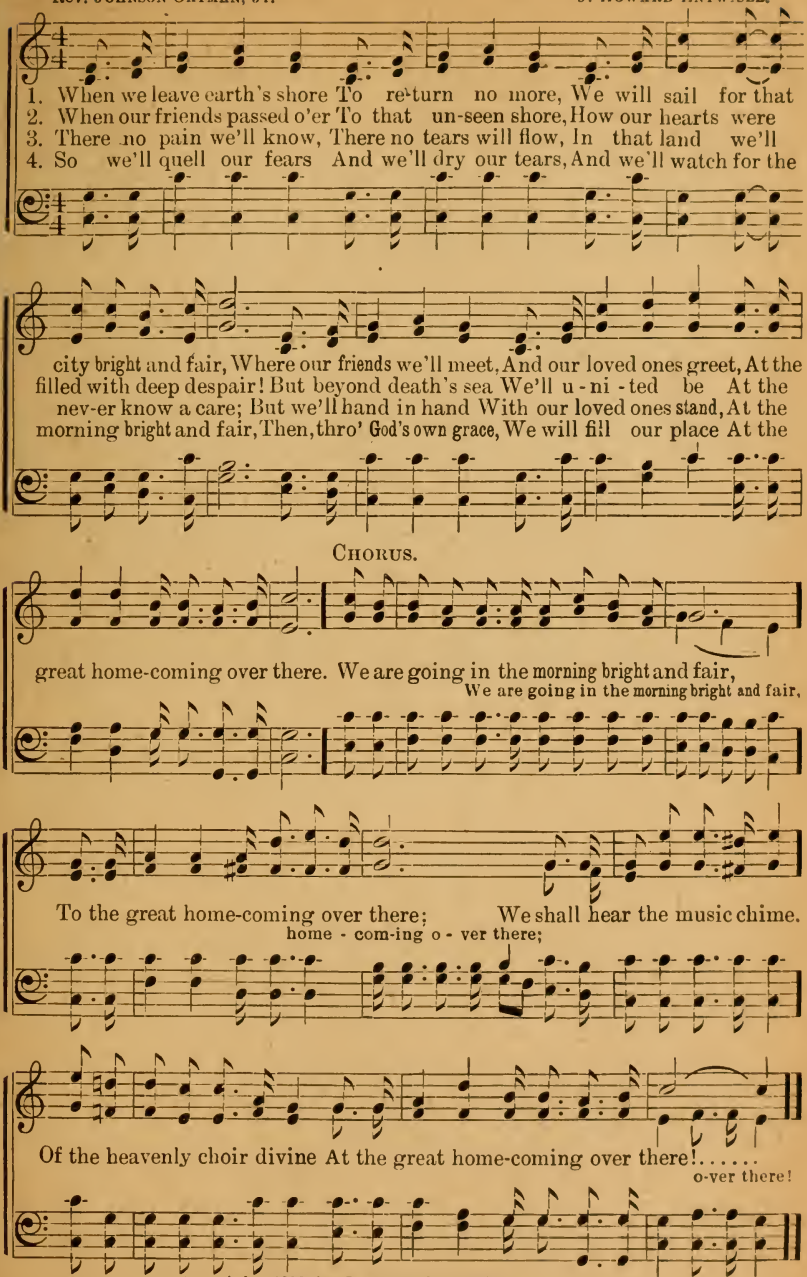

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We Have Fellowship.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

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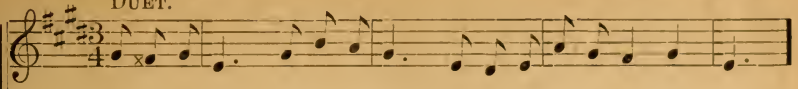
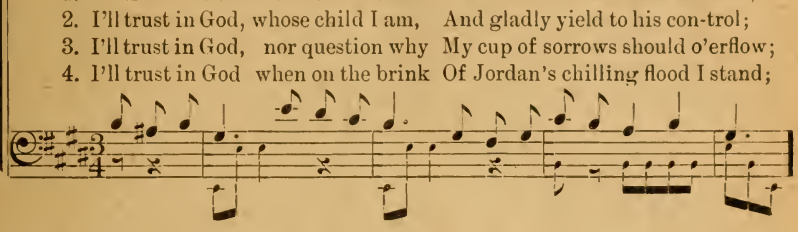
I'll Trust in God.

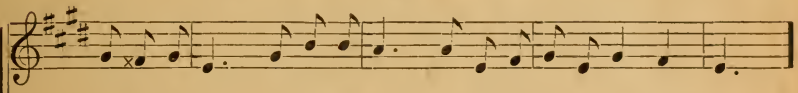
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET.

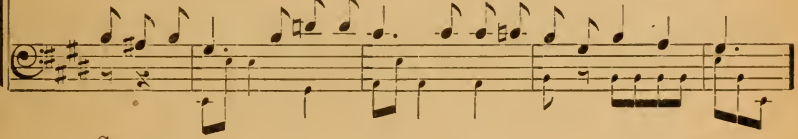


1. I'll trust in God—he knows the best! And I will follow where he leads,
2. I'll trust in God, whose child I am, And gladly yield to his con-trol;
3. I'll trust in God, nor question why My cup of sorrows should o'erflow;
4. I'll trust in God when on the brink Of Jordan's chilling flood I stand;



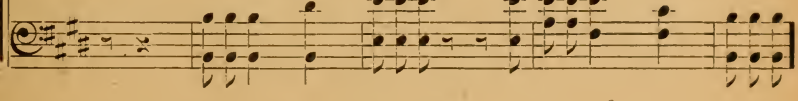


For well I know his love affords A rich supply for all my needs.
He gives me grace for ev-'ry day, And ful-ly sat - is-fies my soul.
Con-tent to feel his guiding hand Is leading wheresoe'er I go.
For perfect faith and trust discerns Beyond its tide the bet-ter land.

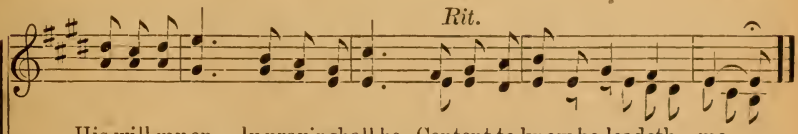


CHORUS.

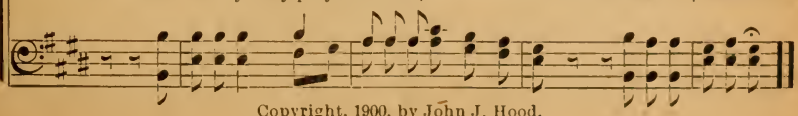
Yes, I will trust my God, my King, And all the day his praises sing;
I will trust my God, my King, And ev'ry day his praises sing;



Rit.



His will my on - ly pray'r shall be. Content to know he leadeth me.
His will my on-ly pray'r shall be, He leadeth, leadeth me.



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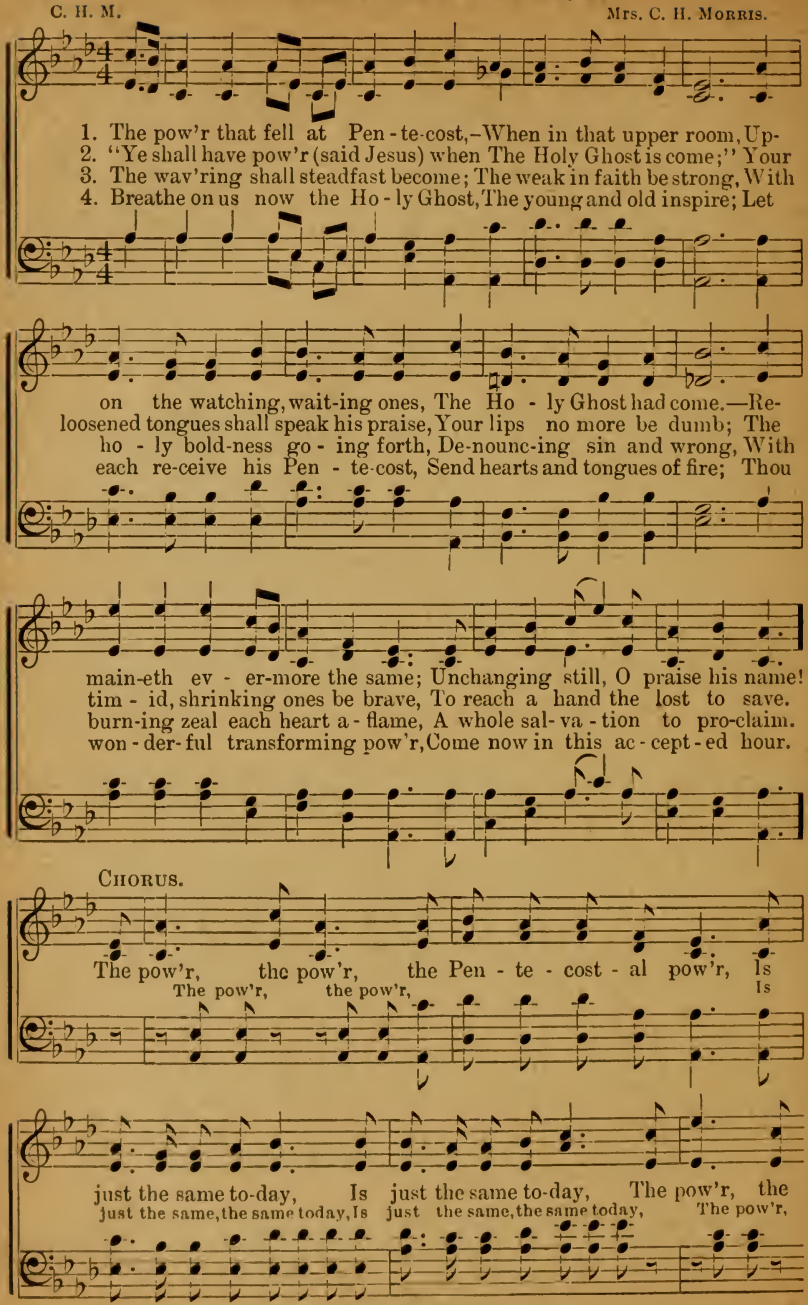
The Pentecostal Power.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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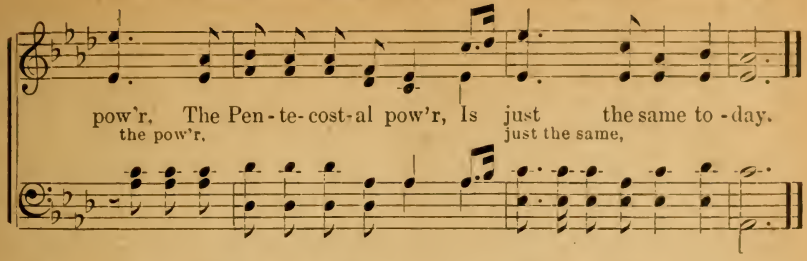
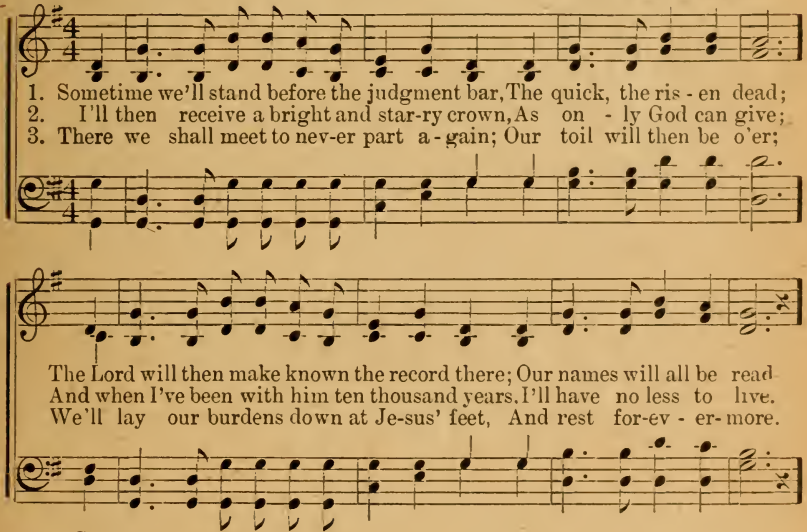
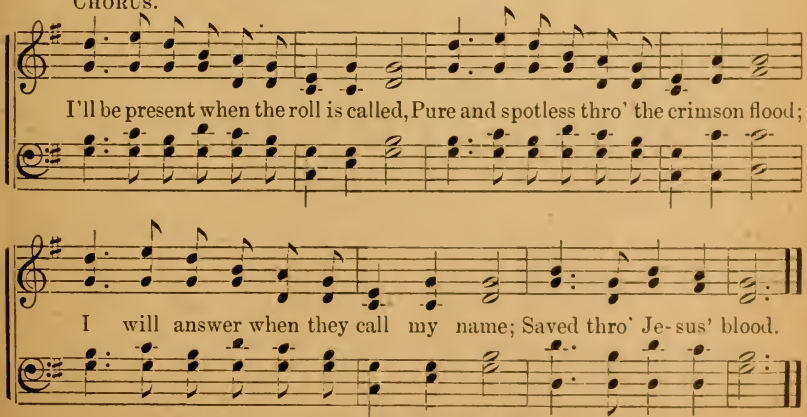


17 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.



Chorus.



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O to be Like Thee.

T. O. Chrisholm. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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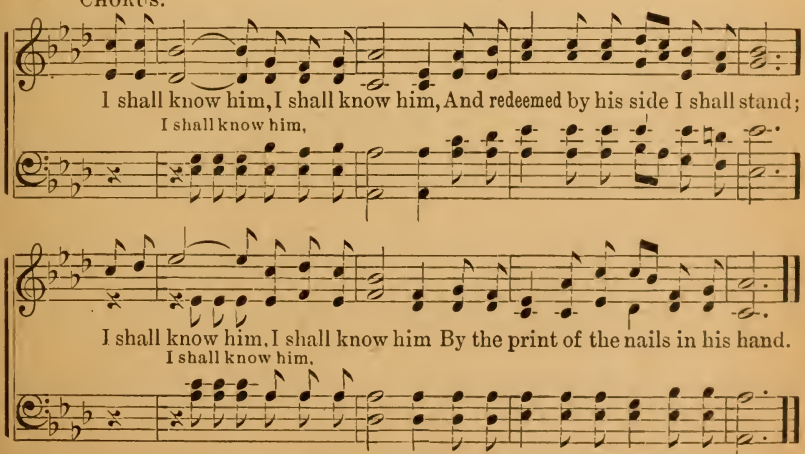
19 My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

CHORUS.



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20 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

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21 There is Glory in My Soul.

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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O Let Memory be a Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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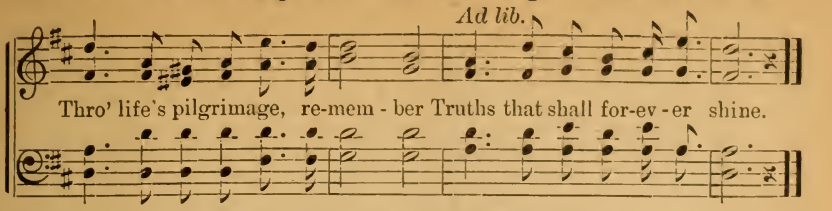
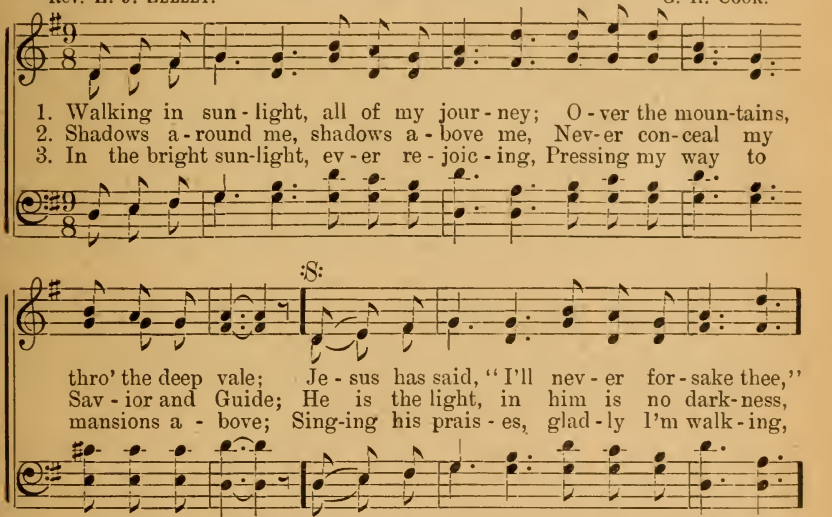
O Let Memory be a Blessing—Concluded.



23 Heavenly Sunlight.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Cook.



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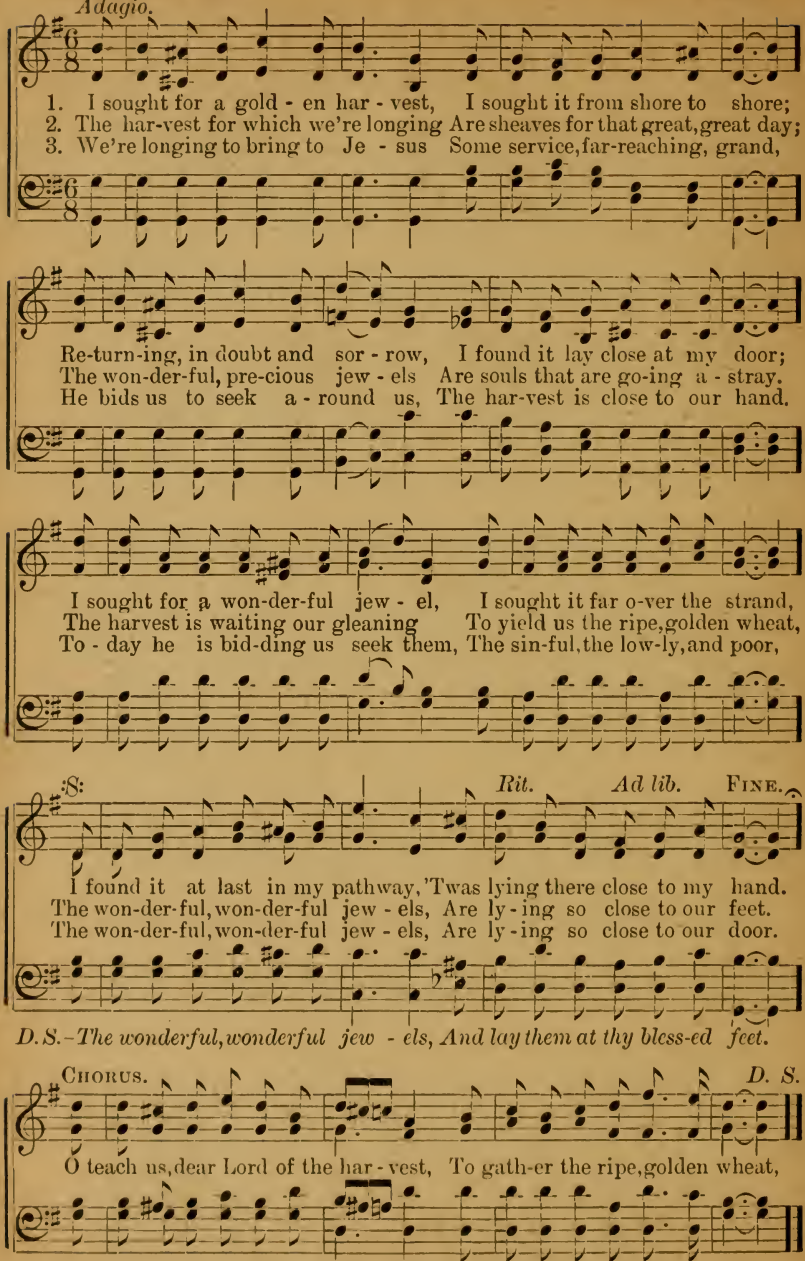
Seeking Lost Jewels.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. H. L. Gilmour.



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25 Crown Him King of Glory.

T. W. S. T. W. Stewart.

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Tarry for the Power.

Rev. A. C. Bane. Josephine H. Sweney.

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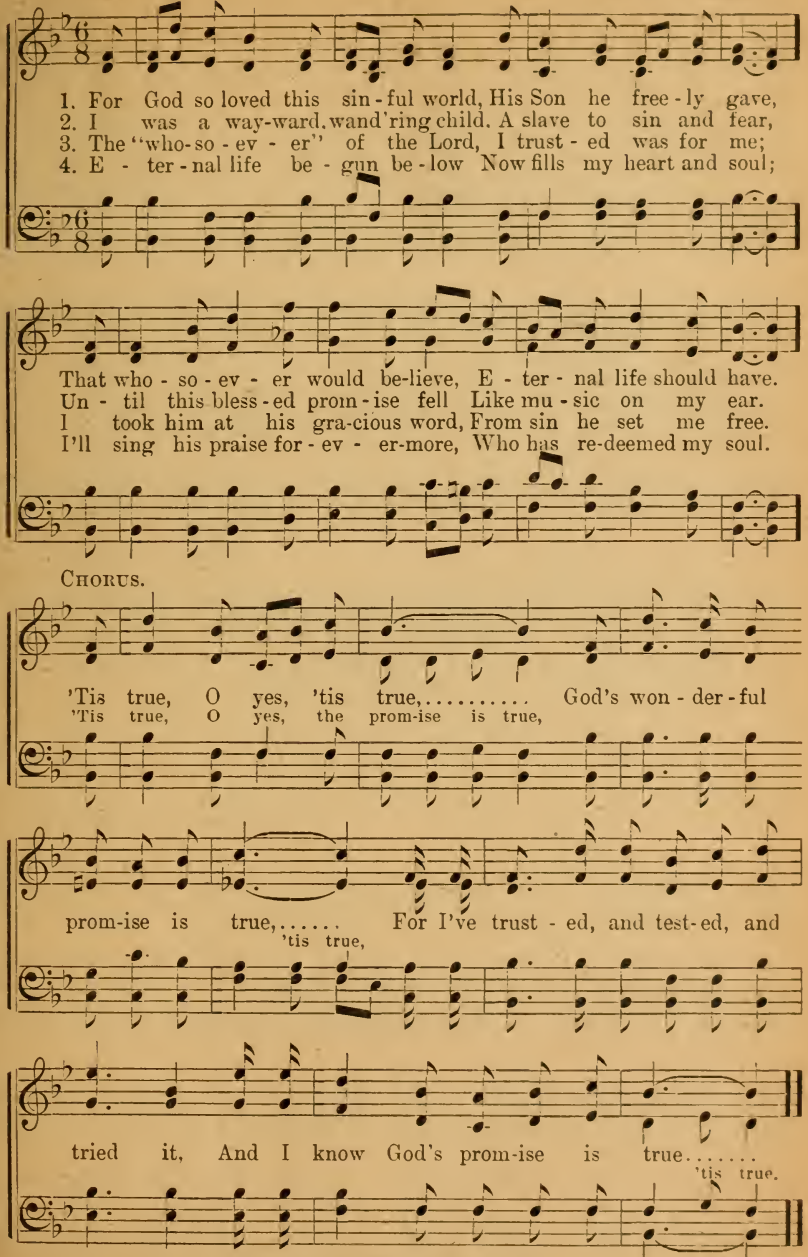
27 I Know God's Promise is True.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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Sweet Will of God.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Duet. *With feeling.*

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29 I Shall See Him By and By.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

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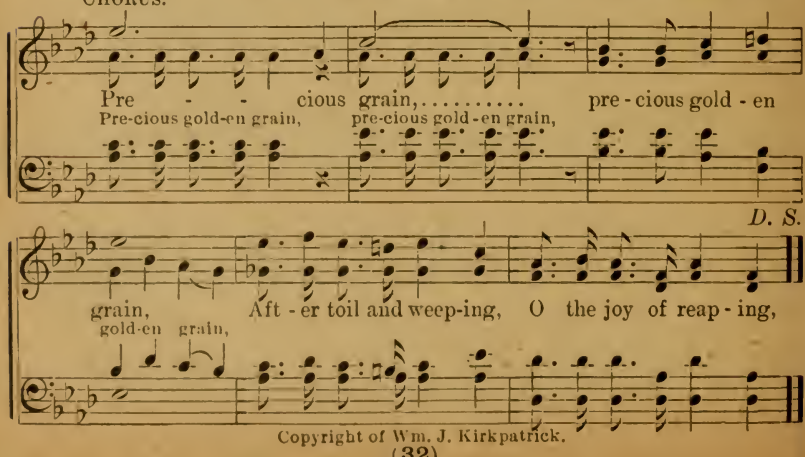
Precious Golden Grain.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

D. S.—When we gather in the sheaves of golden grain.

CHORUS.



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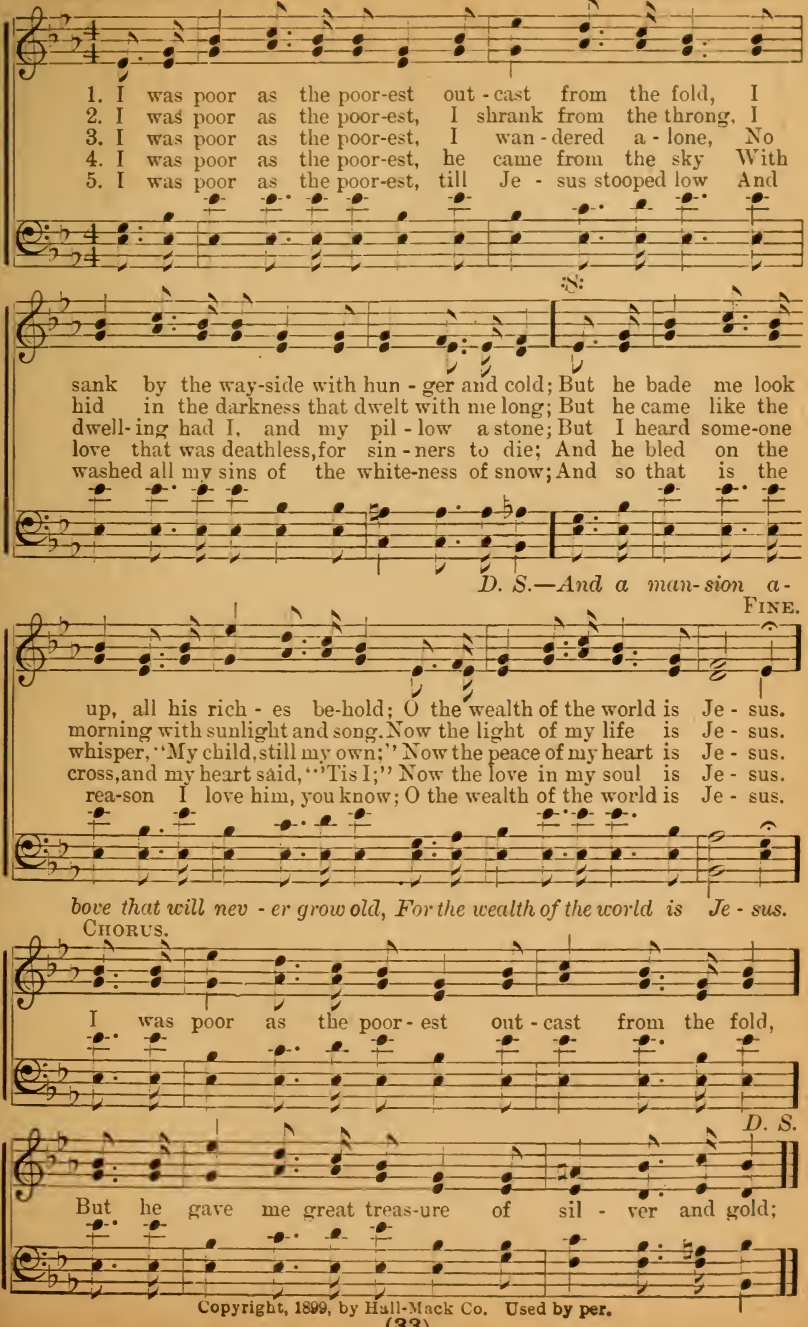
31 I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.



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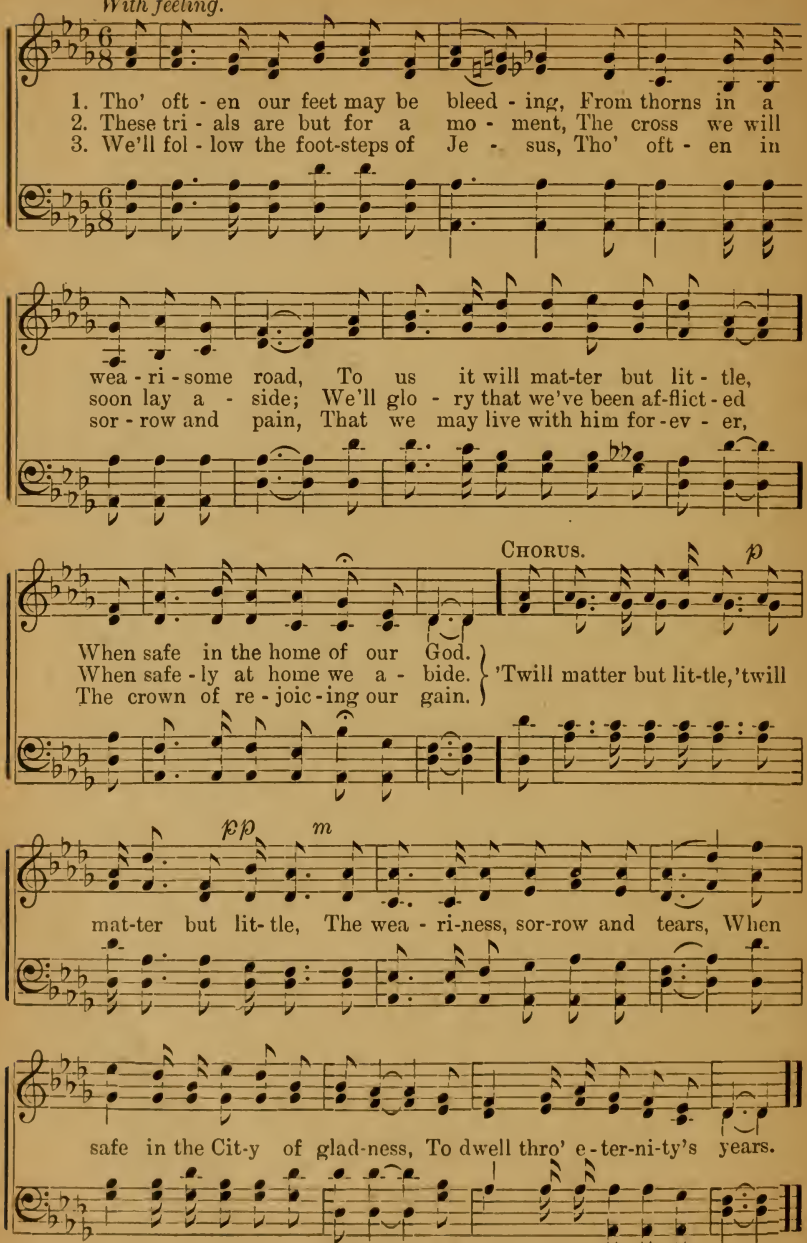
'Twill Matter But Little.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

With feeling.



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33 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

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The Homeland.

Rev. H. R. Hawеis. G. William Elderkin.

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35 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT. Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

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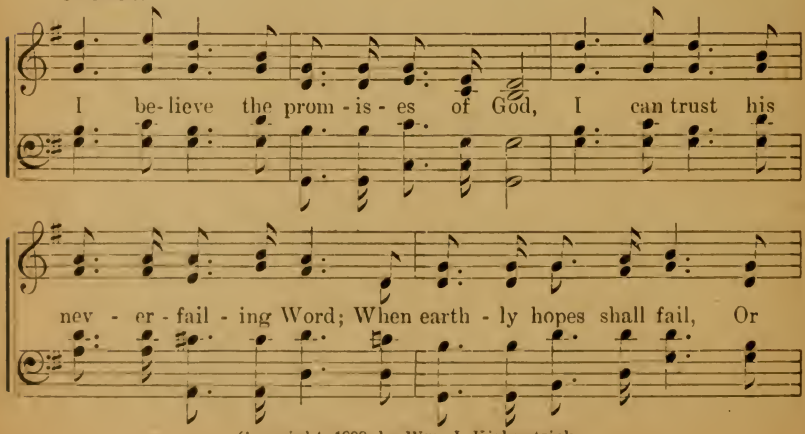
The Promises of God.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHORUS.



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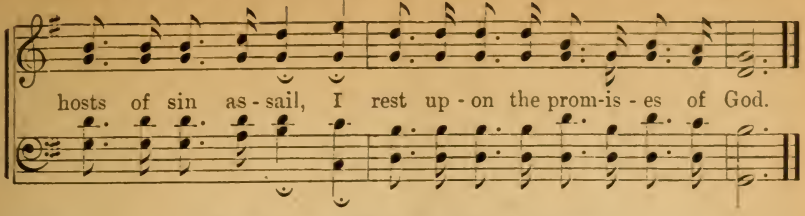
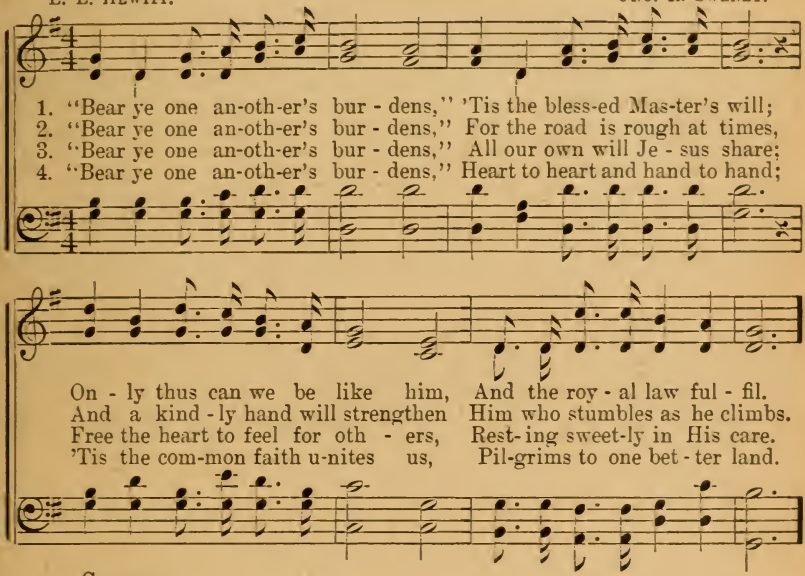
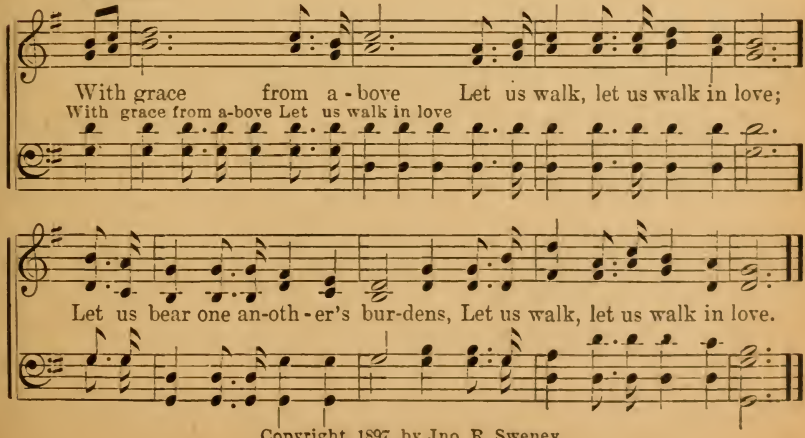


37 Let us Walk in Love.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.



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"Son, Remember."

L. W. S. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

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39 Only Once You Pass This Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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40 He's Everything to Me.

FRANK H. MASHAW. C. AUSTIN MILES.

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SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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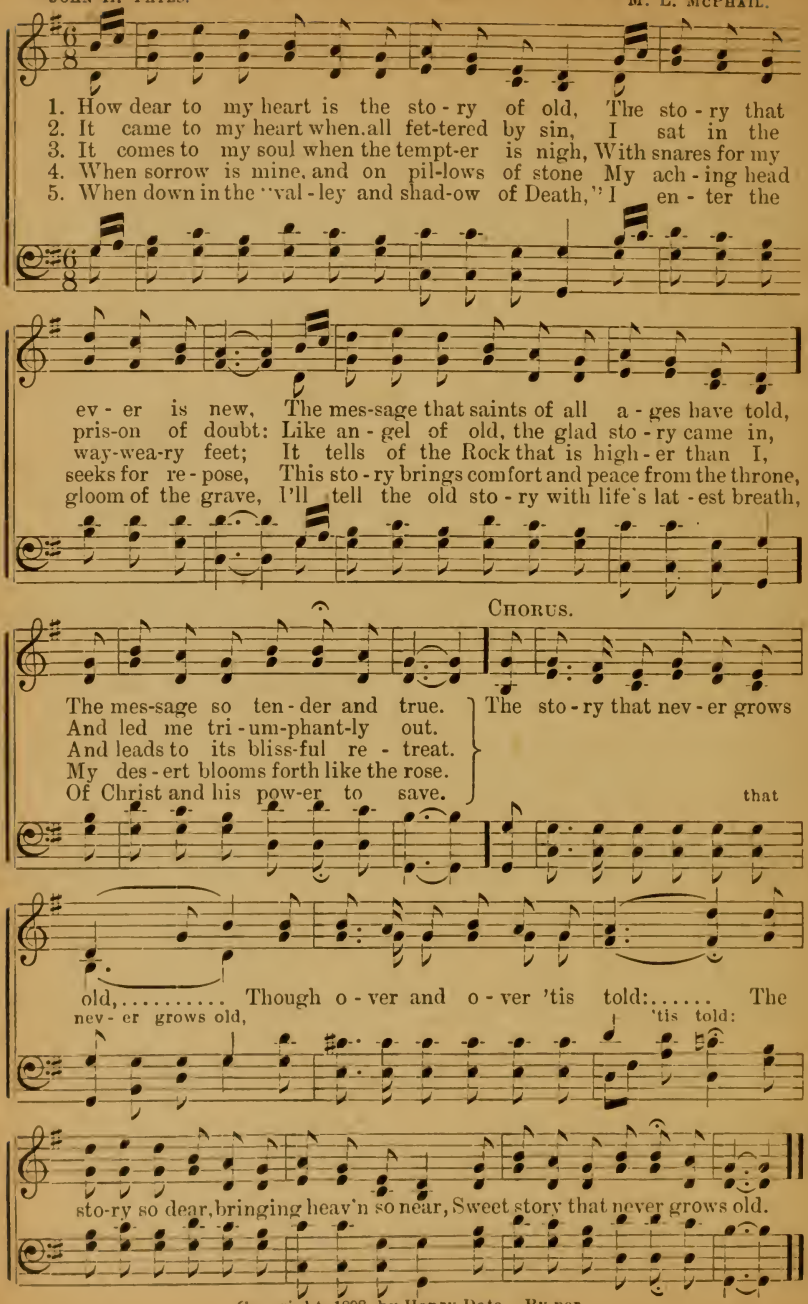
42 The Story that Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. McPHAIL.



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43 O It is Beautiful.

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. B. Frank Butts.

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Love the Dear Savior.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman,
Last verse Mrs. G. D. E.

Jno. R. Bryant.

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45 Leave It to Him.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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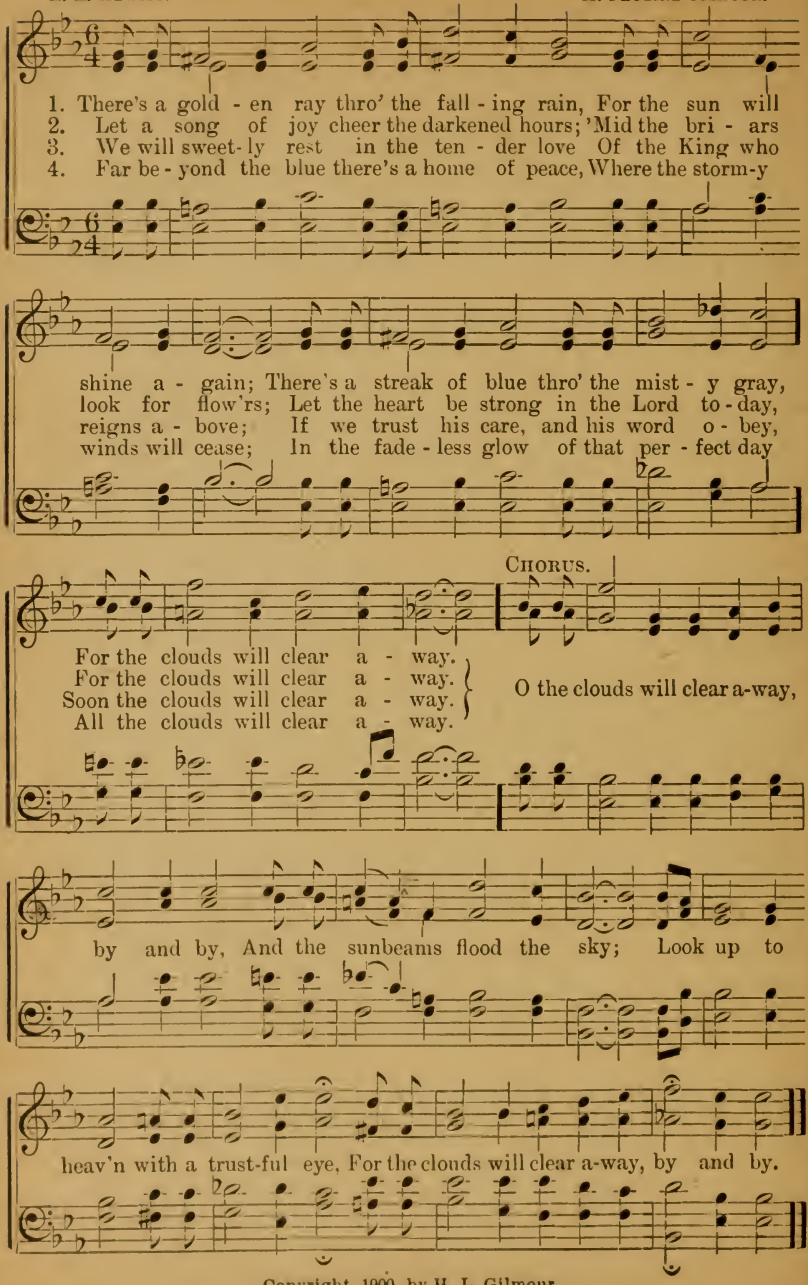
46 The Clouds Will Clear Away.

E. E. Hewitt. M. Pauline Gilmour.



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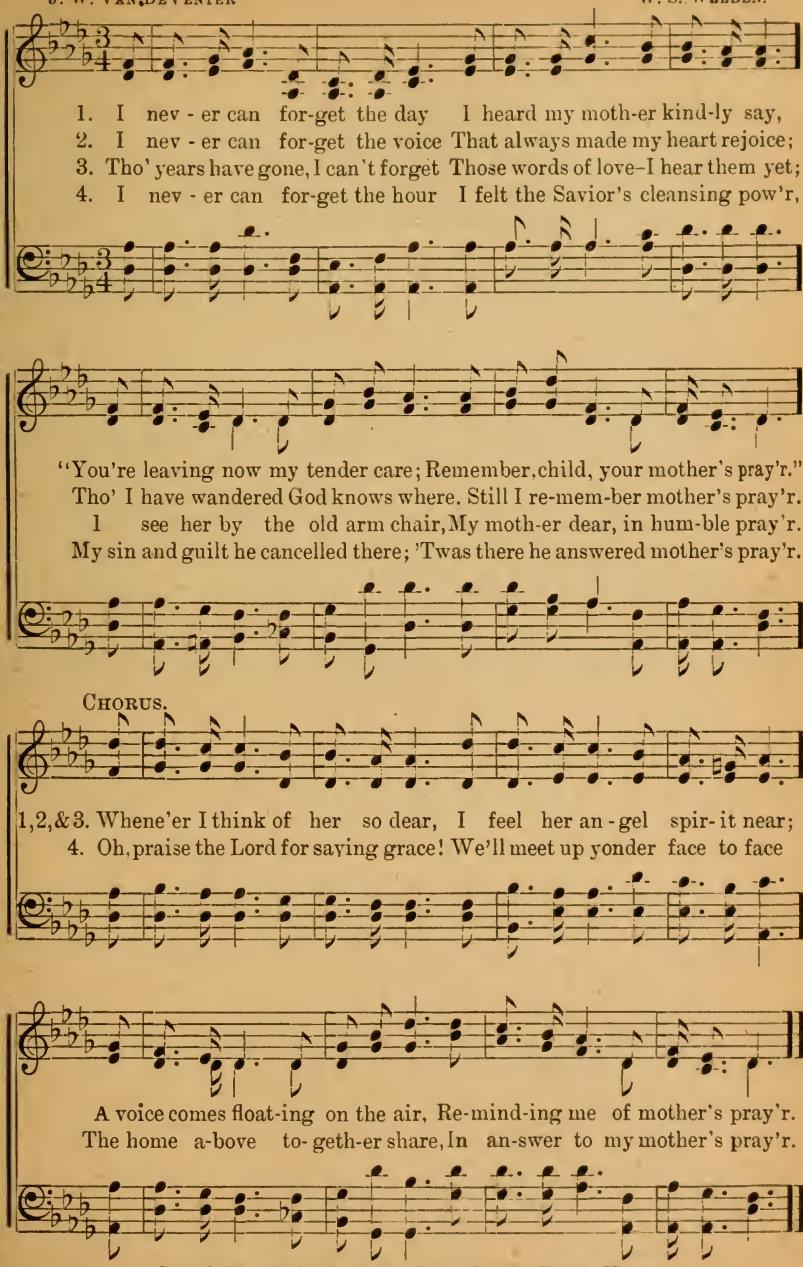
My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER W. S. WEEDEN.



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"Jesus Only!"

FLORA KIRKLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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49 Sweeping Through the Gates.

Arr. by J. L. M. J. L. Moore.

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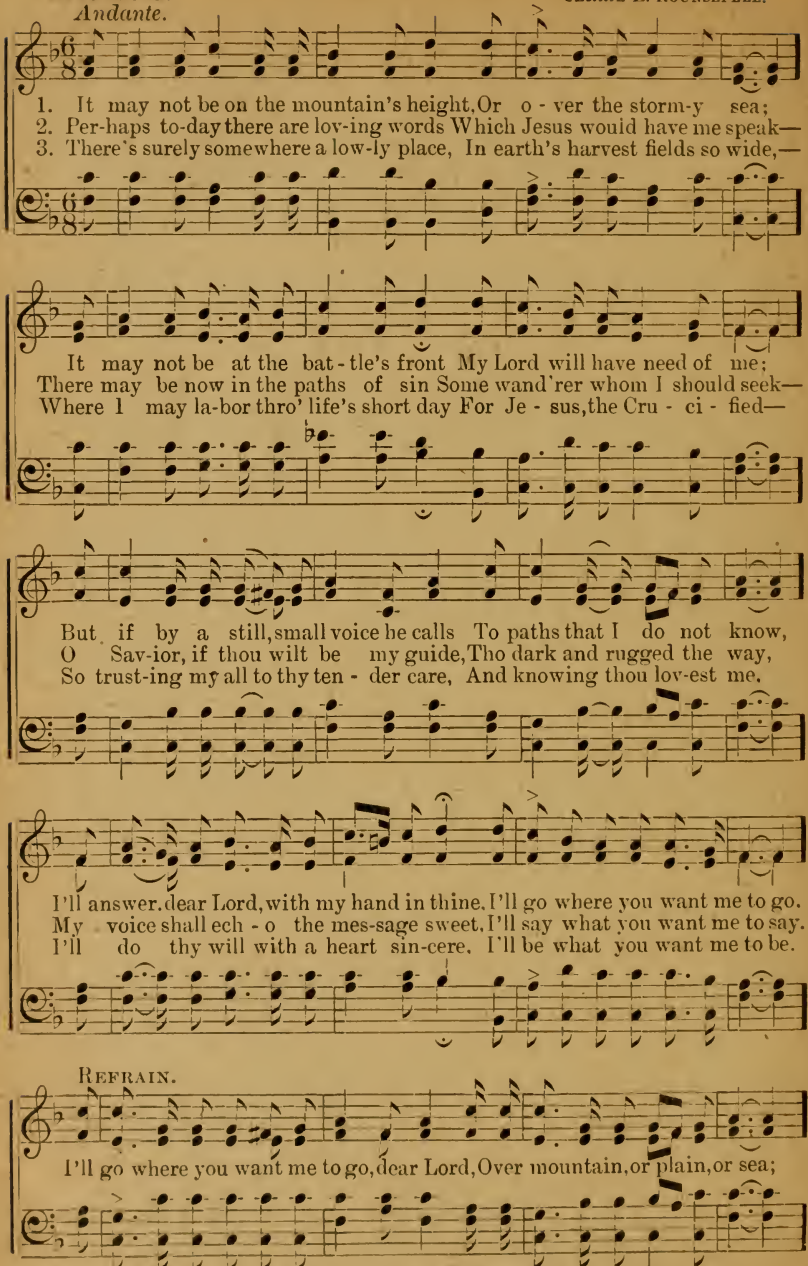
50 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.



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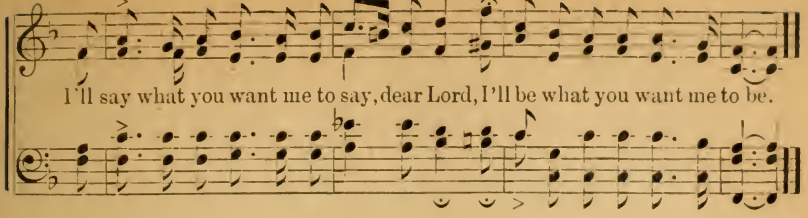
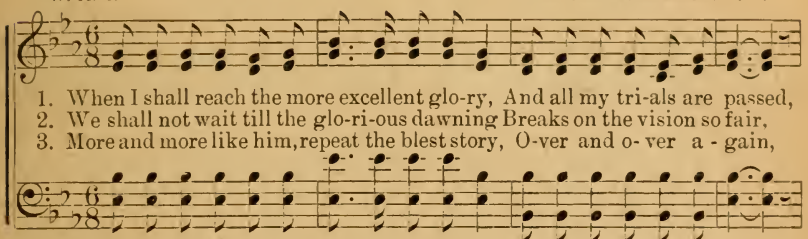
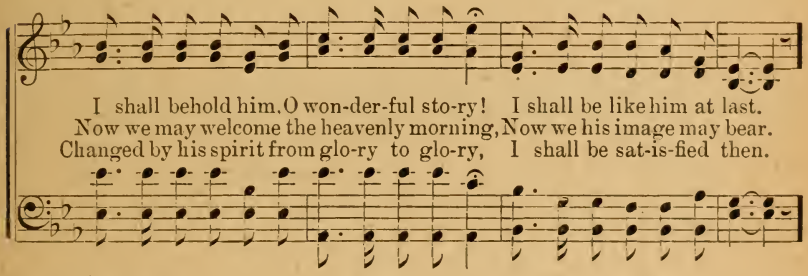


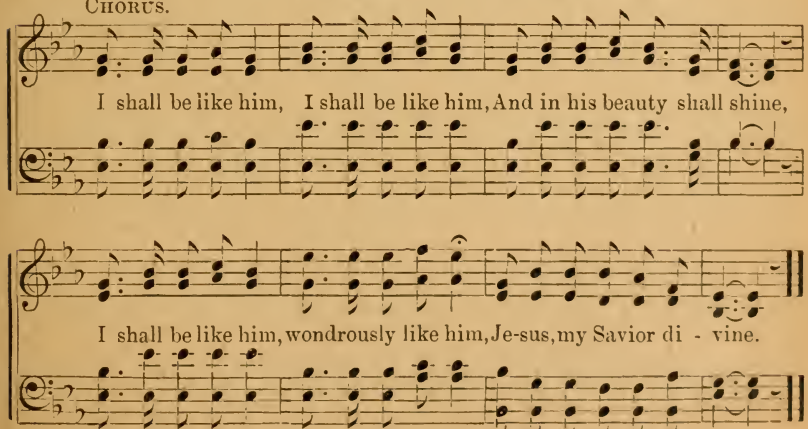
51 I Shall be Like Him.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.





CHORUS.



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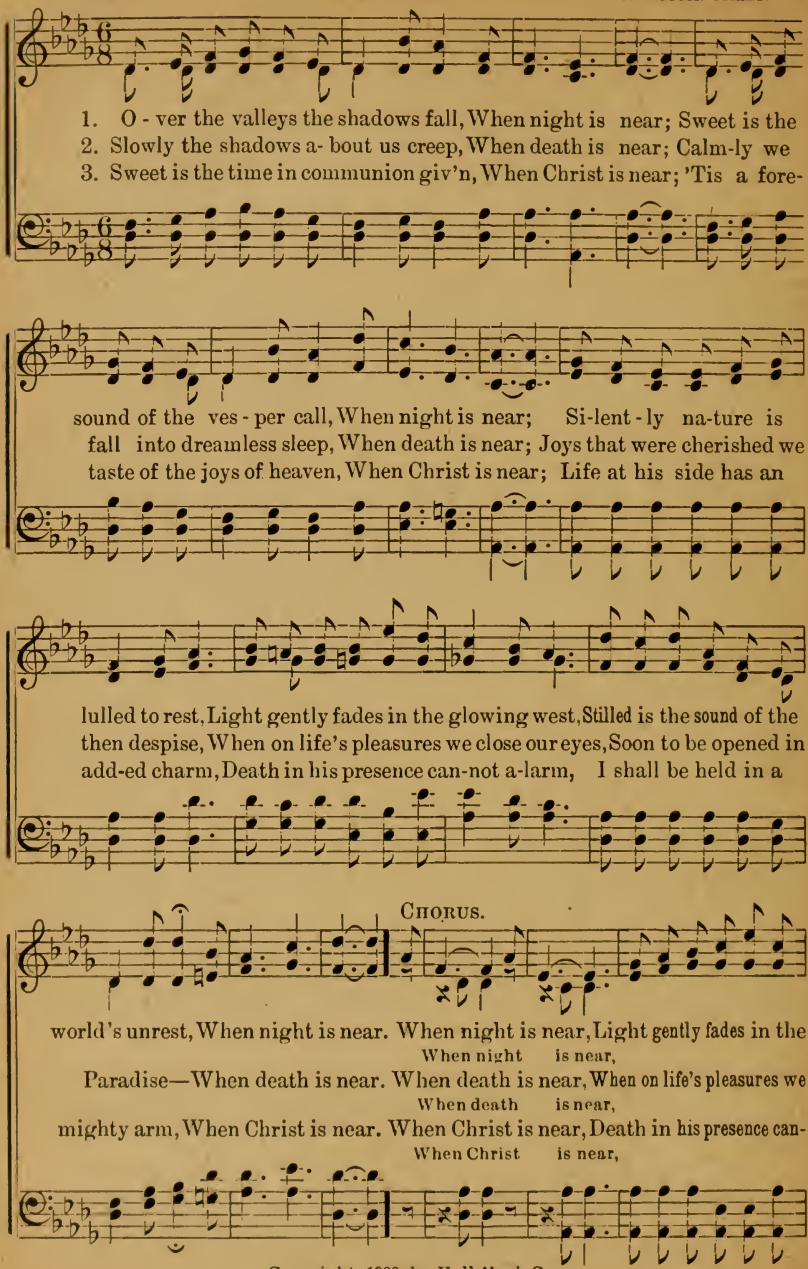
When Night is Near.

C. A. M. QUARTET. C. AUSTIN MILES.



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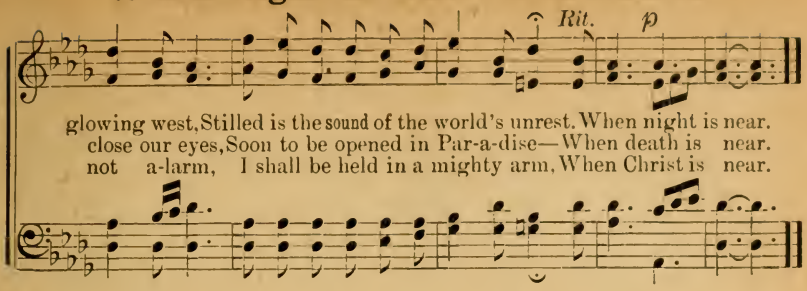
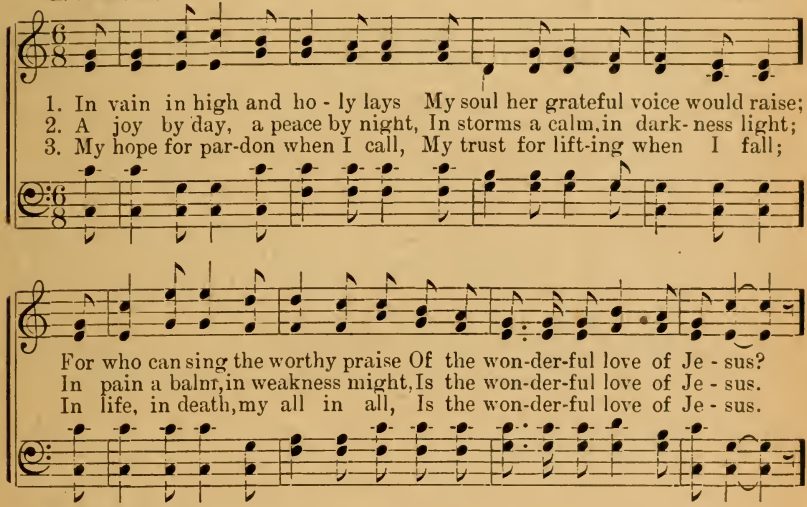
When Night is Near—Concluded.



53 Wonderful Love of Jesus.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



CHORUS.

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Still Whiter Than Snow.

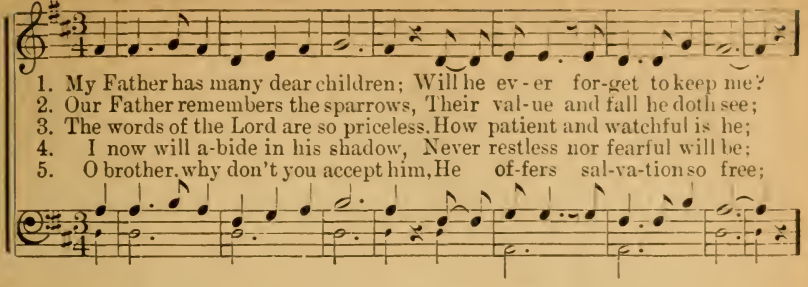
MIRIAM STABLER, alt. S. J. PERRY.

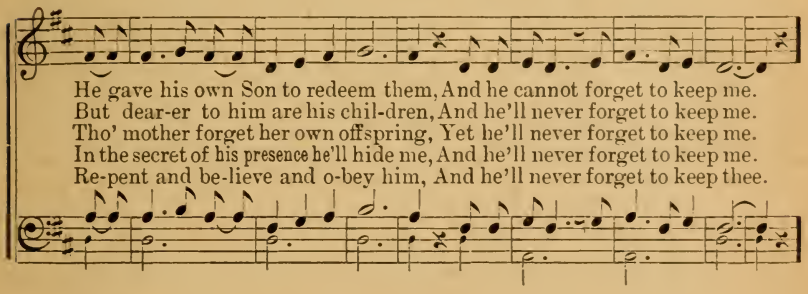
Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co.

55 He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

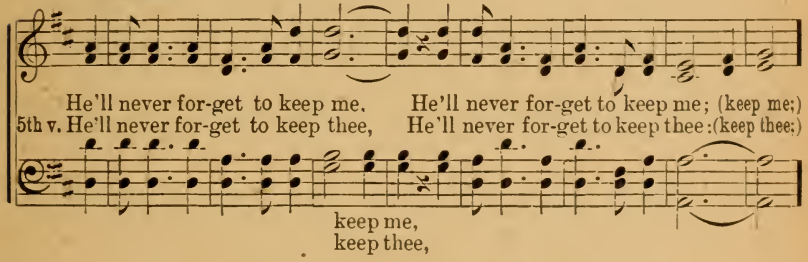
F. A. G. F. A. Graves.

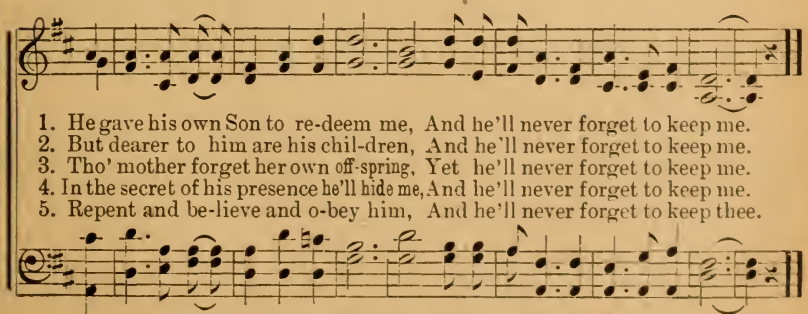
Tenor & Alto Duet.





Chorus.





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56 In the Light of the Cross.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Bryant.

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57 The Knock of the Nail-pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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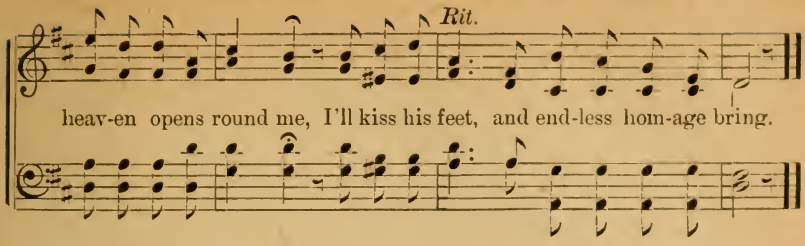
Jesus Found Me.

Rev. Henry Irving Rasmus, D. D. Geo. D. Elderkin.

With expression.

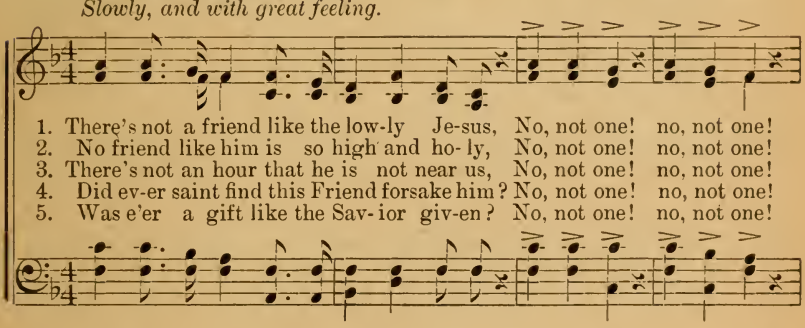
Copyright, 1900, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

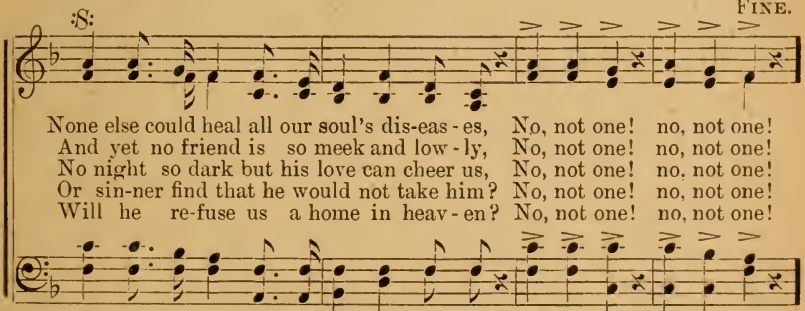


59 No, Not One!

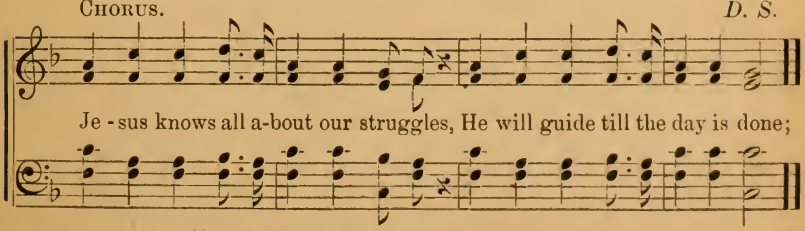
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slowly, and with great feeling.





D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

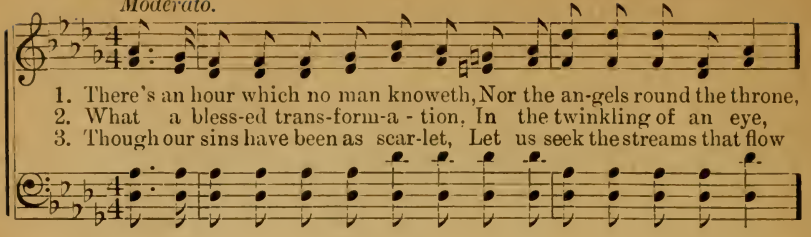


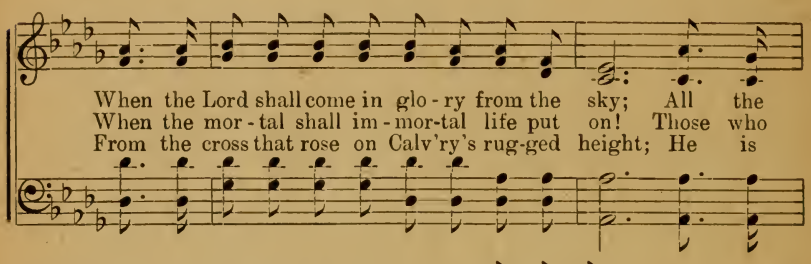
Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

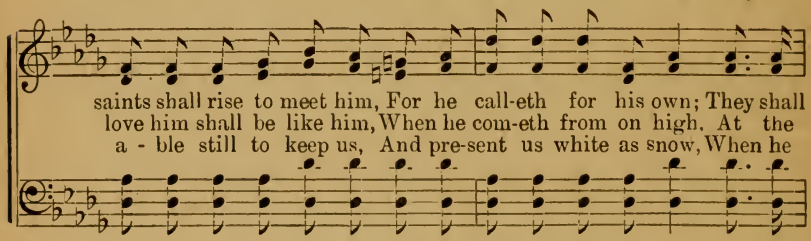
The Coronation Day.

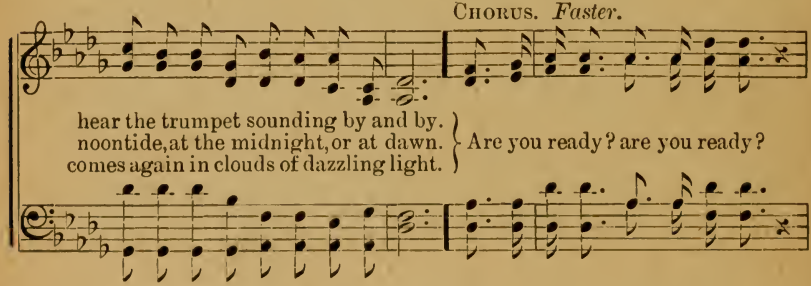
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

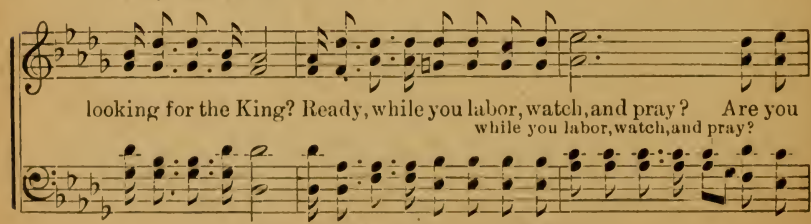
Moderato.











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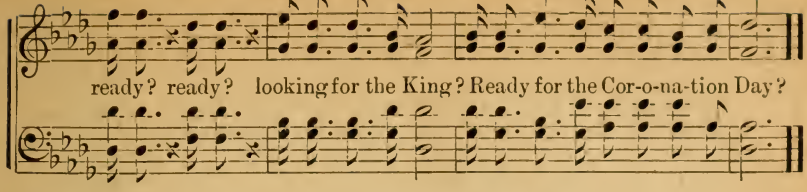
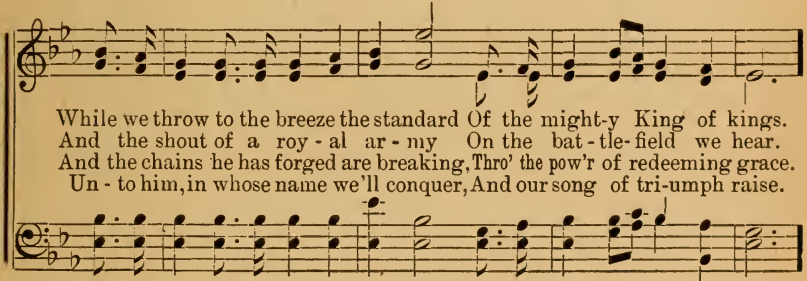
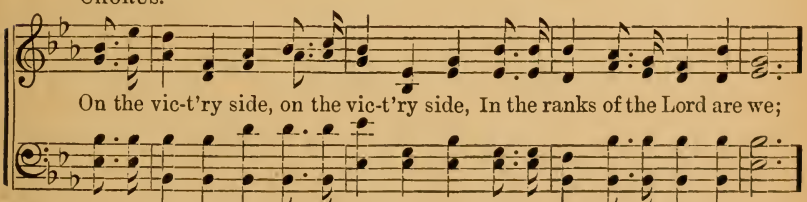


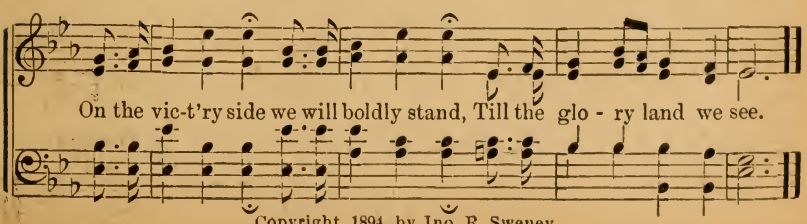
61 On the Victory Side.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.





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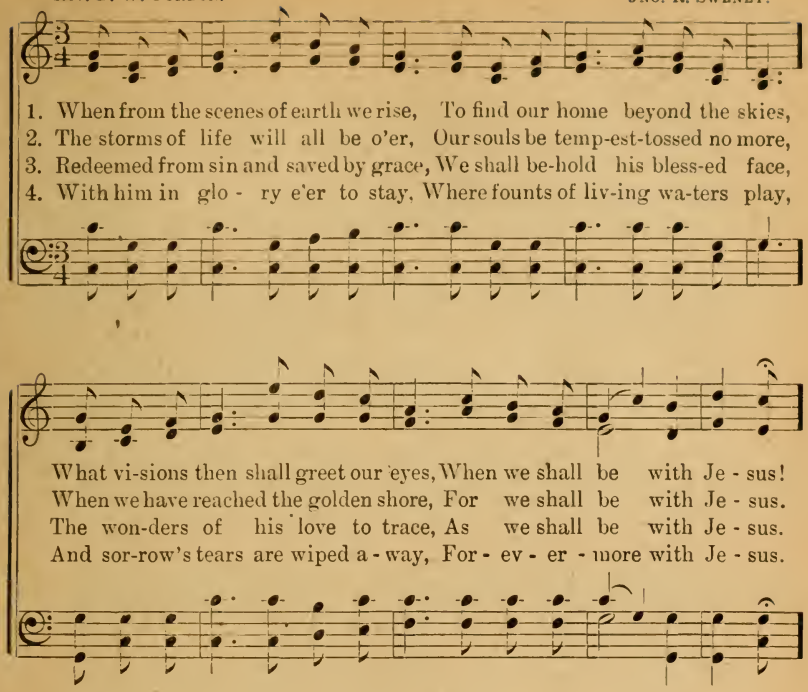
62 I Know that My Redeemer.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

Copyright, 1893, by Fillmore Bros.

With Jesus.

Rev. D. W. Gordon. Jno. R. Sweney.



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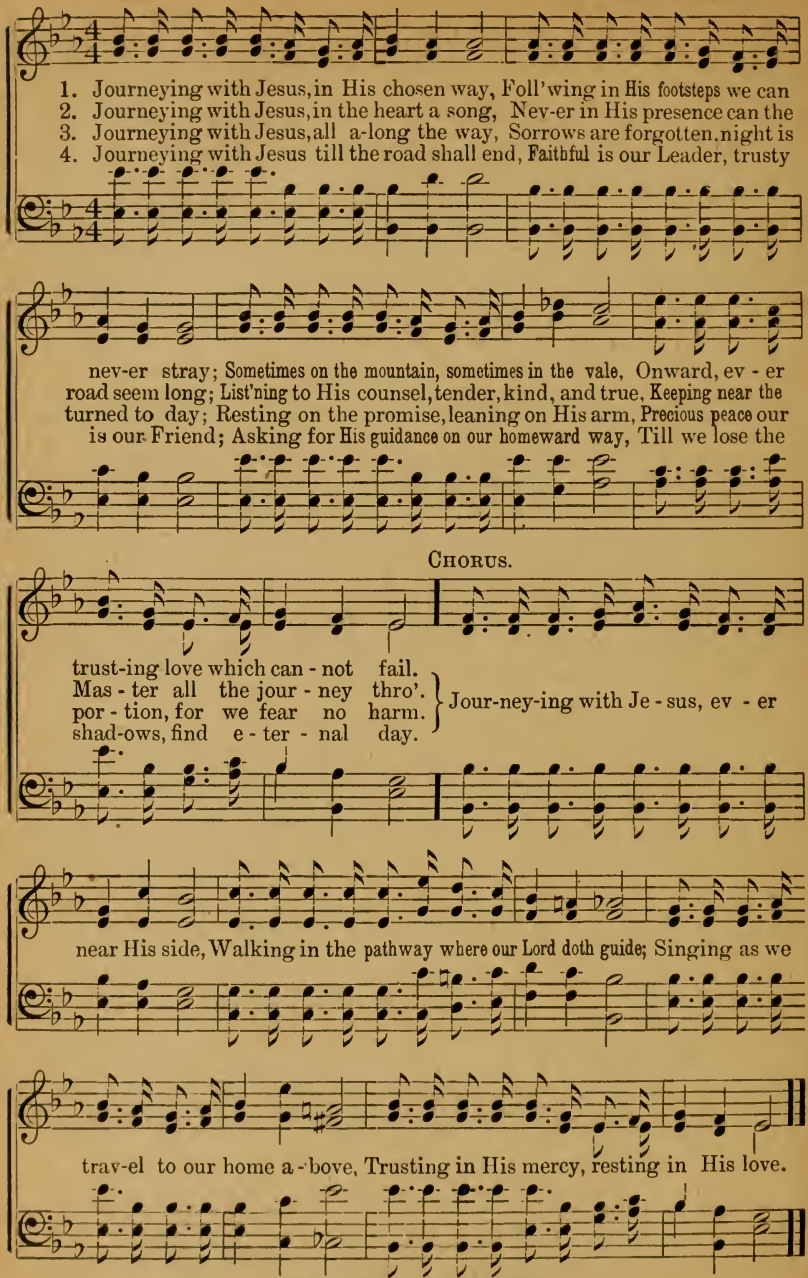
64 Journeying with Jesus.

BIRDIE BELL. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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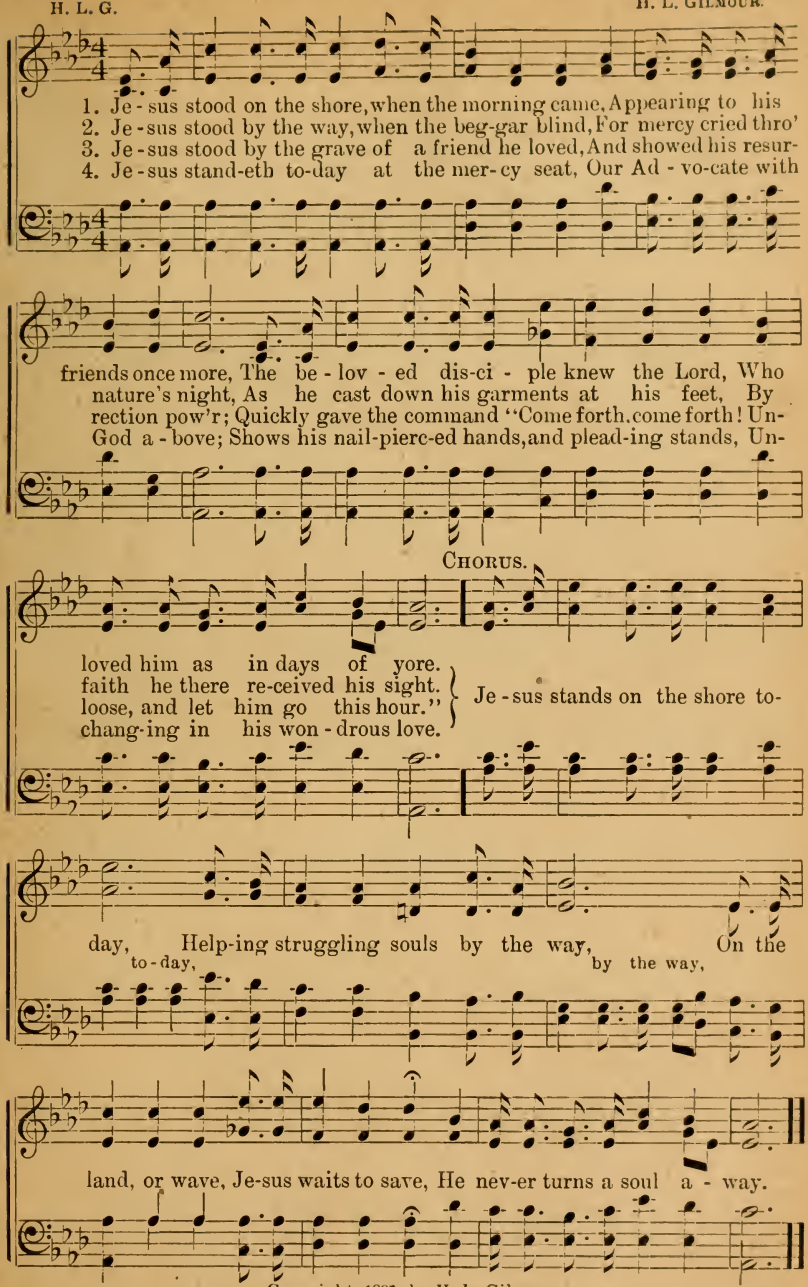
65 Jesus Stood on the Shore.

H. L. G. H. L. Gilmour.



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66 I Have the Glory in My Soul.

Rev. Geo. A. McLaughlin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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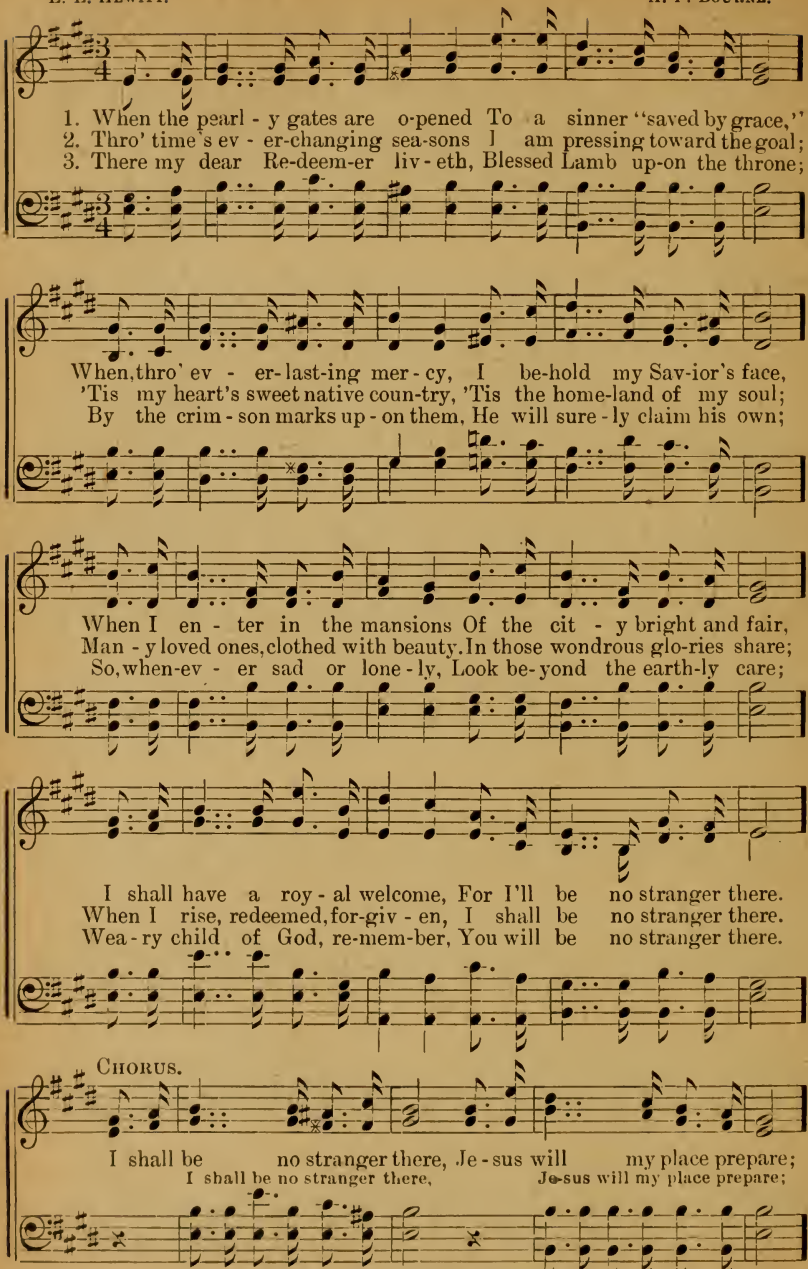
67 Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden.

68 I Shall Be No Stranger There.

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.



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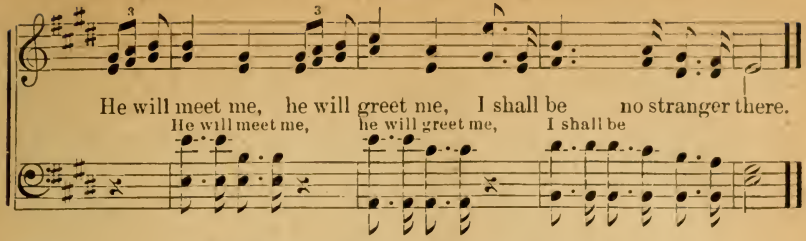
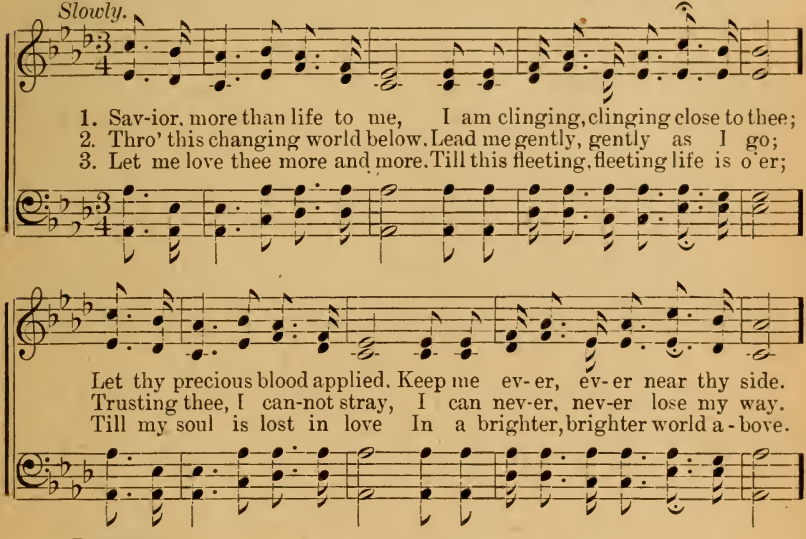


69 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

Slowly.

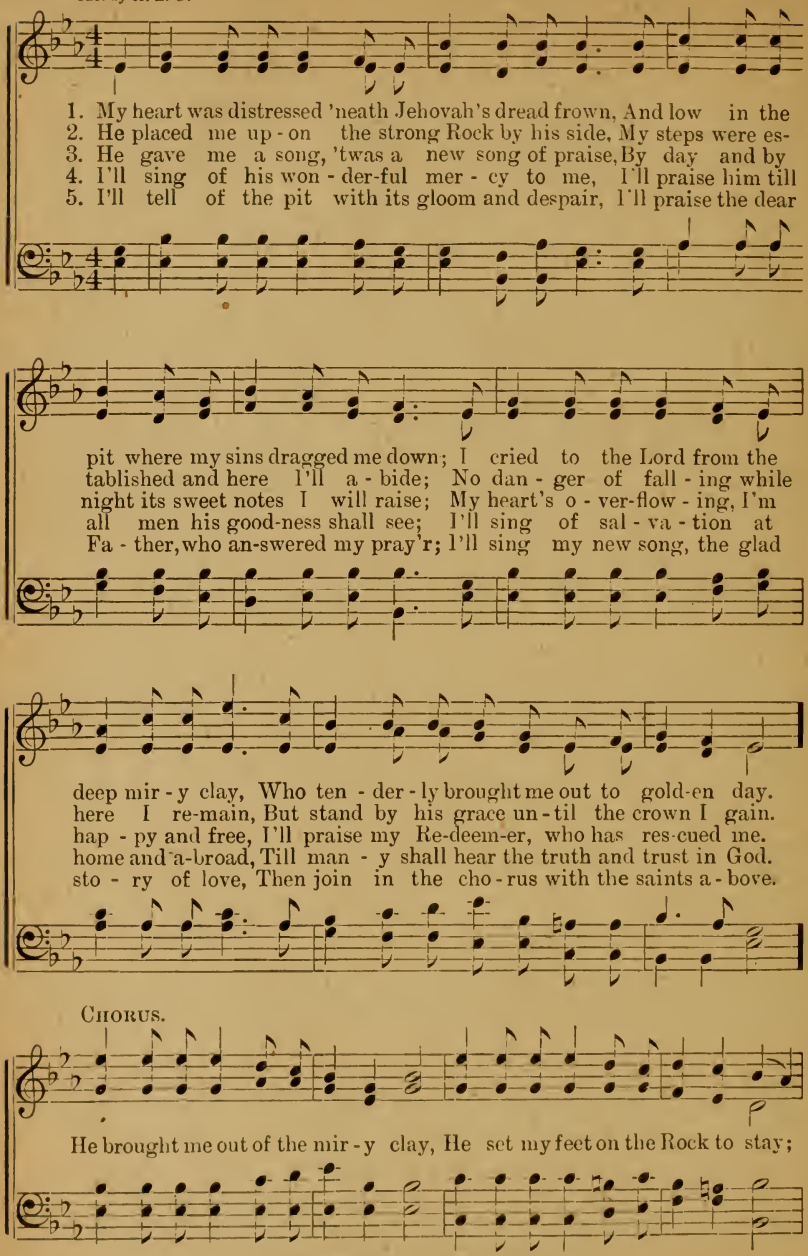


REFRAIN.

He Brought Me Out.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.



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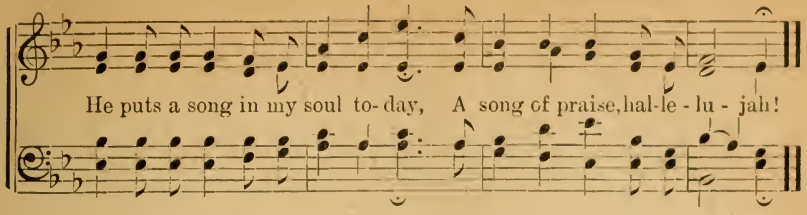
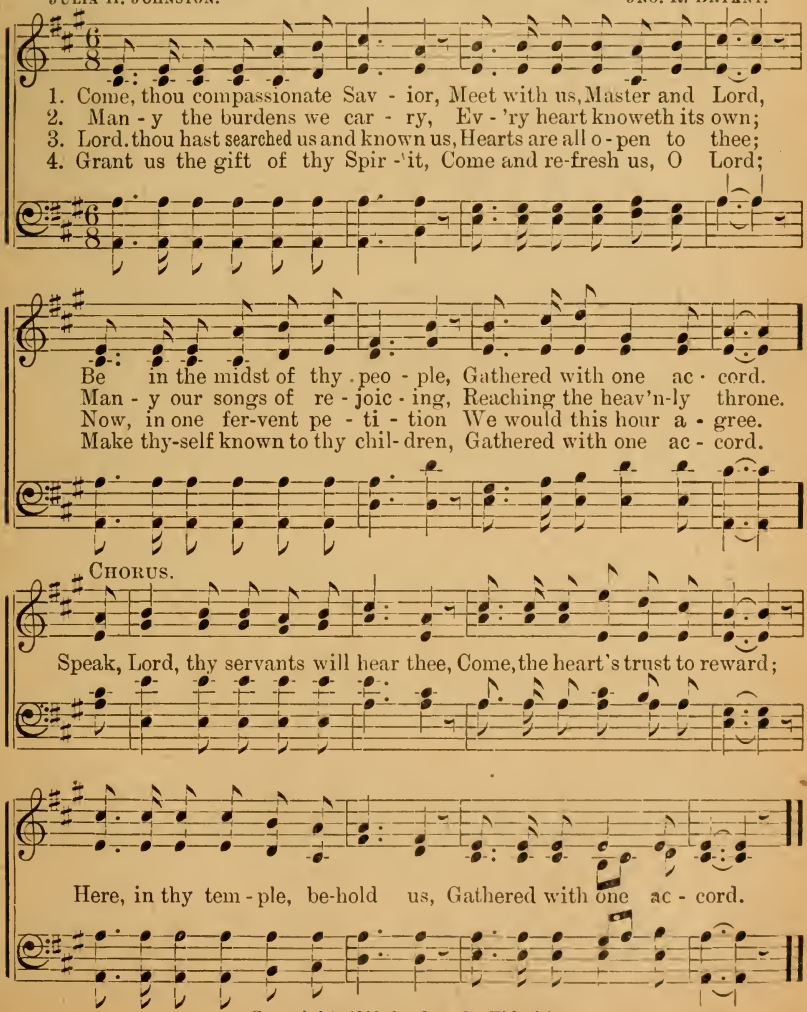


71 Gathered With One Accord.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

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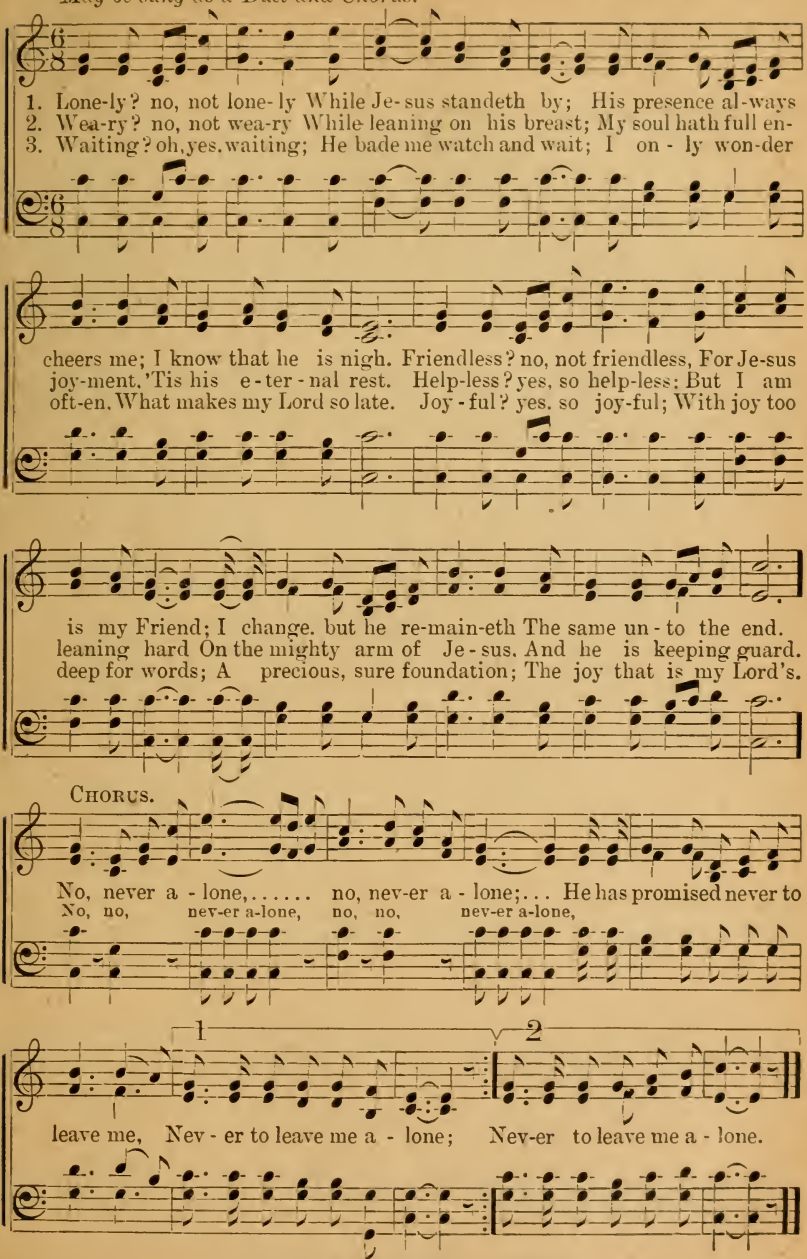
73 Never Alone.

V. A. W. J. C. H. and V. A. White.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.



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74 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

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Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

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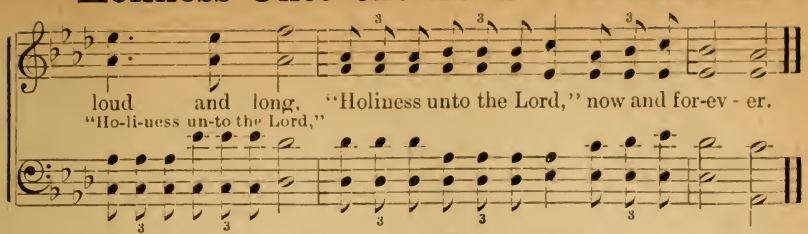
"Holiness Unto the Lord."

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Copyright, 1900, by H. L. Gilmour.



77 I am Sheltered in Thee.

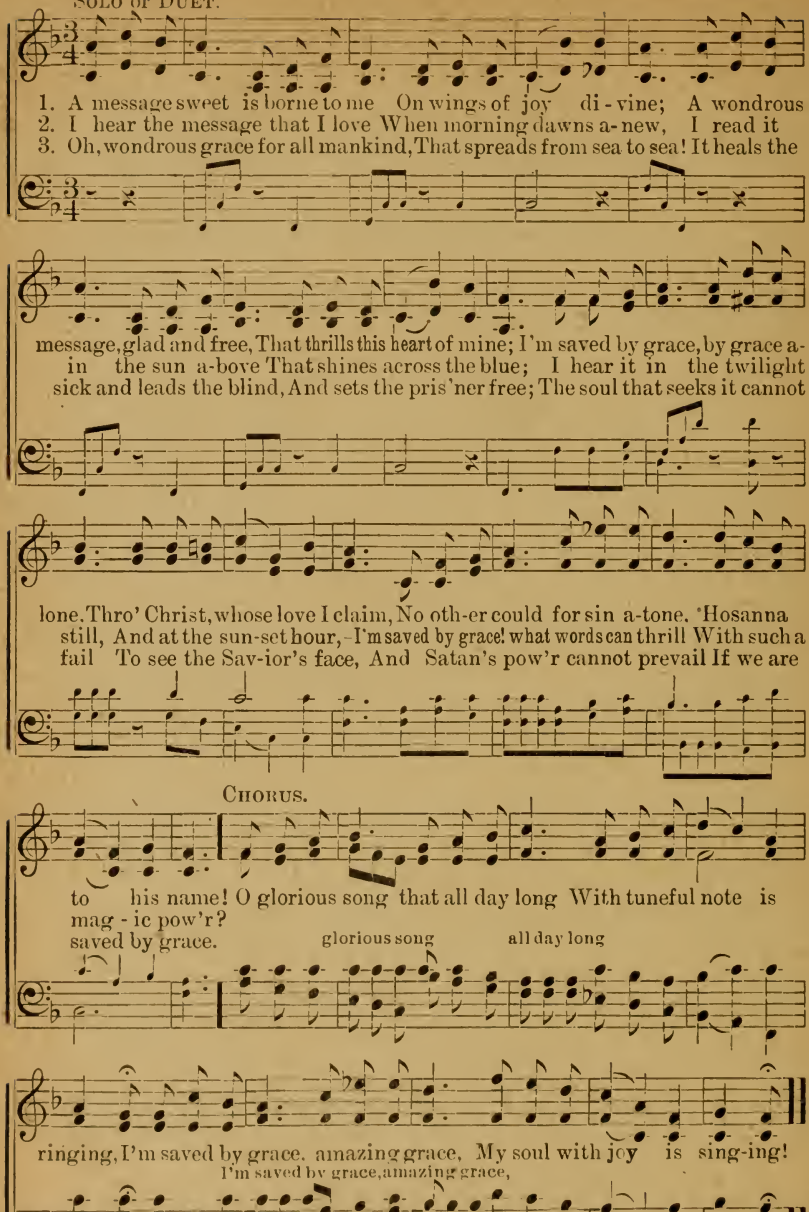
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS

From "Notes of Praise." John J. Hood, owner

By Grace Alone.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO OR DUET.



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79 There'll be No Dark River There.

E. C. MACARTNEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

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The Cleansing Blood

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus in my soul, Could my sins, like
2. Noth-ing else could wash away the guilt of years, Tho' I weep for-
3. Noth-ing but the blood can save from inbred sin, Noth-ing else can
4. Oh, the precious fountain, opened deep and wide, Flow-ing, free-ly

crim-son, make as white as wool; Nothing else could cleanse and make me
ev-er my re-pent-ant tears; Noth-ing else for cleansing to my
sanc-ti-fy and make me clean, Noth-ing but the blood can keep me
flow-ing from my Sav-ior's side; Let me dwell for-ev-er 'neath its

Chorus.

ful-ly whole, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus. The cleans-ing
soul ap-pears, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
pure with-in, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
heal-ing tide, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus. The precious cleansing

blood, the pu-ri-fy-ing flood, The pre-cious blood of Je-sus; My
blood, My

prayer pre-vails, the blood a-vails, The pre-cious blood of Je-sus.
prayer of faith prevails, the precious blood avails, The blood, the precious

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81 The Home-Coming of Our King.

G. C. H. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly and with feeling.

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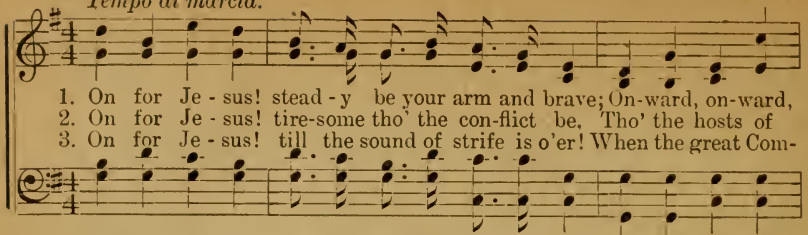
On for Jesus!

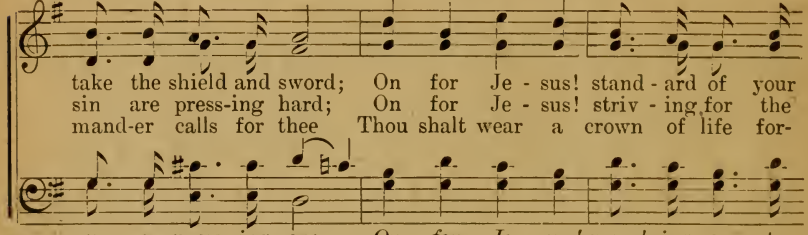
J. H. E.

J. Howard Entwisle.

Tempo di marcia.

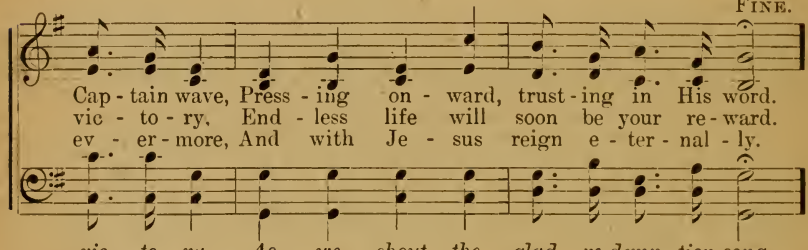


D.C.—"On for Je - sus!" this shall be the bat - tle - cry, Ne'er re - treat-ing,



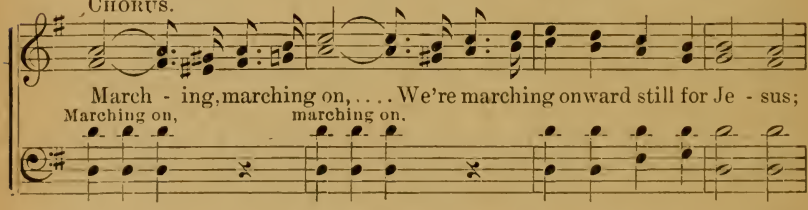
ev - er press - ing on; On for Je - sus! march-ing on to

Fine.

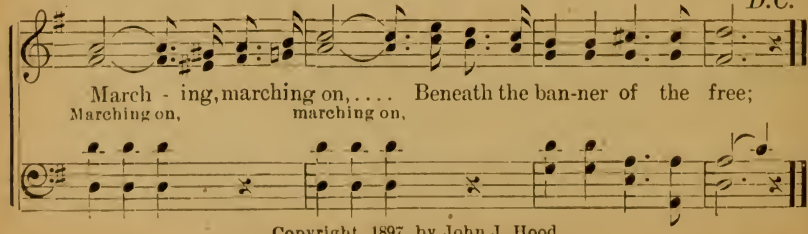


vic - to - ry, As we shout the glad re-demp - tion song.

Chorus.



D.C.



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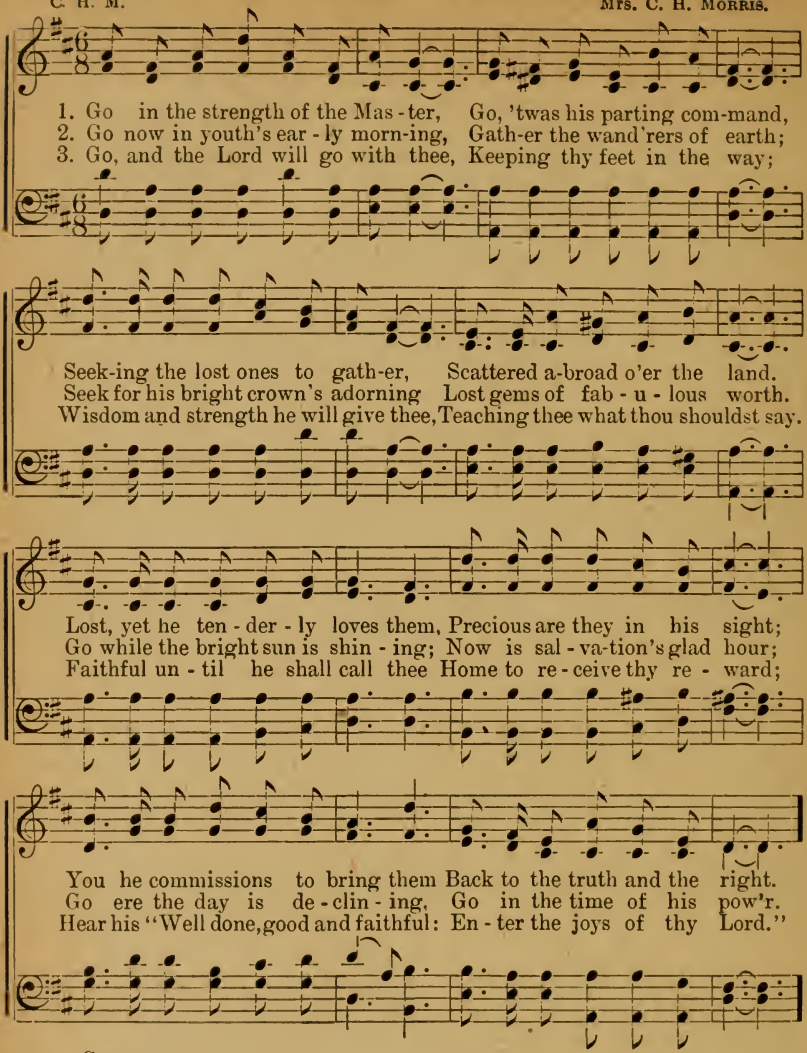
83 Sweeter as the Days Go By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

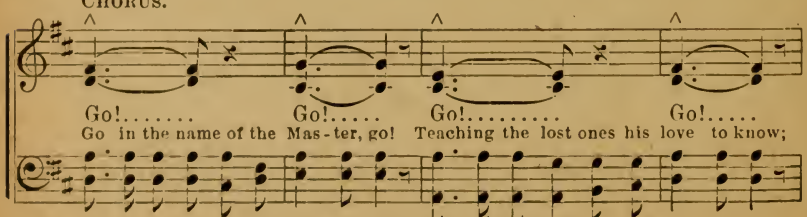
Copyright, 1898, by Jno. R. Sweney.

84 Go in the Name of the Master.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



Chorus.



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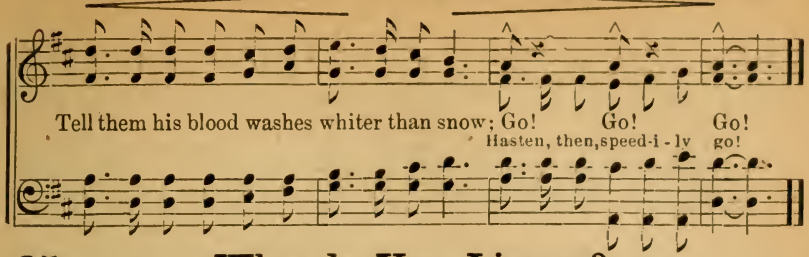
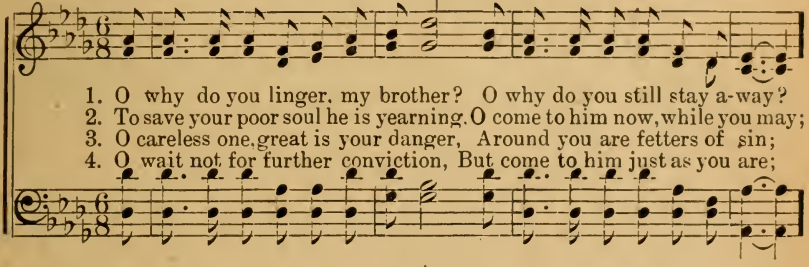
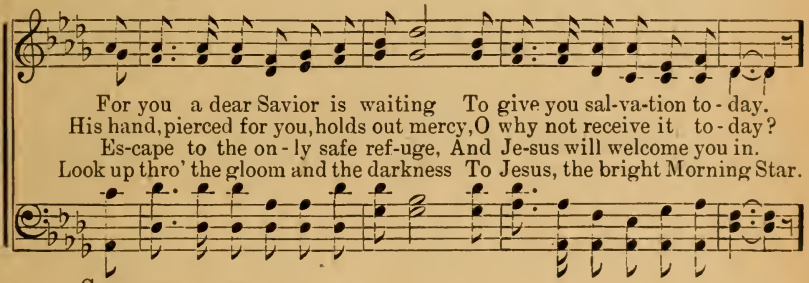
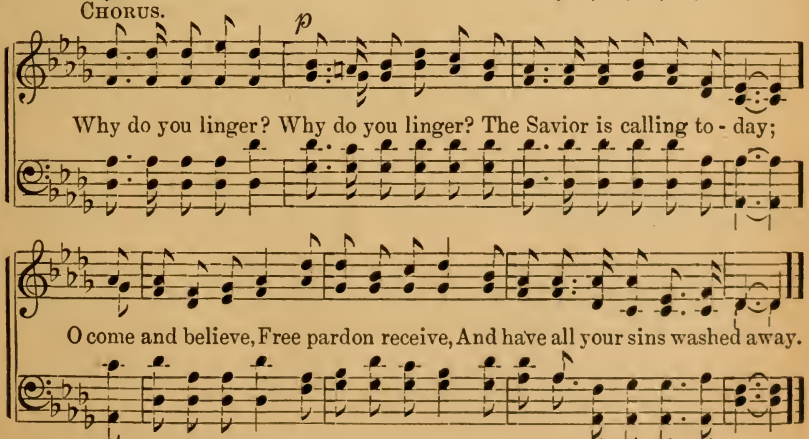


85 Why do You Linger?

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.







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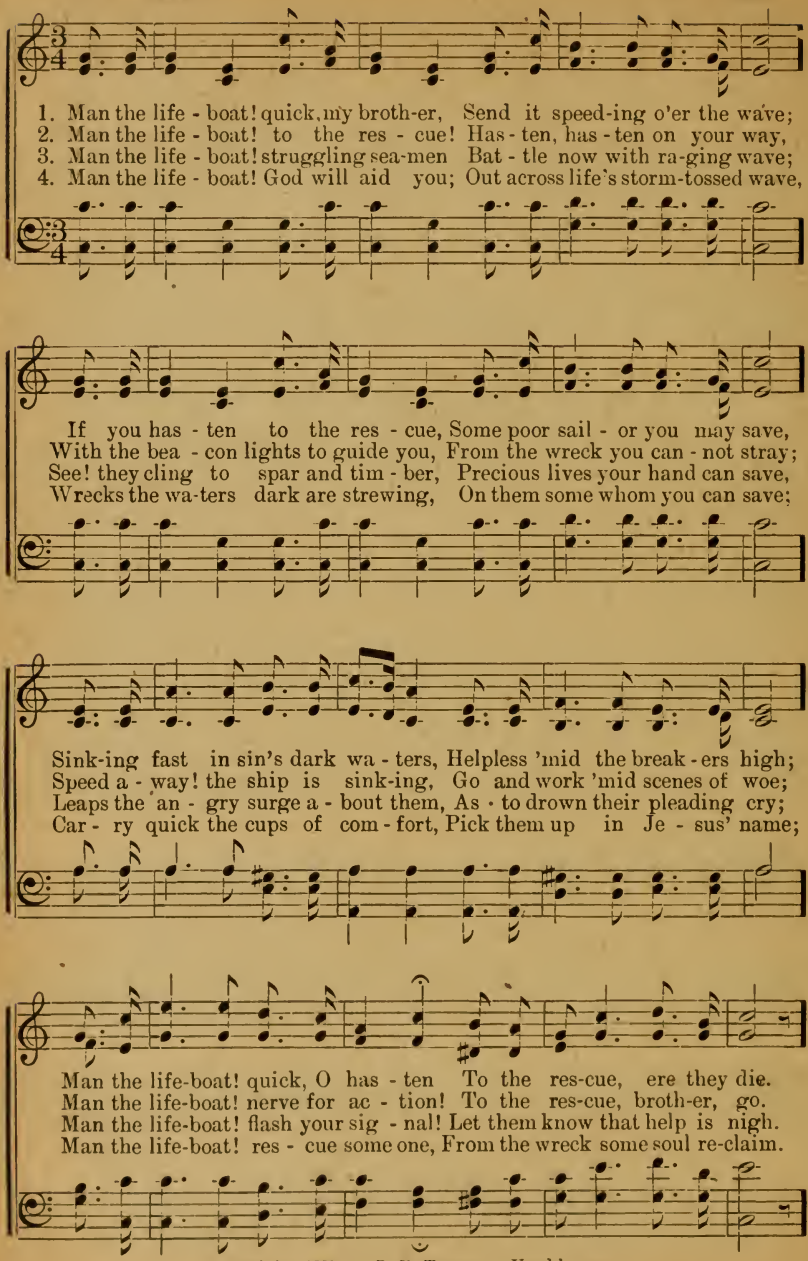
Man the Life-Boat.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. D. B. TOWNER.



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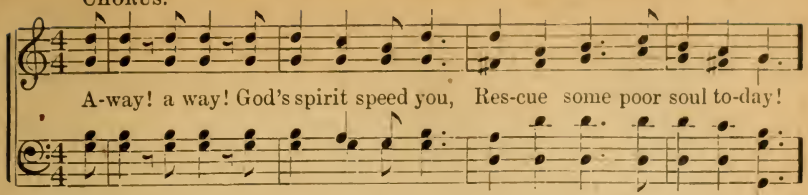
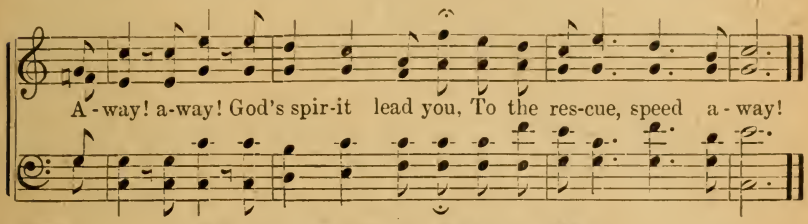
Man the Life-Boat—Concluded.

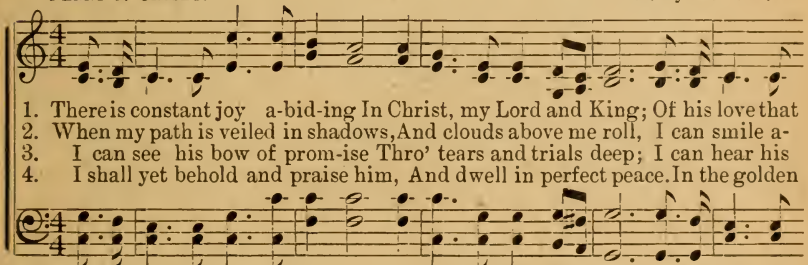
CHORUS.

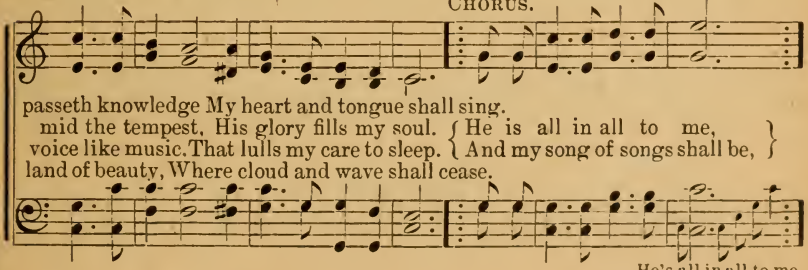


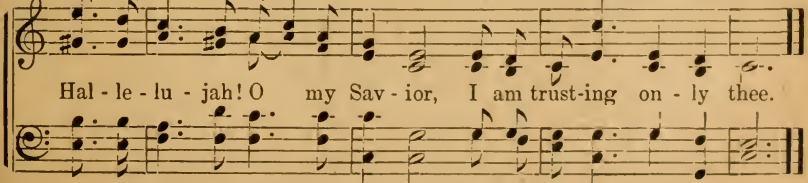


87 He is All in All to Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr. by W. J. K.







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Marching On to Victory.

Rev. Jonathan Dungan. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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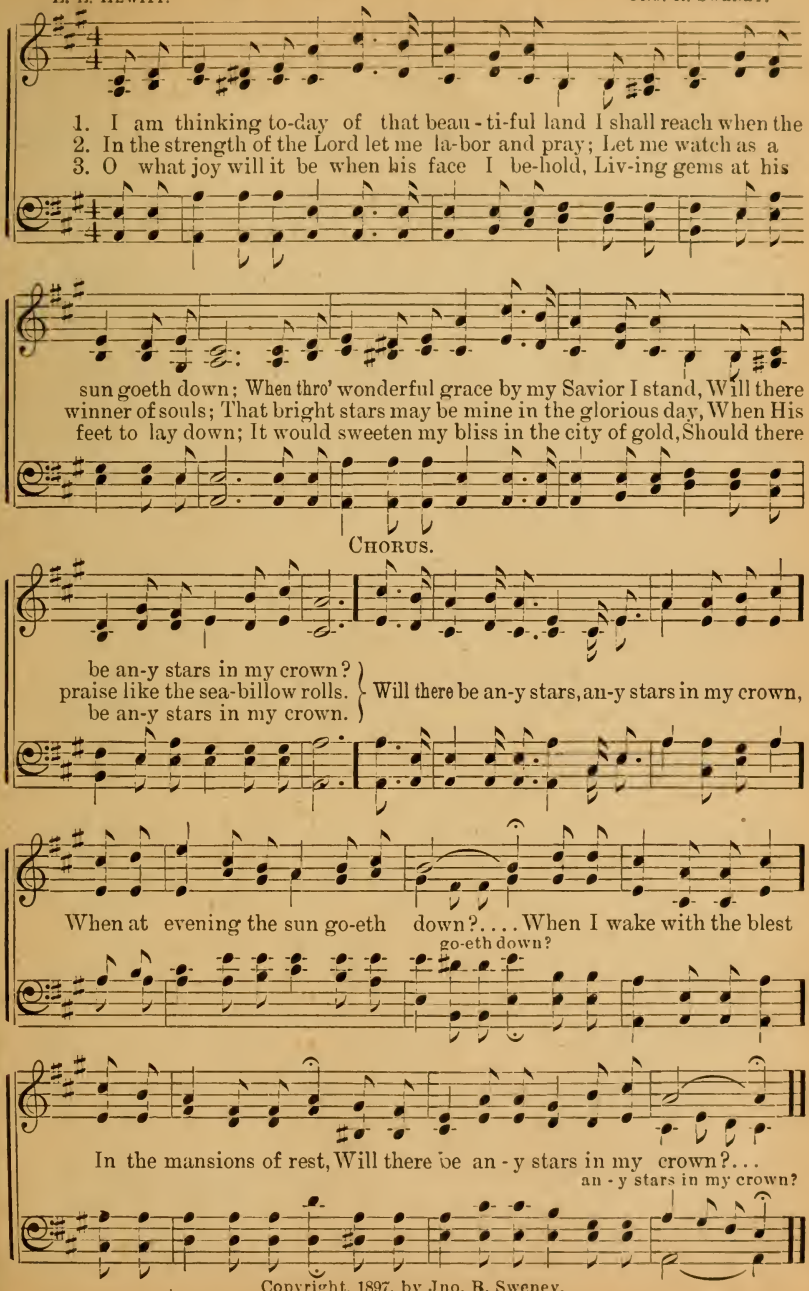
89 Will There be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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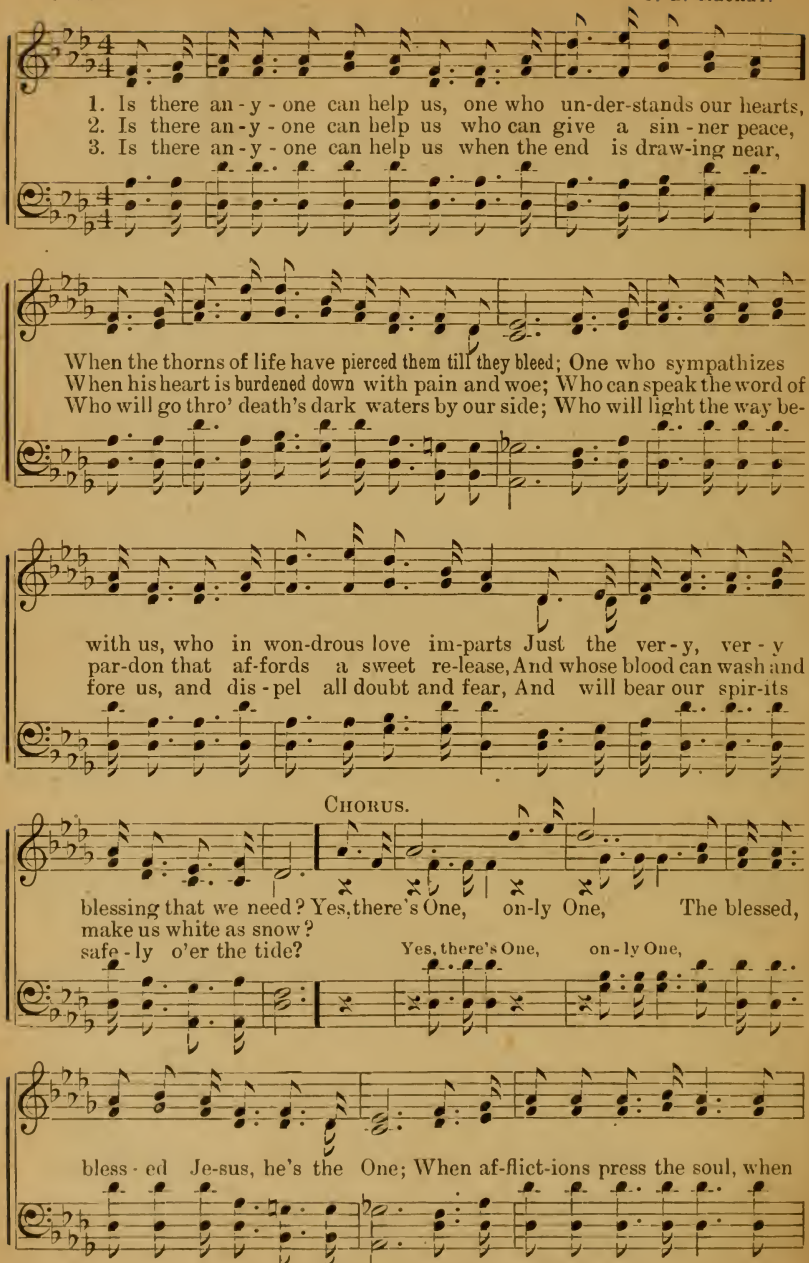
He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.



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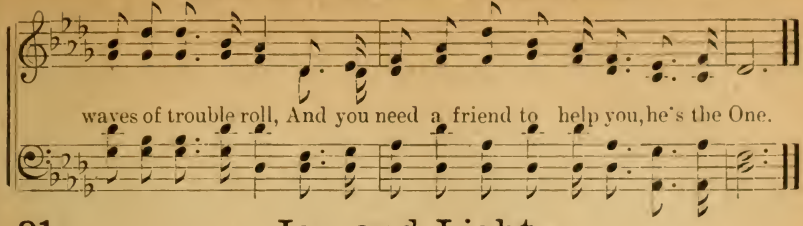
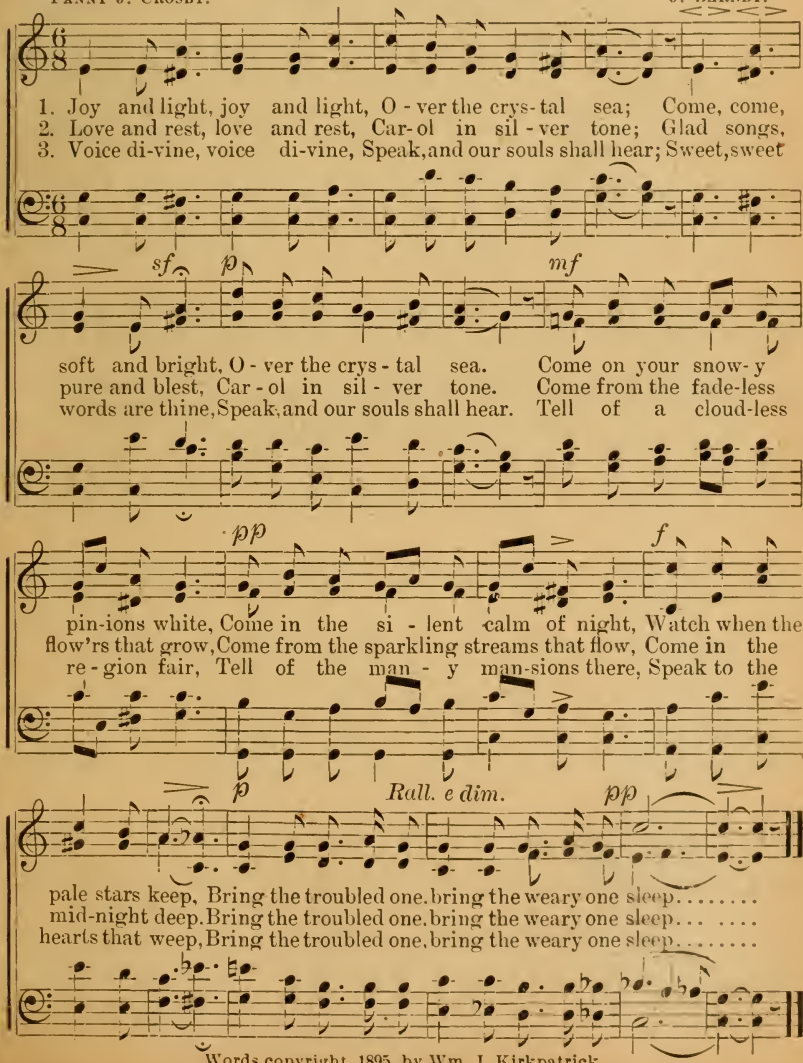


91 Joy and Light.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. BARNBY.



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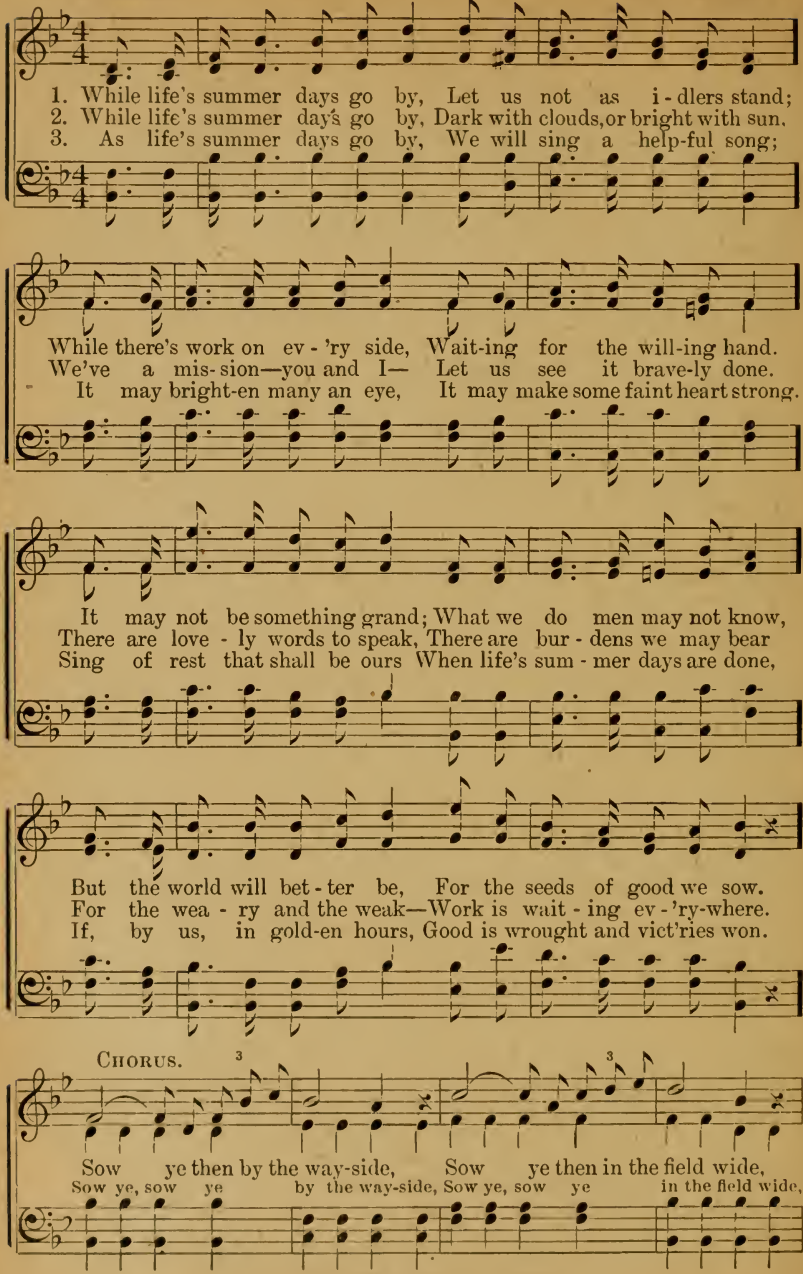
92 While Life's Summer Days Go By.

E. E. Rexford. Jno. R. Bryant.



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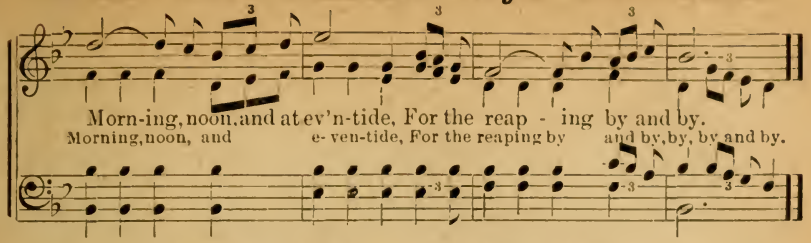

93 "No Evil Shall Befall Thee."

A. H. B. A. H. Bradon.

Solo or Quartet. *With feeling.*

Copyright, 1900, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

Close, Close to Thee!

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Close, close to thee! In childhood's fleeting moments; Close to thy side in
2. Close, close to thee! There e - vil can-not harm me; Close to thy side O
3. Close, close to thee! Thy hand shall ev-er guide me; Thee will I trust, e'en
4. Close, close to thee! When shades of ev'ning gather; When thro' the vale no

youth's bright hours I'll be; Thee will I trust, when sorrow o-ver-whelms me,
may I ev - er be; Tho' dark the night, the morning still shall find me.
tho' I can-not see; I am con-tent if thou wilt be my guardian,
gleam of light I see; When morning breaks in that ce - les - tial cit - y,

Chorus.

If thou but keep me, Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
With faith renewed and strengthened, still close to thee.
I am con-tent, my Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
O may it find me, Sav-ior, close, close to thee.

Close, close to thee,

Close, close to

close, close to thee; O my blessed Savior, keep me close to thee; Close, close to

thee; close, close to thee; close to thee;

Rall. *p*

thee. close, close to thee; O my blessed Savior, keep me close, close to thee.

Close, close to thee, close, close to thee, my

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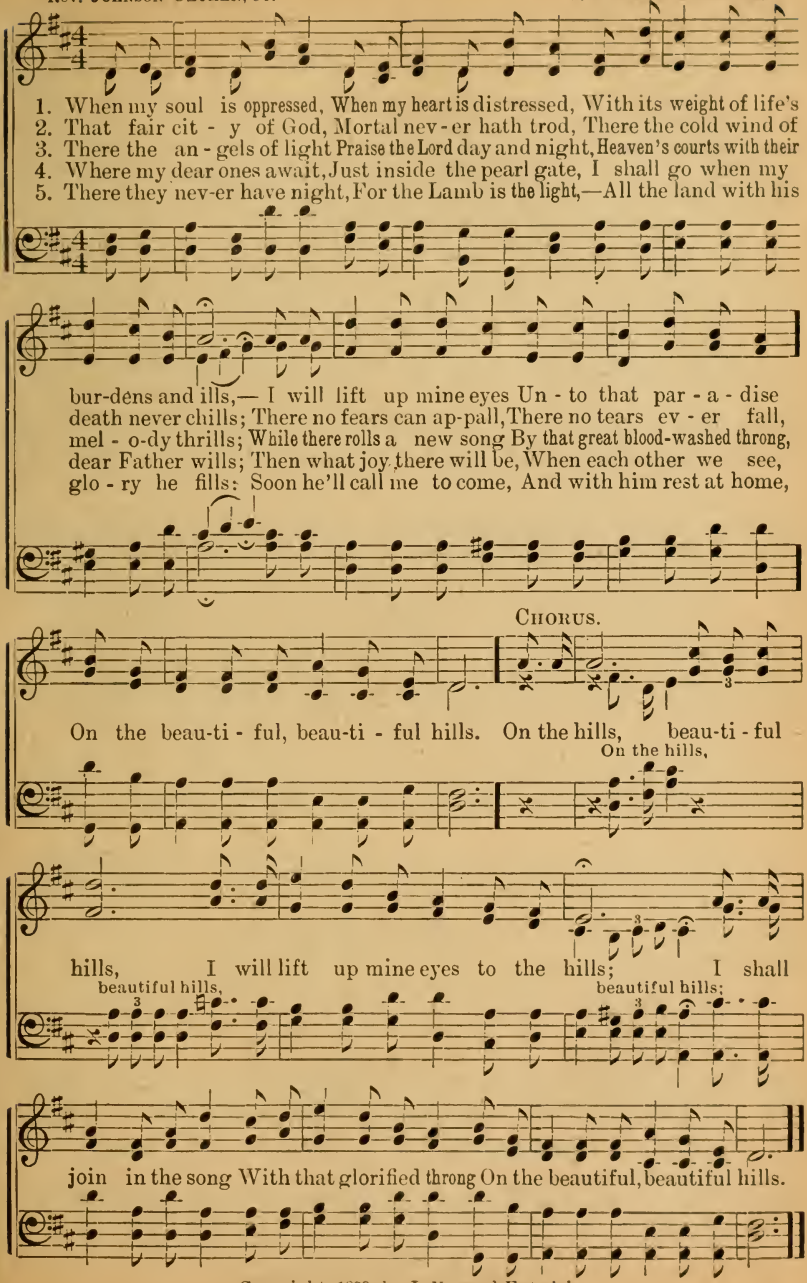
95 The Beautiful, Beautiful Hills.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



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The Scarlet Thread.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. Dr. Frank A. Robertson.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

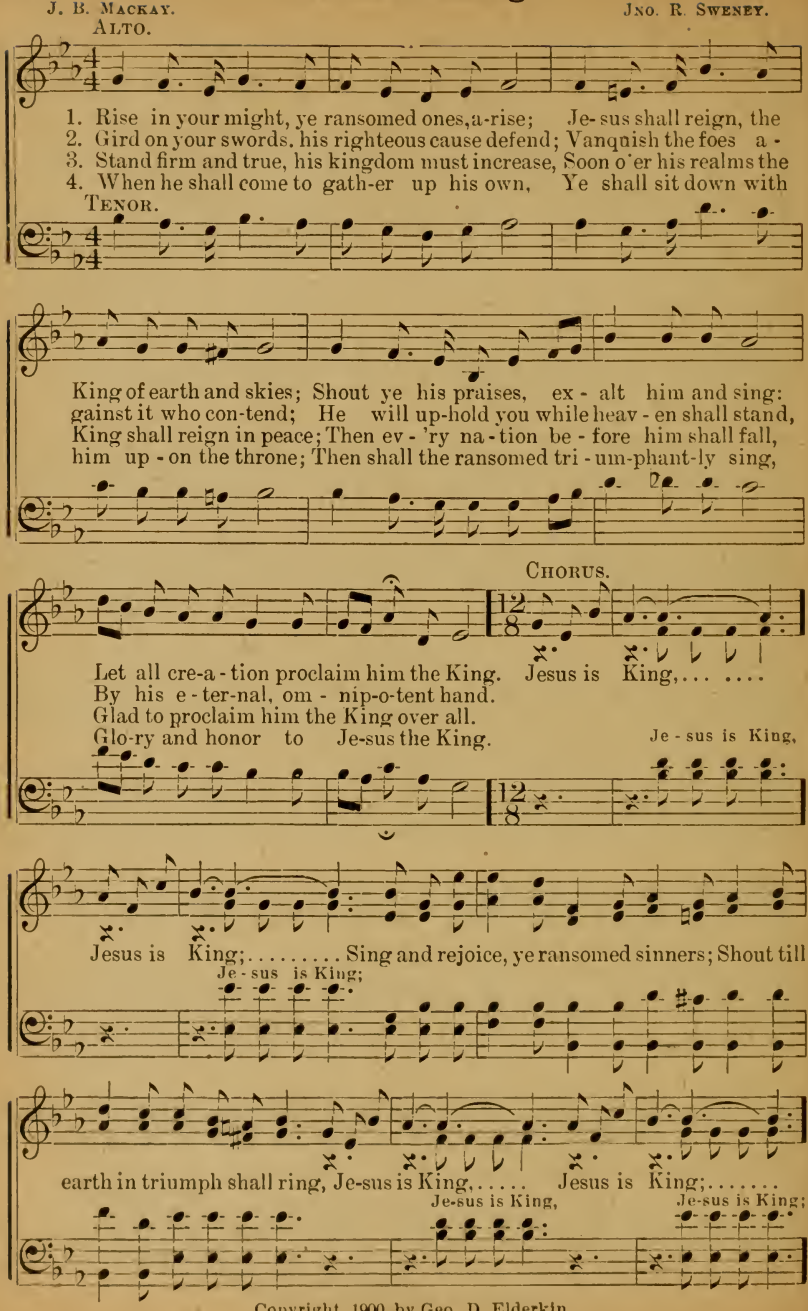
97 They're All Blotted Out.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Copyright, 1899, by John J. Hood.

Jesus is King.

J. B. Mackay. Jno. R. Sweney.



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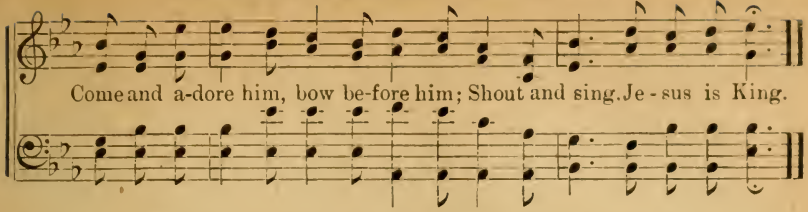
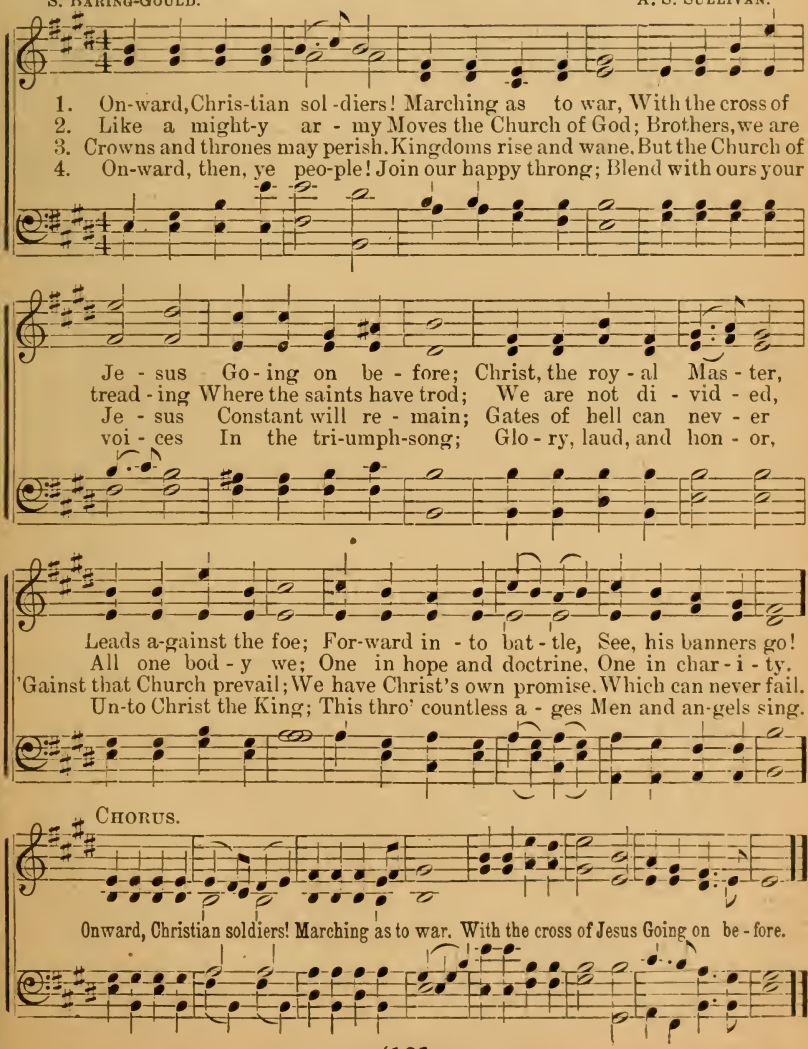


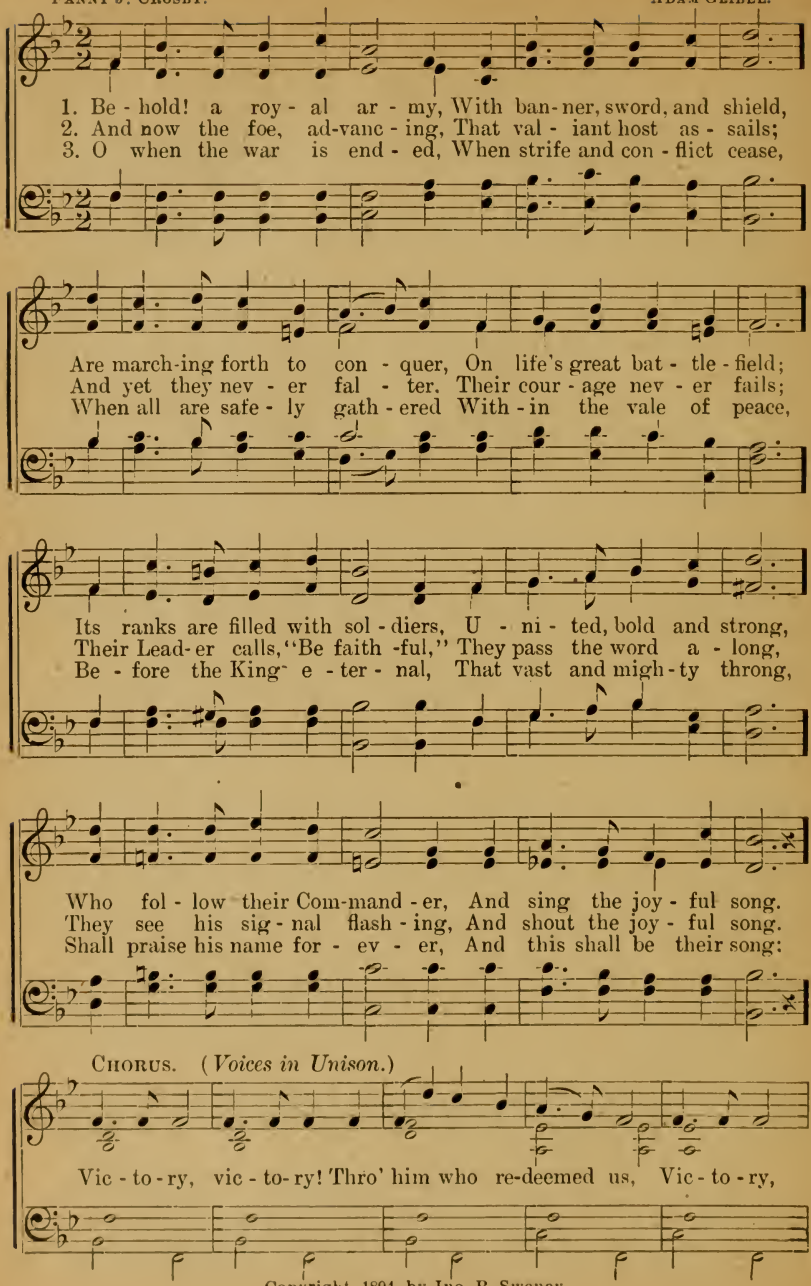
99 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.



The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.



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The Joyful Song—Concluded.

(*Voices in Harmony.*)

101 There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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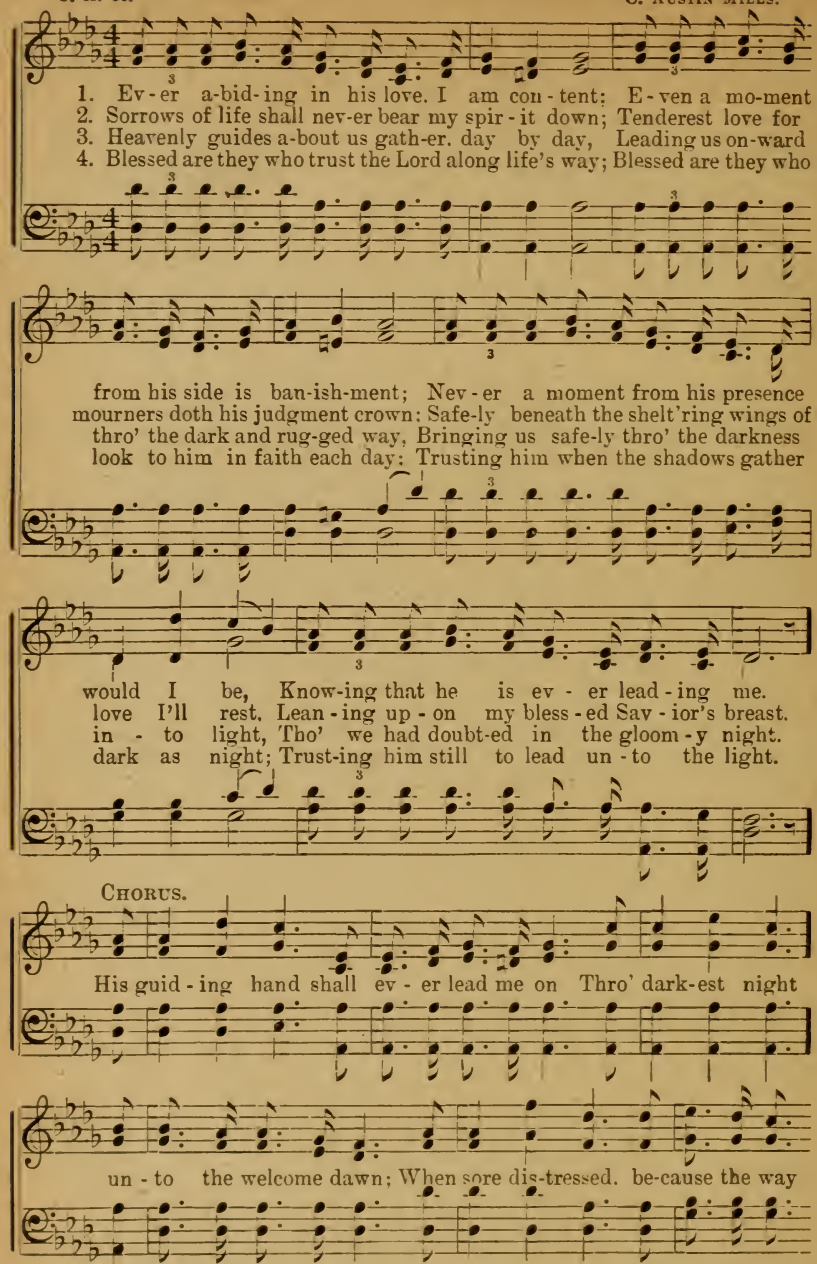
102 Just When it is Dark Enough.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



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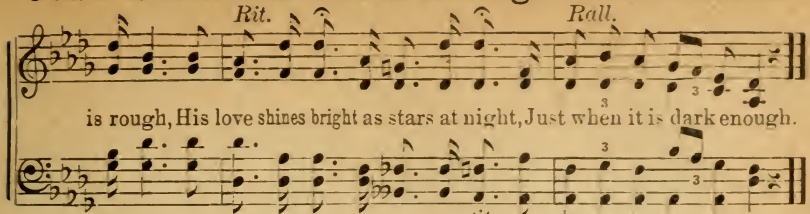
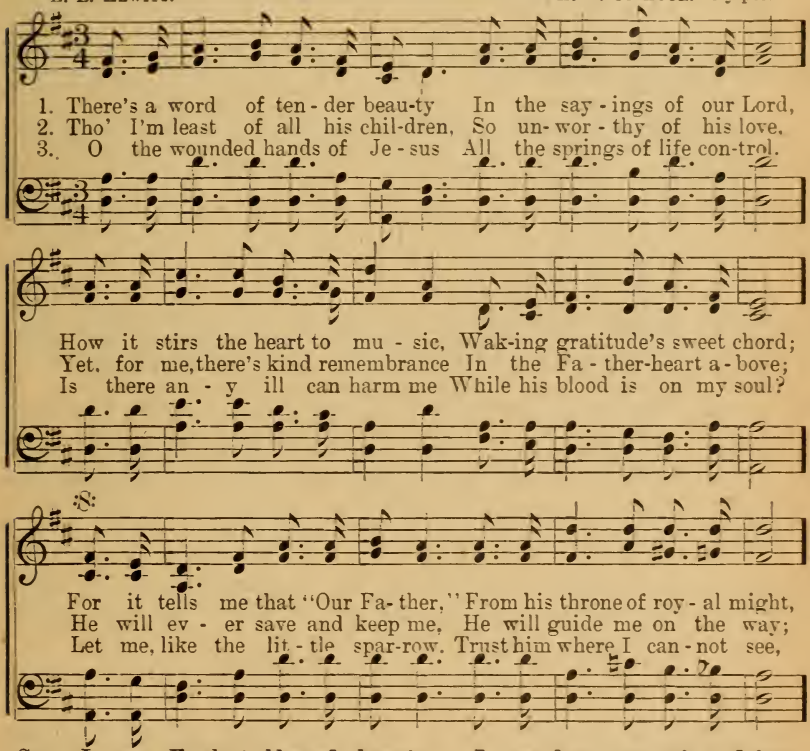


103 Not One Forgotten.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR. By per.



Jesus Sweetly Saves.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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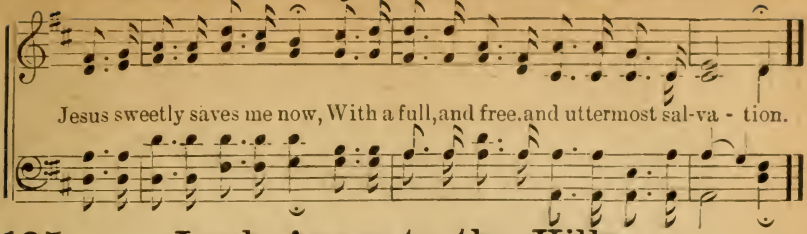

105 Look Away to the Hills.

E. E. Hewitt. Clarissa H. Spencer.

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Your Mission.

Mrs. E. H. Gates. S. M. Grannis.

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107 O 'Twas Love.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

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Shining for Jesus.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Jno. R. Sweney.

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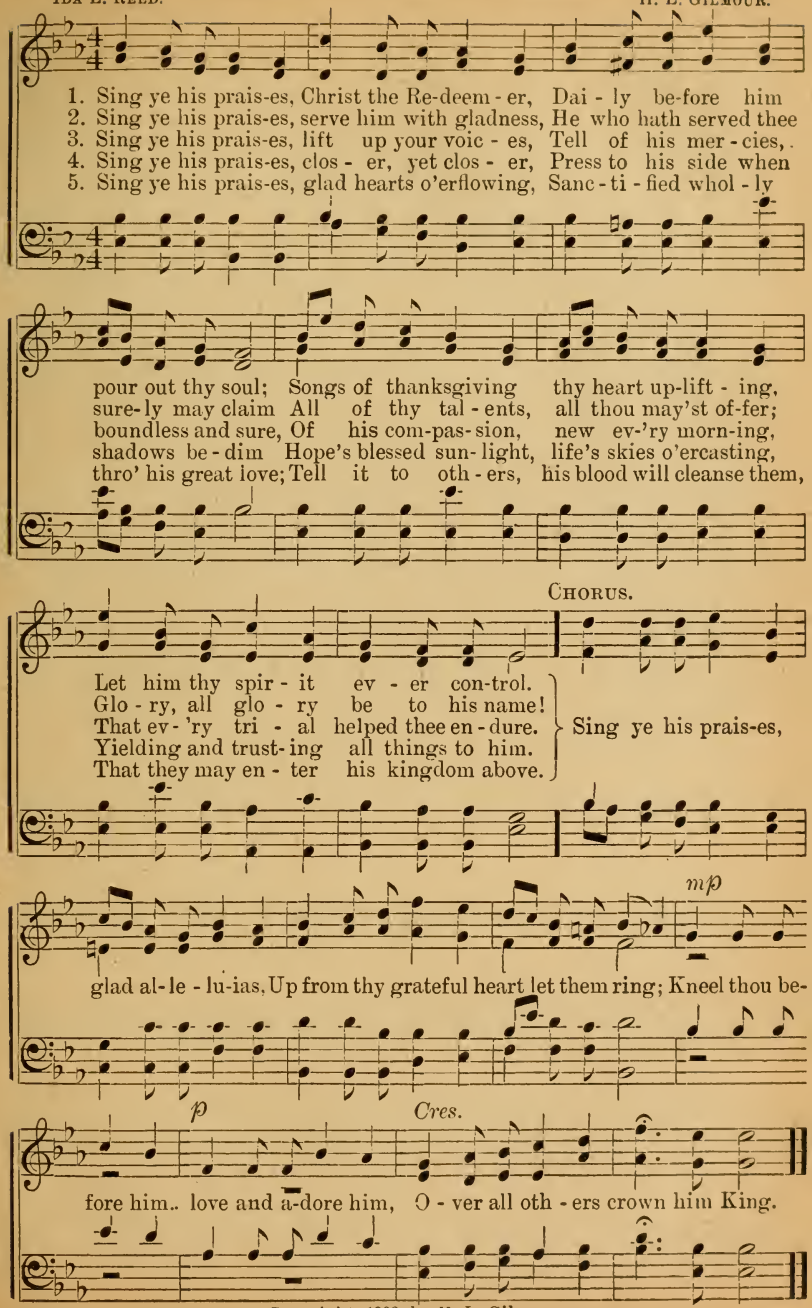
109 Sing Ye His Praises.

IDA L. REED. H. L. GILMOUR.



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The Grand Old Ark.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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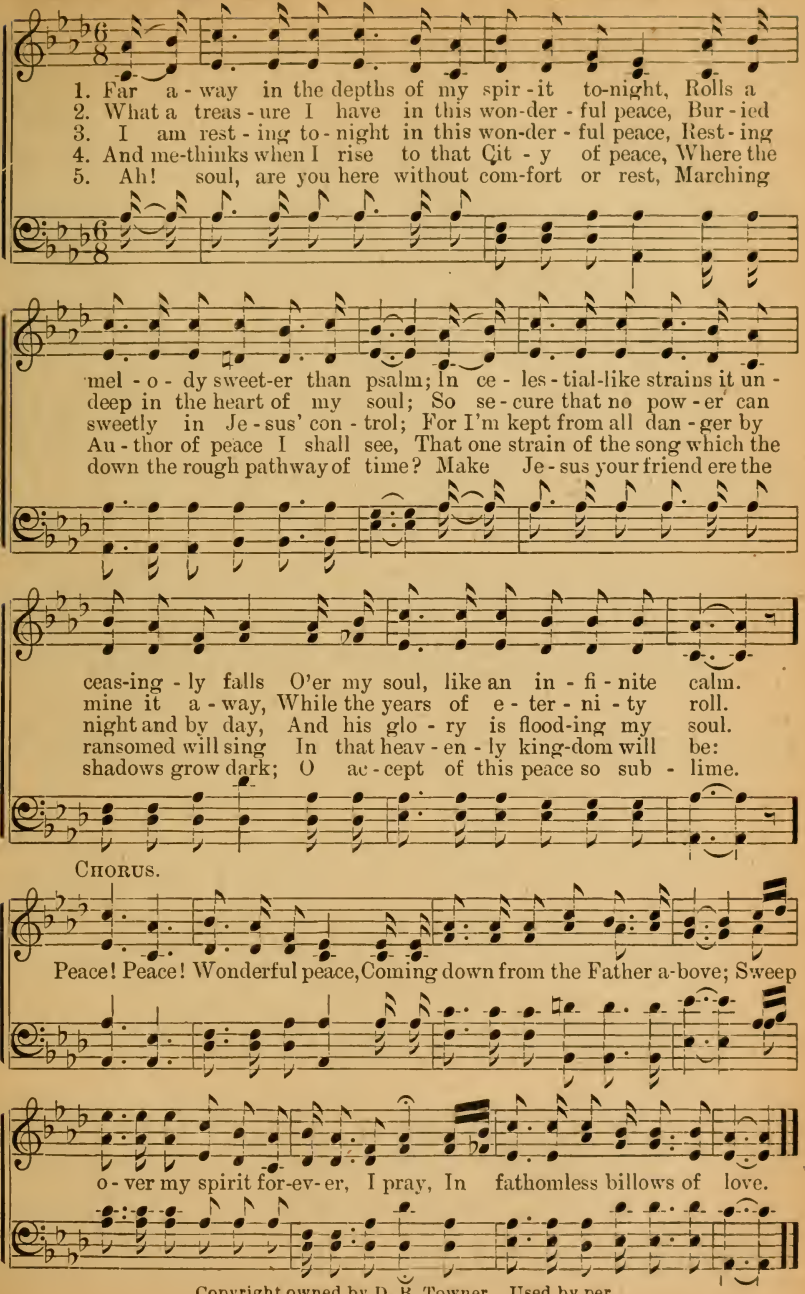
Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. Rev. W. G. COOPER.



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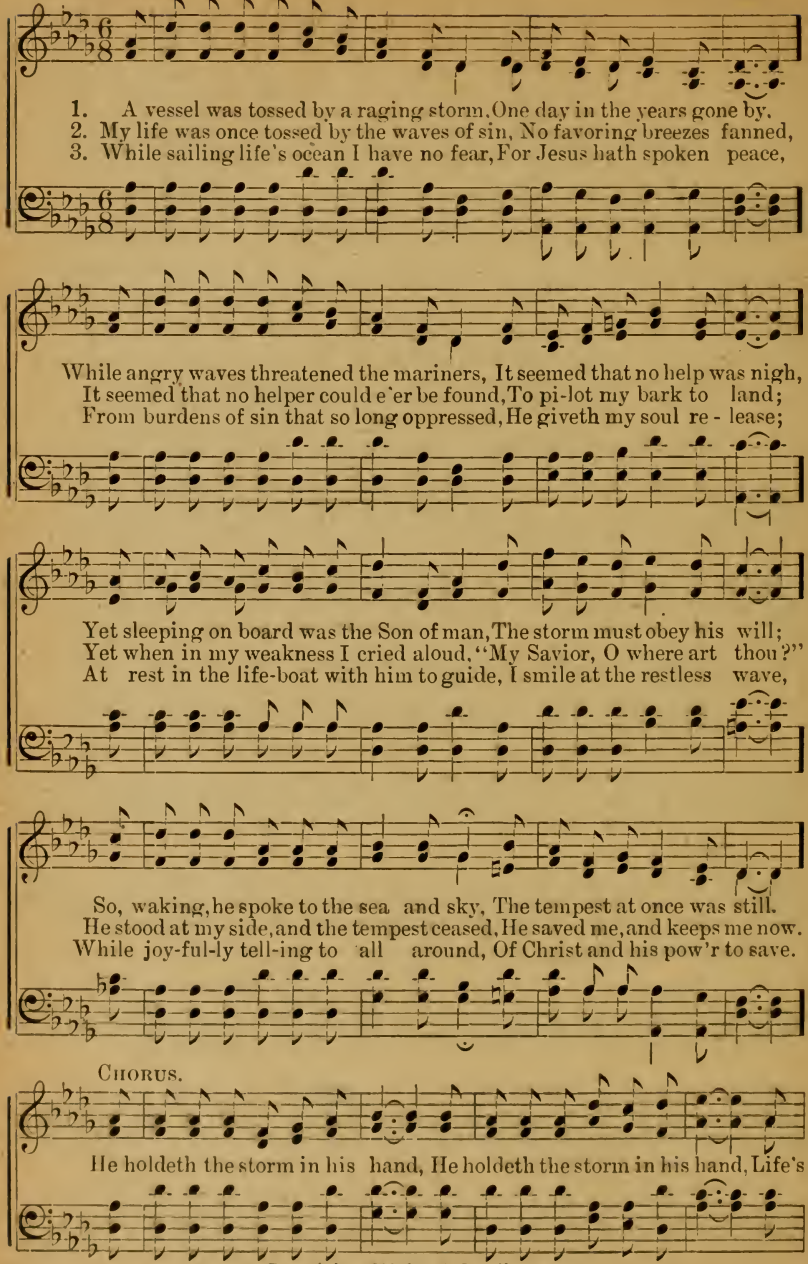
112 He Holdeth the Storm in His Hand.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.



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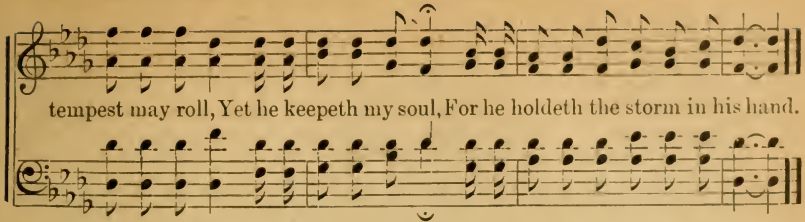
He Holdeth the Storm, etc.—Concluded.



113 Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace.

FLORA KIRKLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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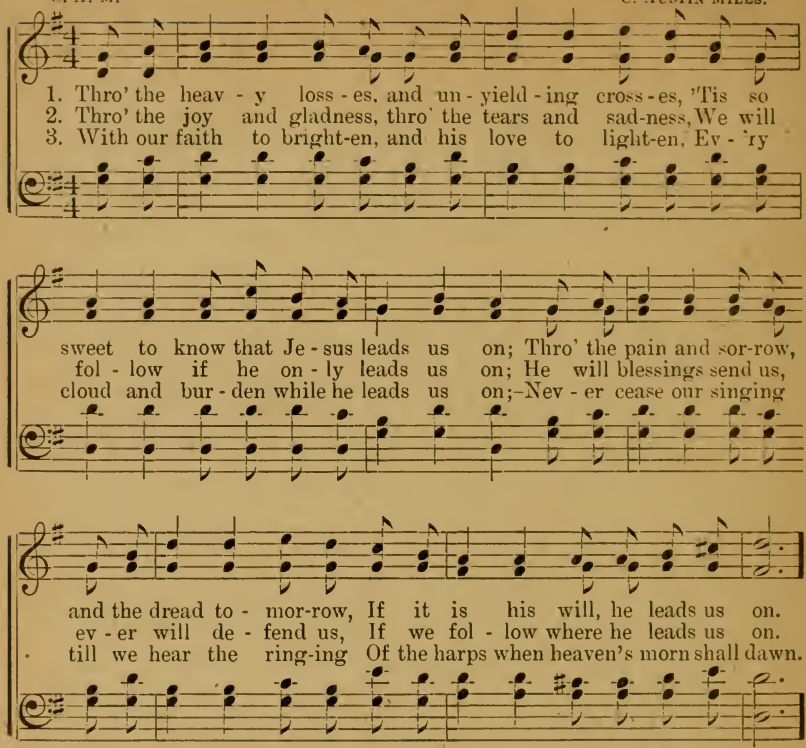
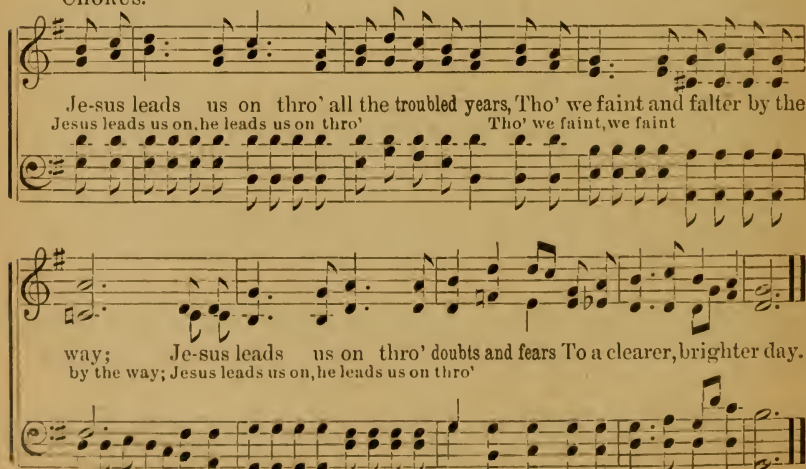
Jesus Leads Us On.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



Chorus.



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115 To Calvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

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Unfathomable Love.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour.

Unfathomable Love—Concluded.

CHORUS. *With much expression.*

117 More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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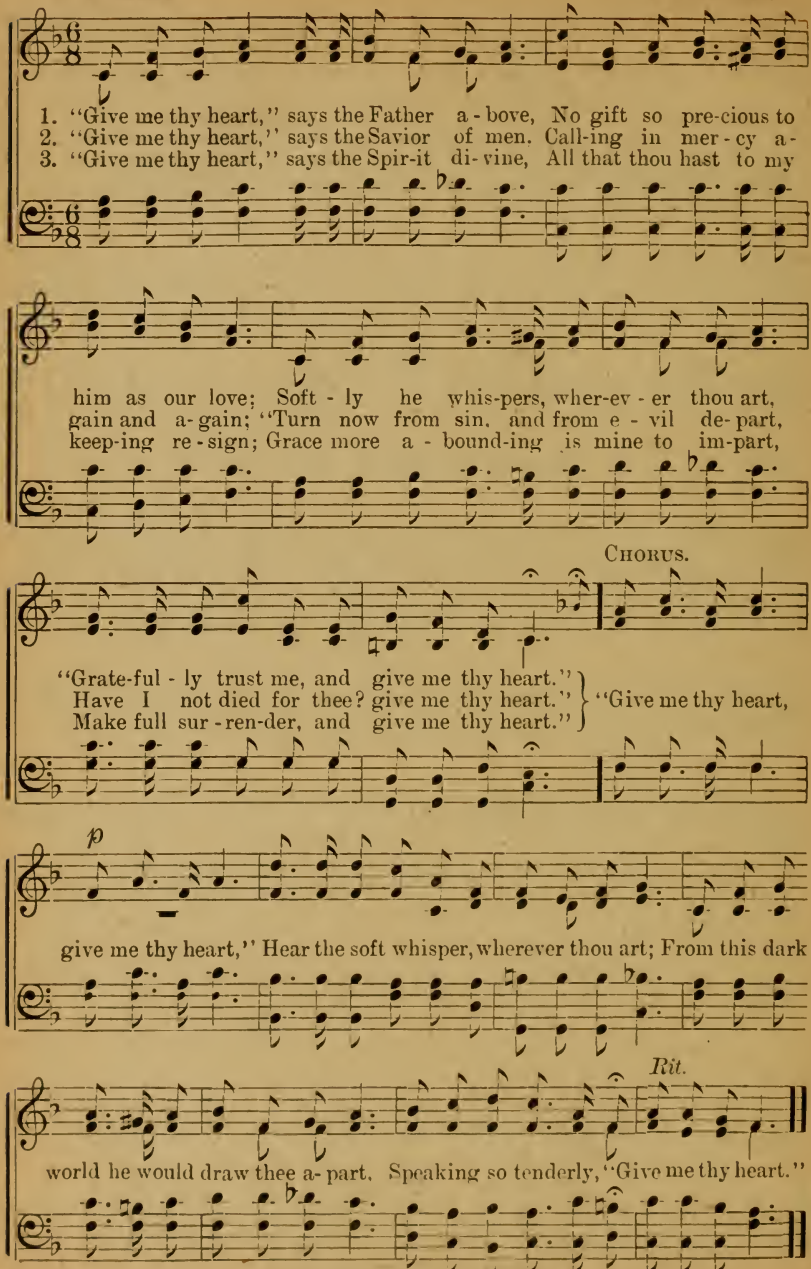
118 "Give Me Thy Heart."

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.



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Come to Thy Father.

JENNIE WILSON. M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

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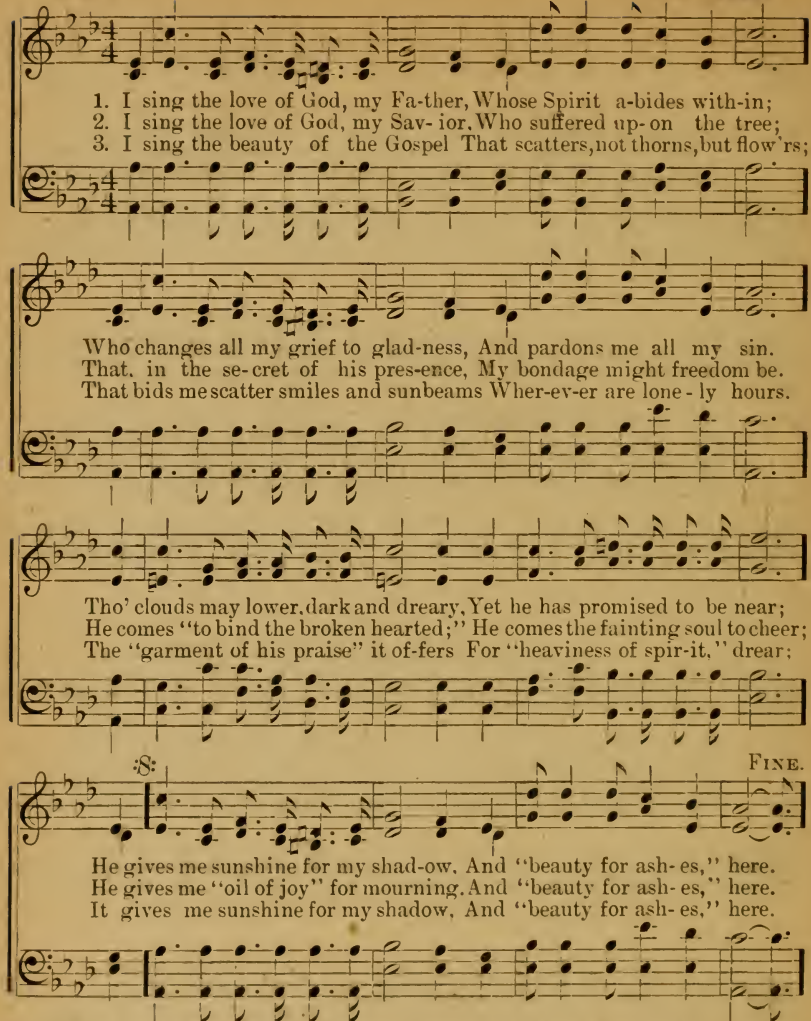
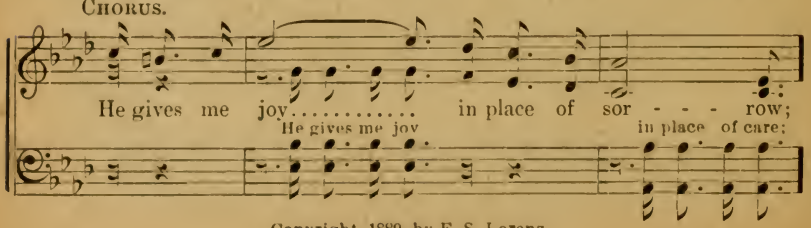
Beauty for Ashes.

J. G. C. J. G. CRABBE.



D. S.—gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.

CHORUS.



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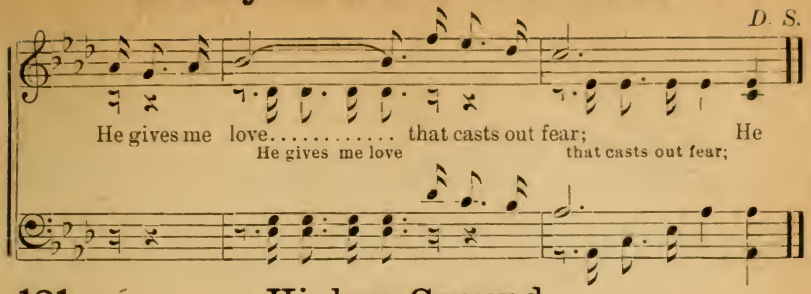

121 Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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Soldiers of the Cross.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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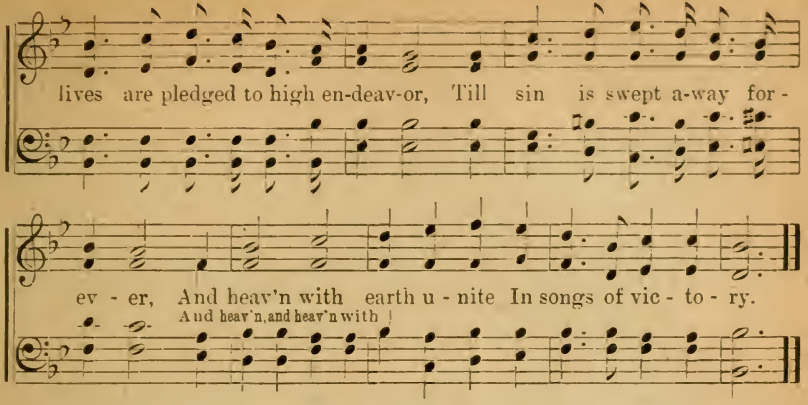
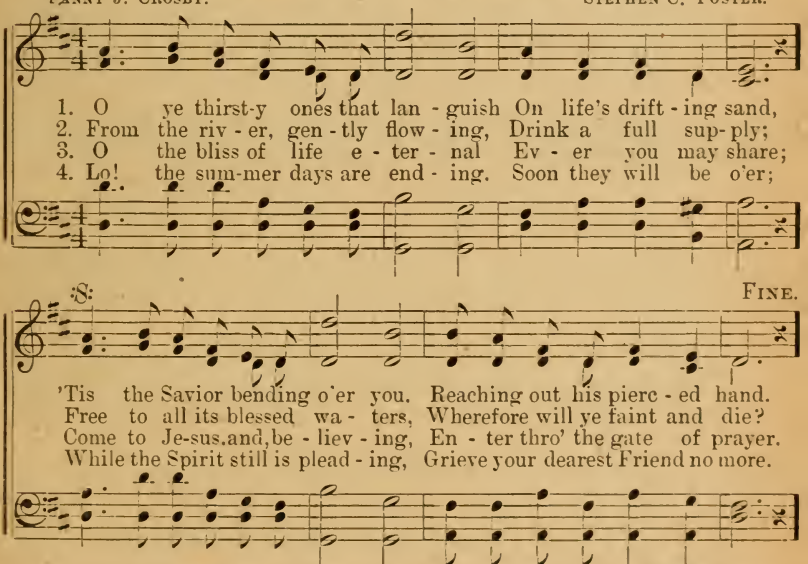


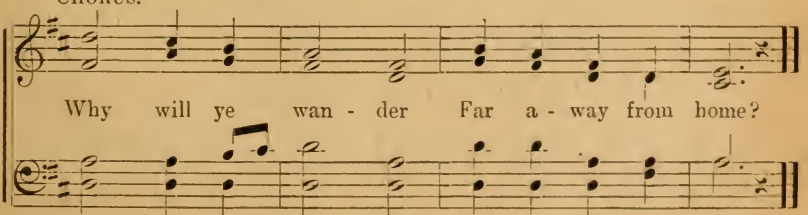
123 "Whosoever Will" May Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



D.S.—To the loving arms of mer - cy "Who - so - ev - er will" may come.

CHORUS.



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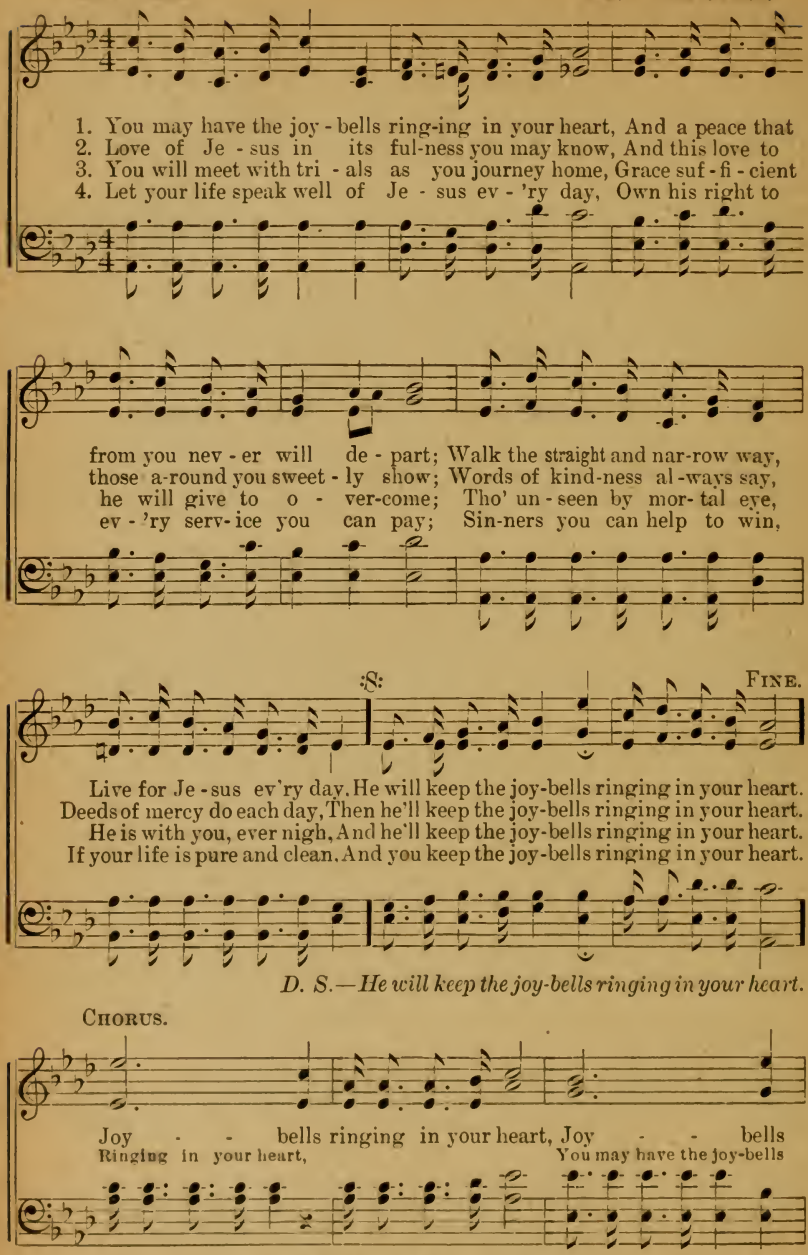
124 You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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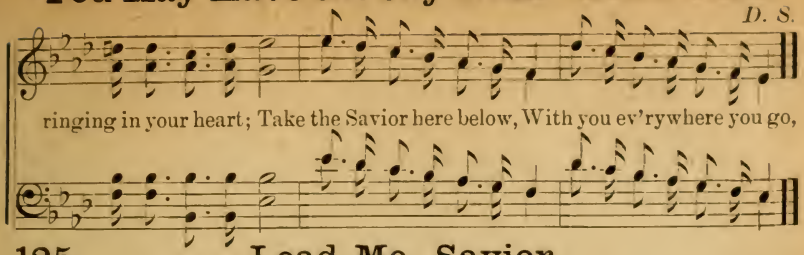
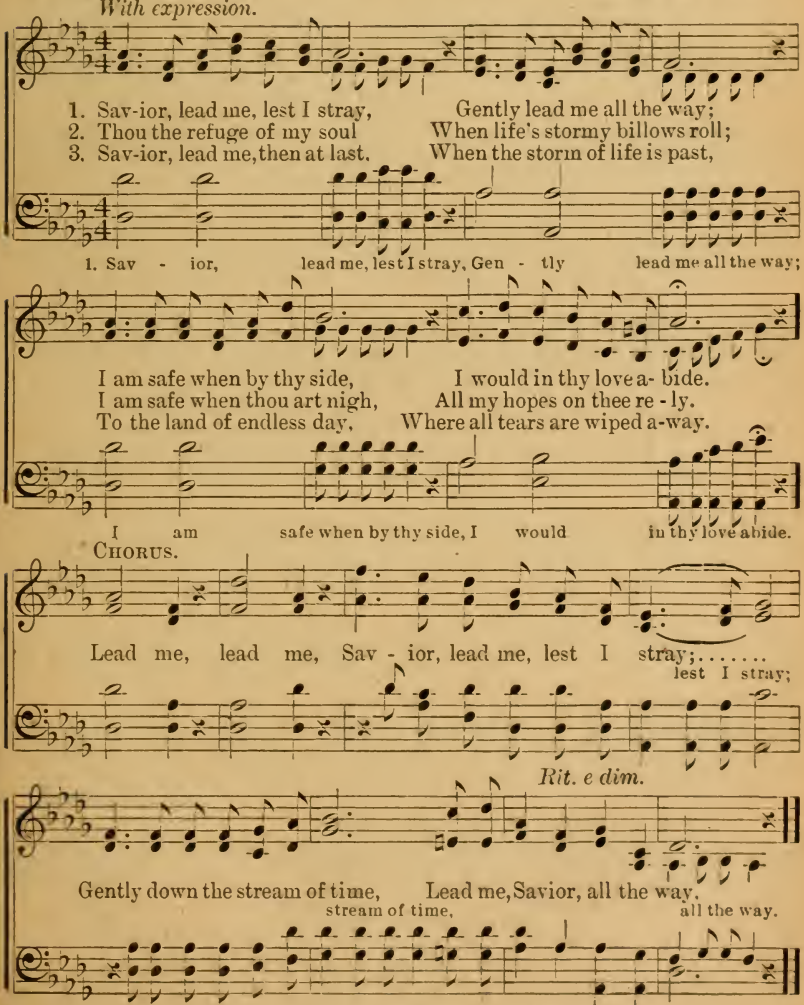


125 Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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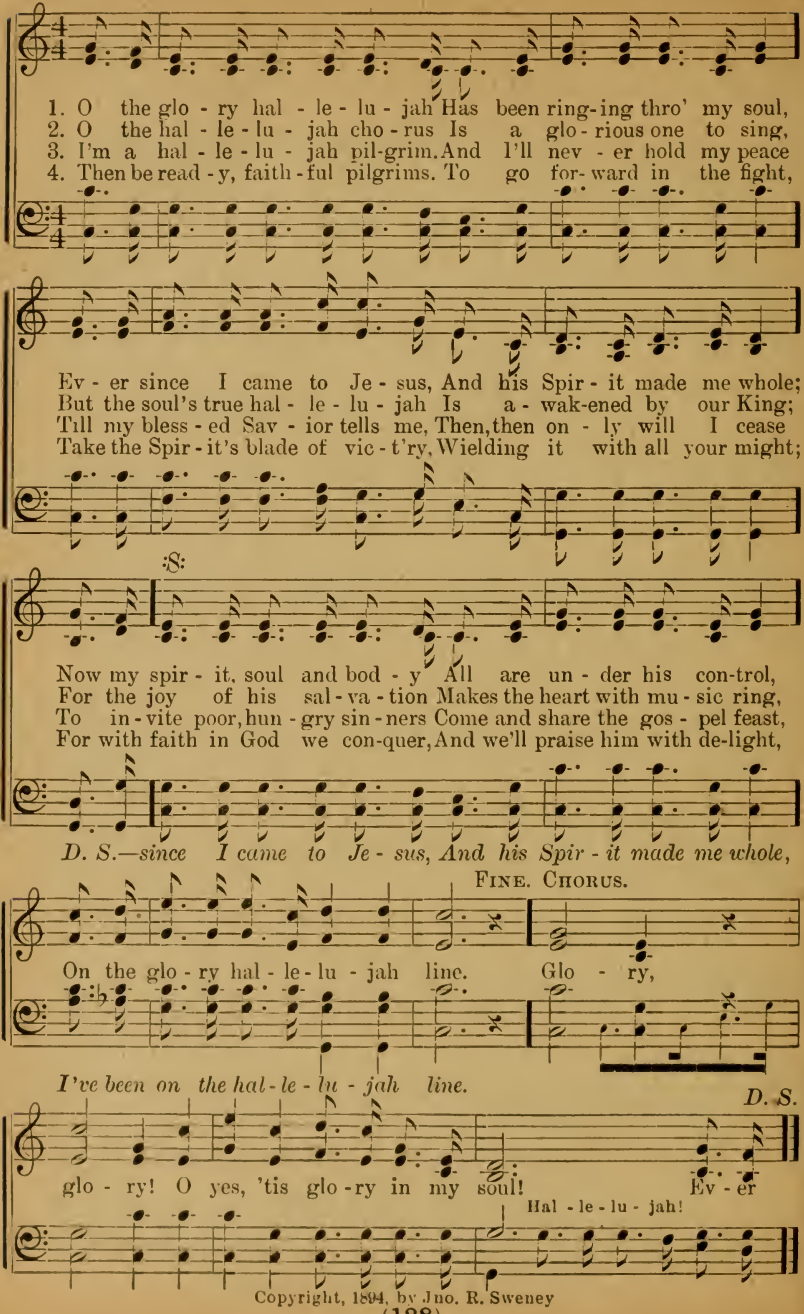
126 On the Hallelujah Line.

Rev. J. M. Hobbs. Jno. R. Sweney.



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127 He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

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128 Hallelujah for the Blood!

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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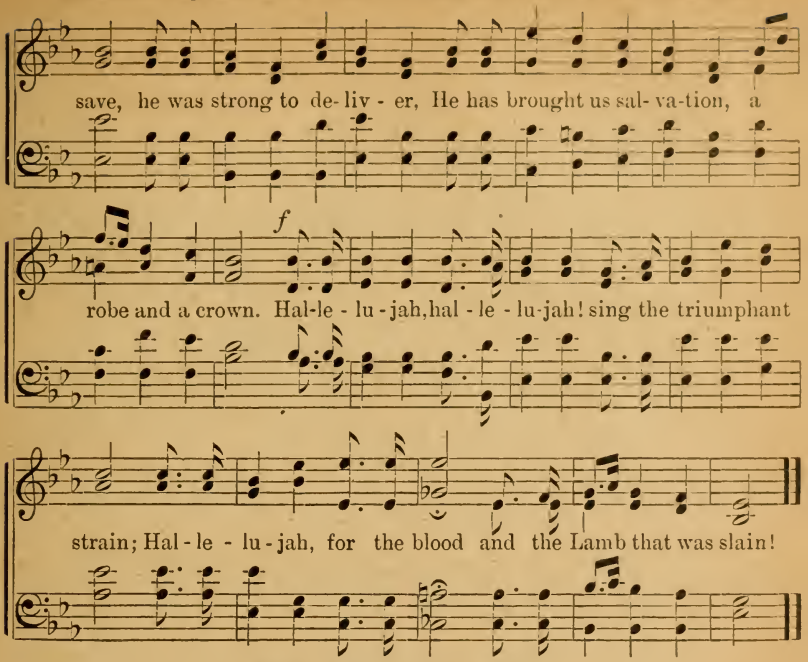
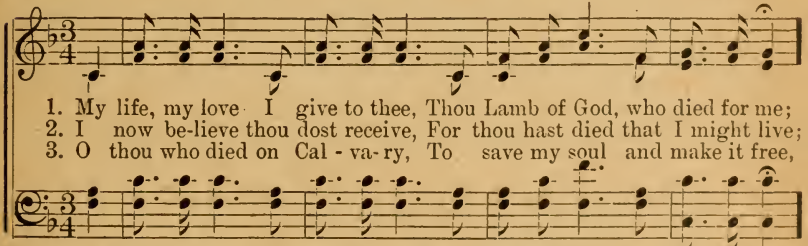


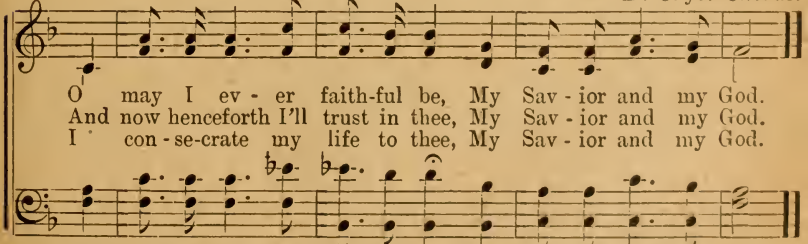
129 I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.



CHO.—*I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

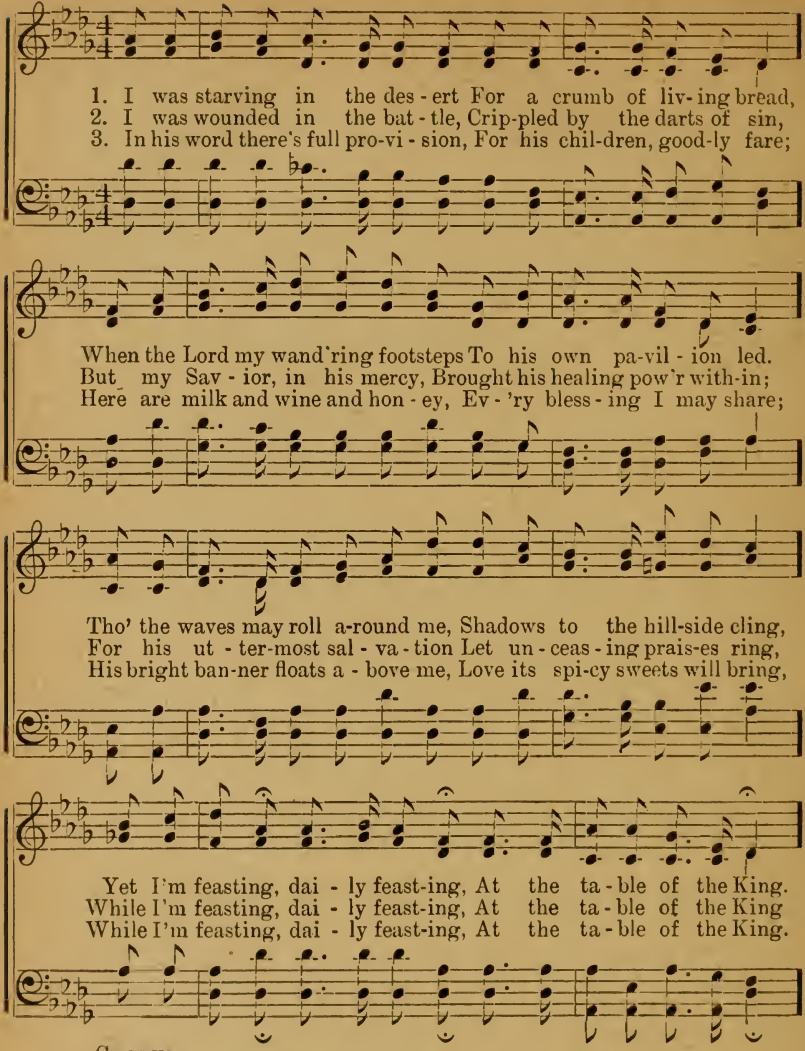


I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God.

By permission.

130 At the Table of the King.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Howard Entwisle.



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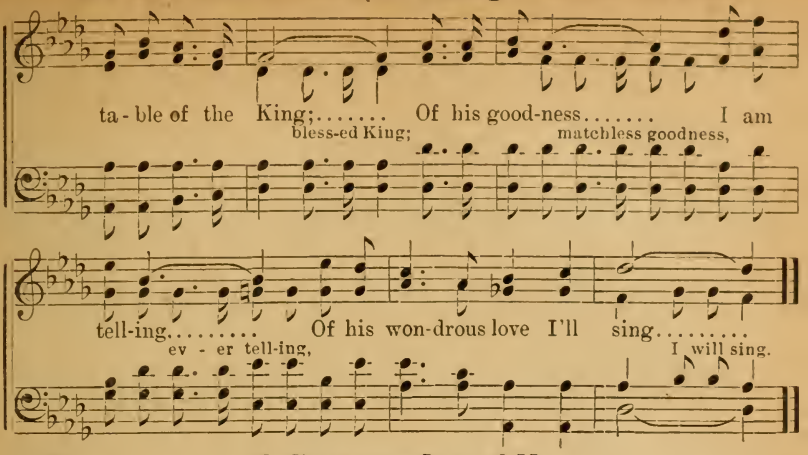
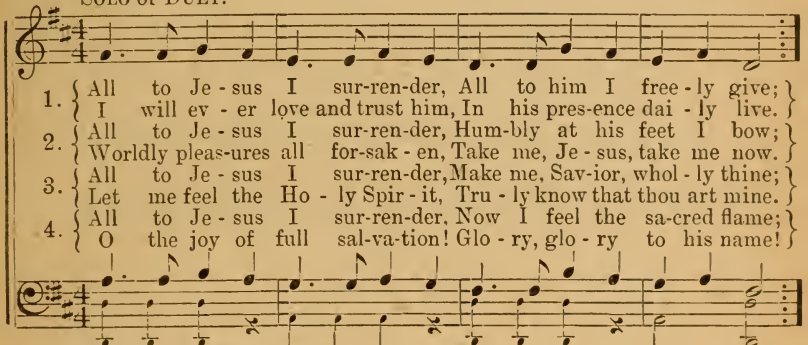


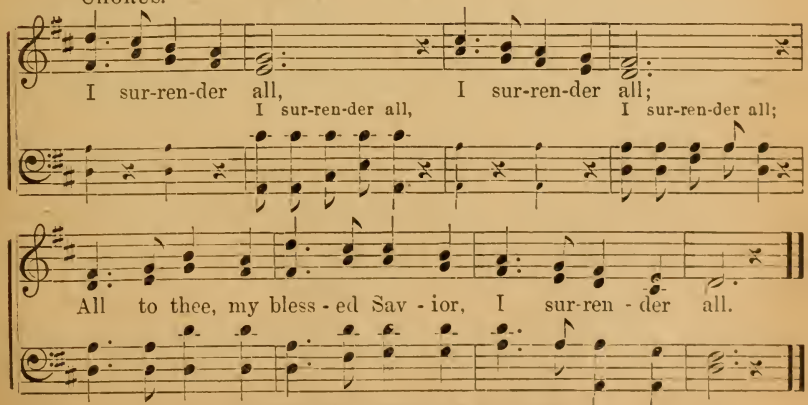
131 I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

Solo or Duet.



Chorus.



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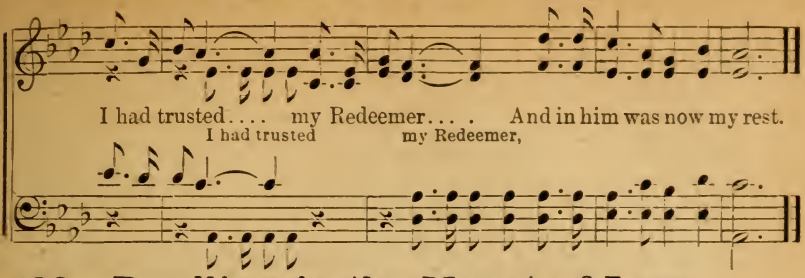
My Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Copyright, 1900, by Lizzie E. Sweney



133 Dwelling in the Mount of Love.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

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134 "Thy Sins be Forgiven Thee."

T. O. Chisholm. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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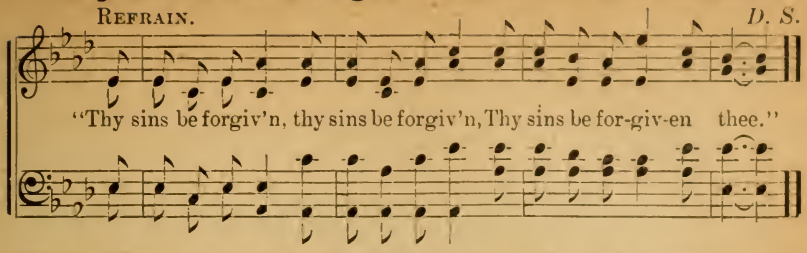
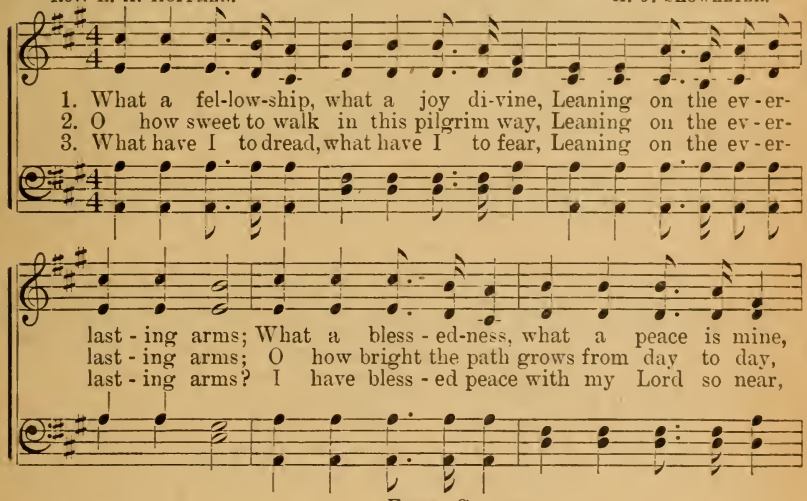
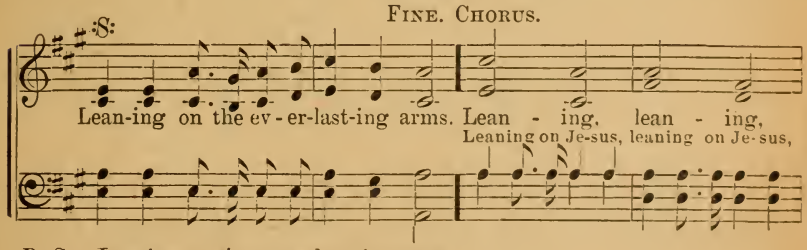
"Thy Sins be Forgiven Thee"—Concluded.



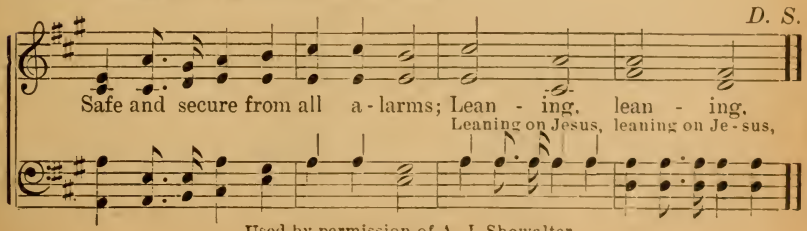
135 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.





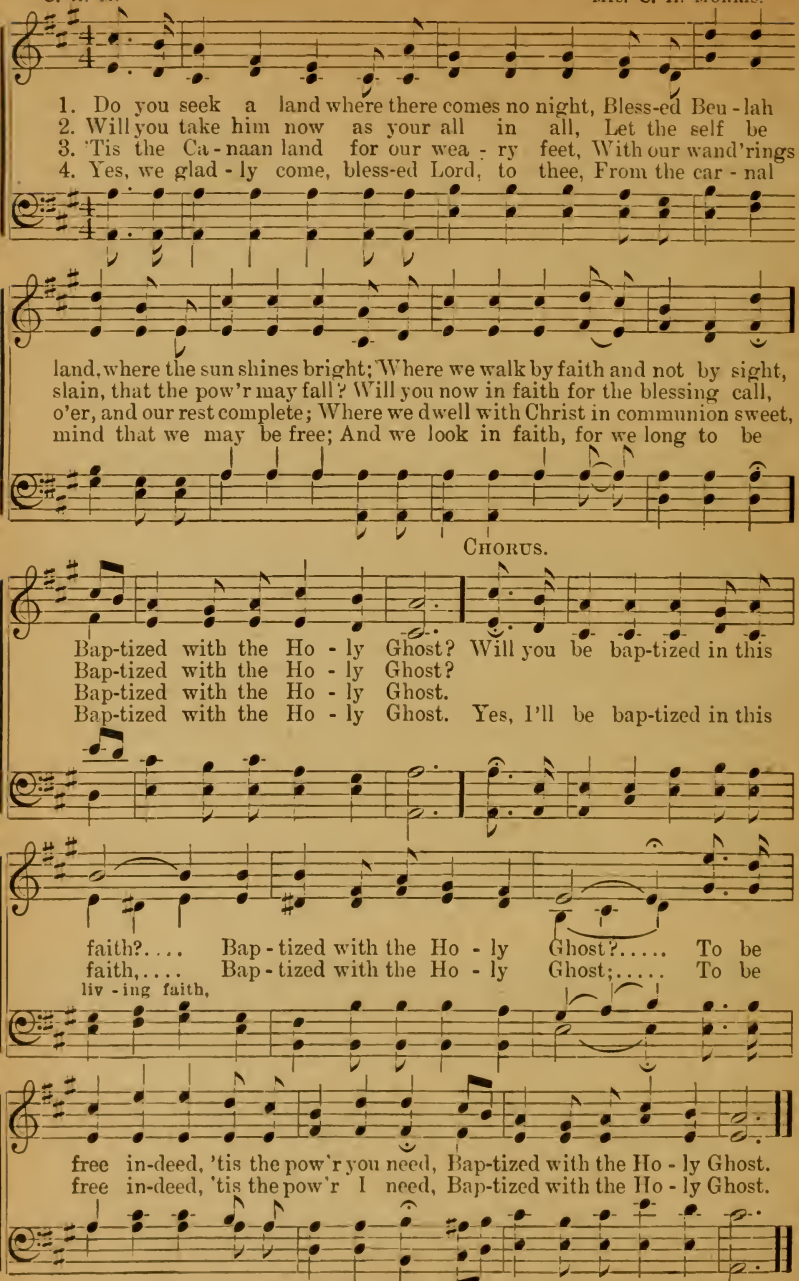
D. S.—Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.



Used by permission of A. J. Showalter.

136 Baptized with the Holy Ghost.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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137 Speak to My Soul.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. Pickett.

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Just as True To-day.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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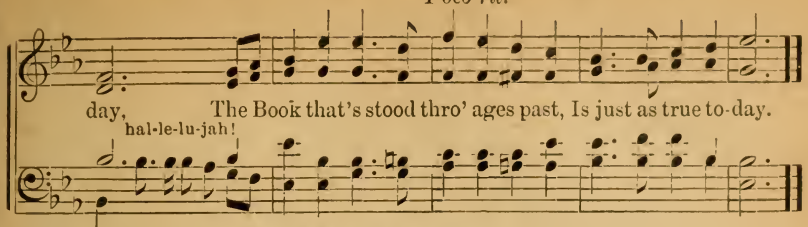
Just as True To-day—Concluded.

Poco rit.



139 My Savior.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

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Wanted.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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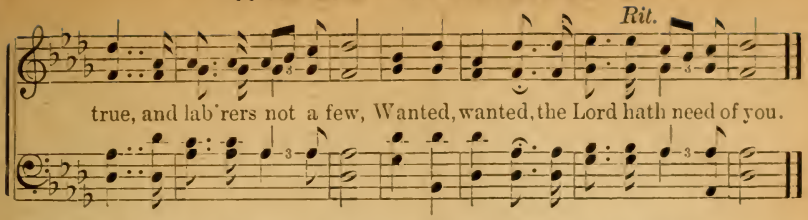
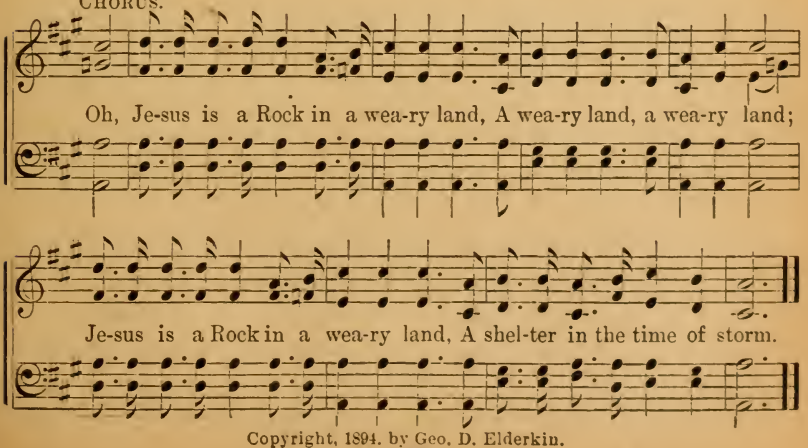


141 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Words arranged. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.



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I Shall be Like Him.

J. B. MacKay. Jno. R. Sweney.

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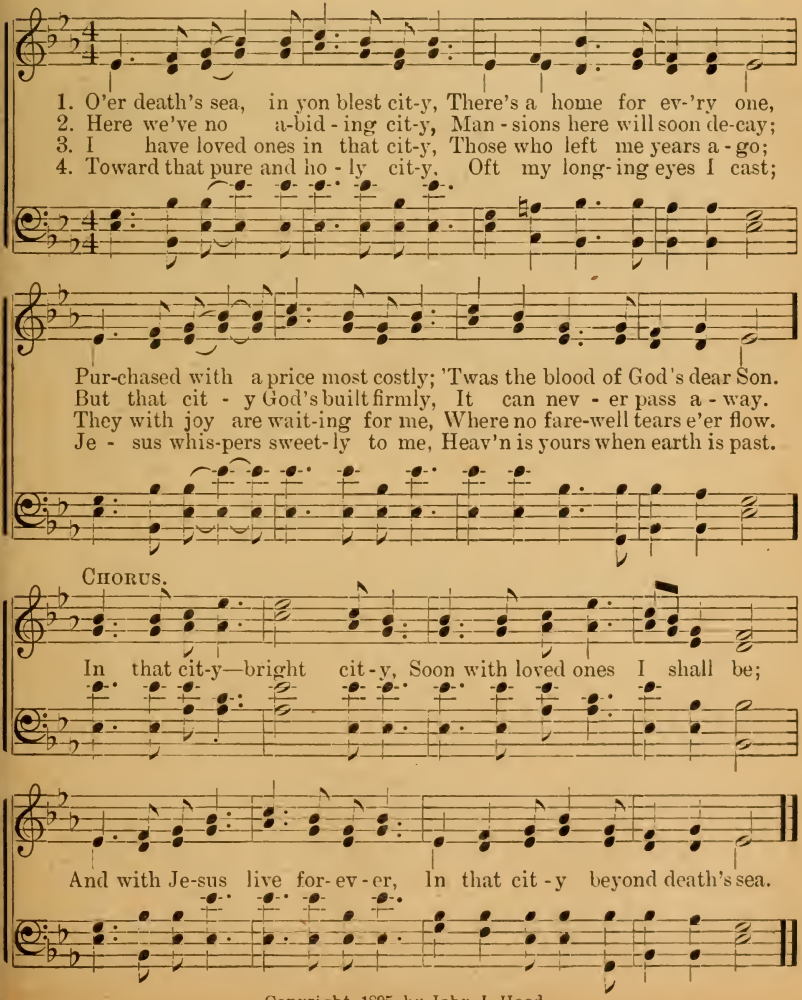
143 In That City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.



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144 Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

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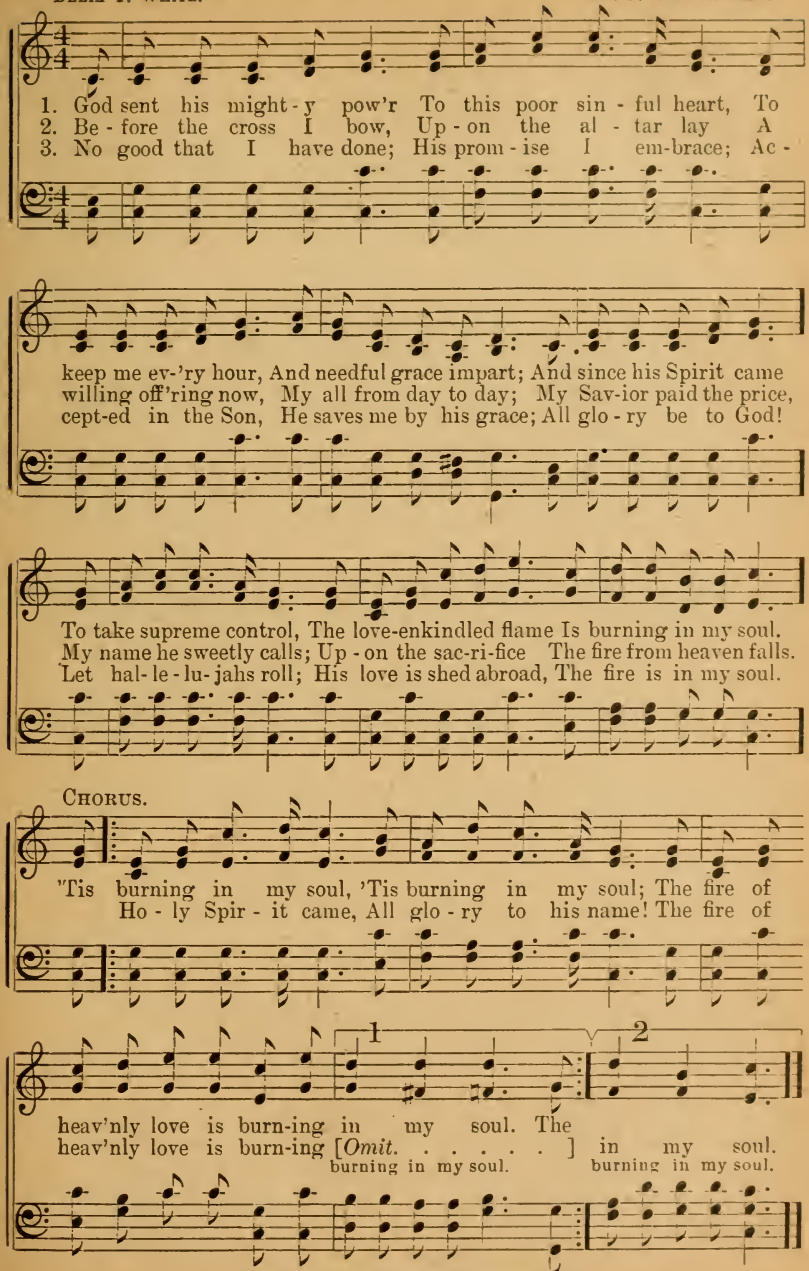
145 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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They Shall be Comforted.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

147 With the Blood-Bought I'll be There

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

Copyright, 1900, by H. L. Gilmour.

148 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

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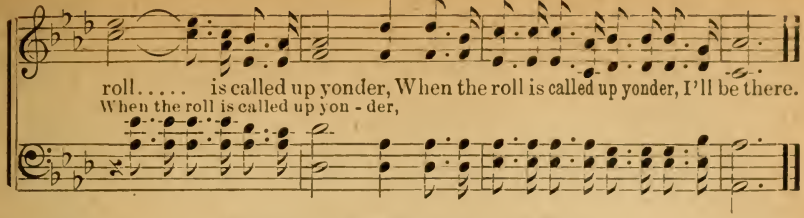
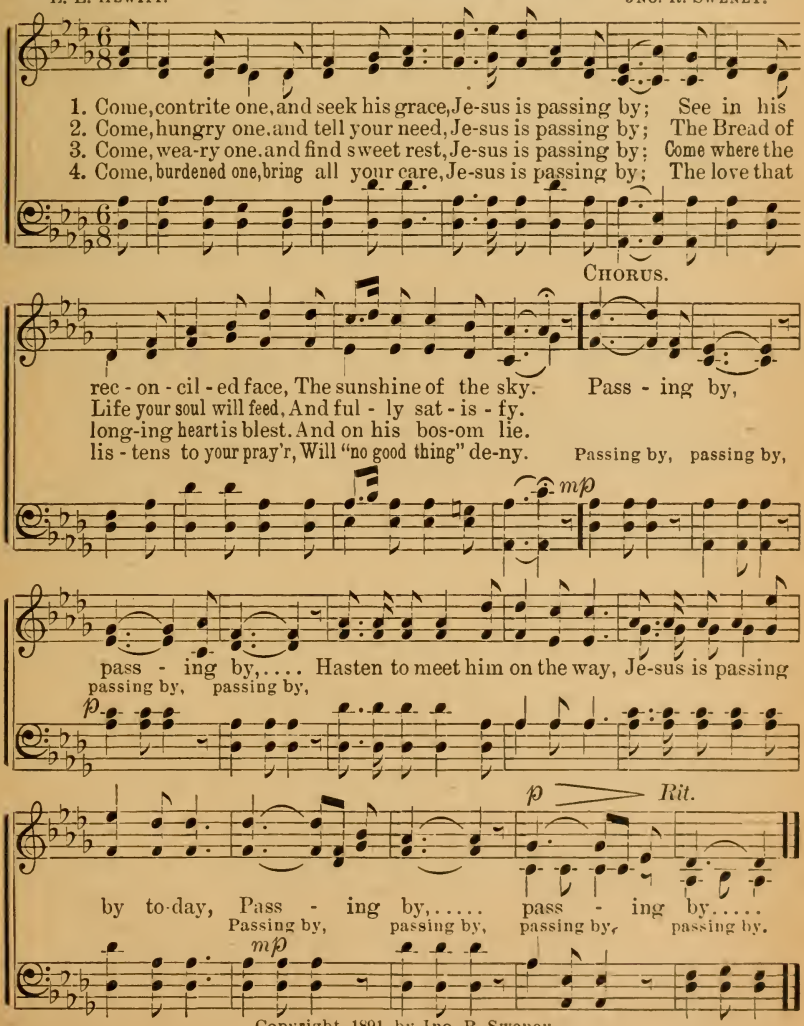


149 Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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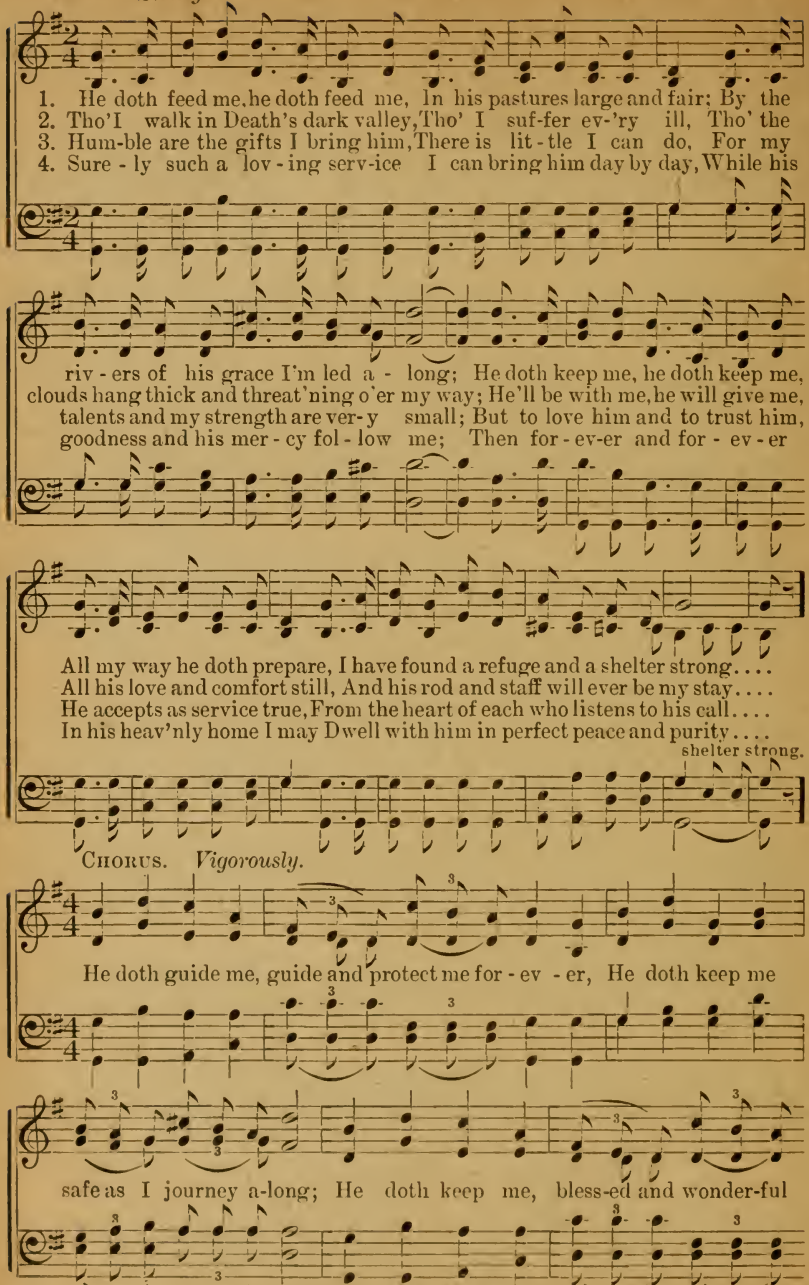
150 He Doth Keep Me.

A. H. B. *Slowly.* A. H. Bradon.



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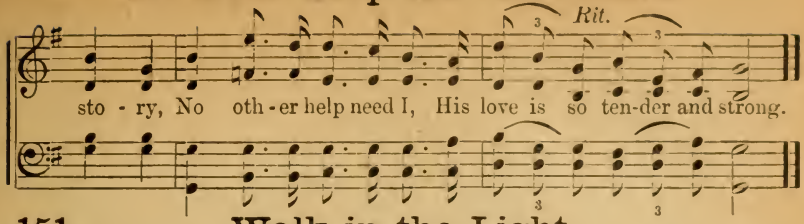
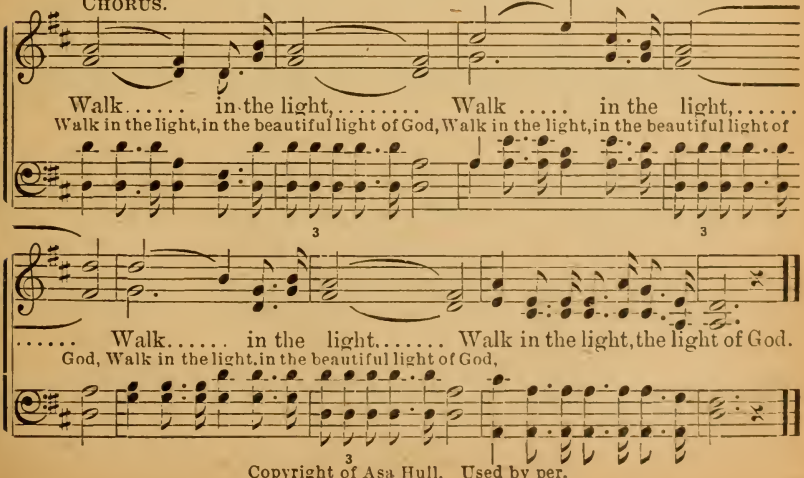


151 Walk in the Light.

ASA HULL. GEO. C. HUGG.

CHORUS.



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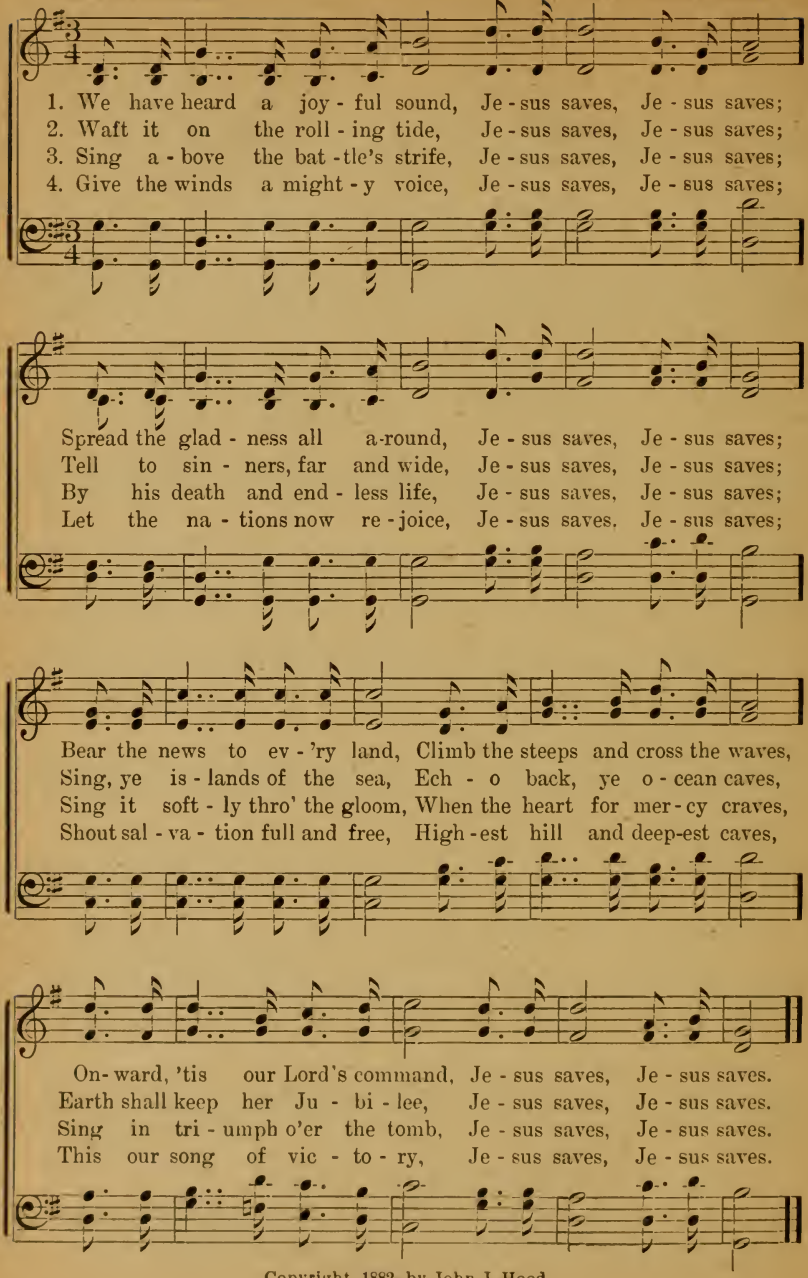
Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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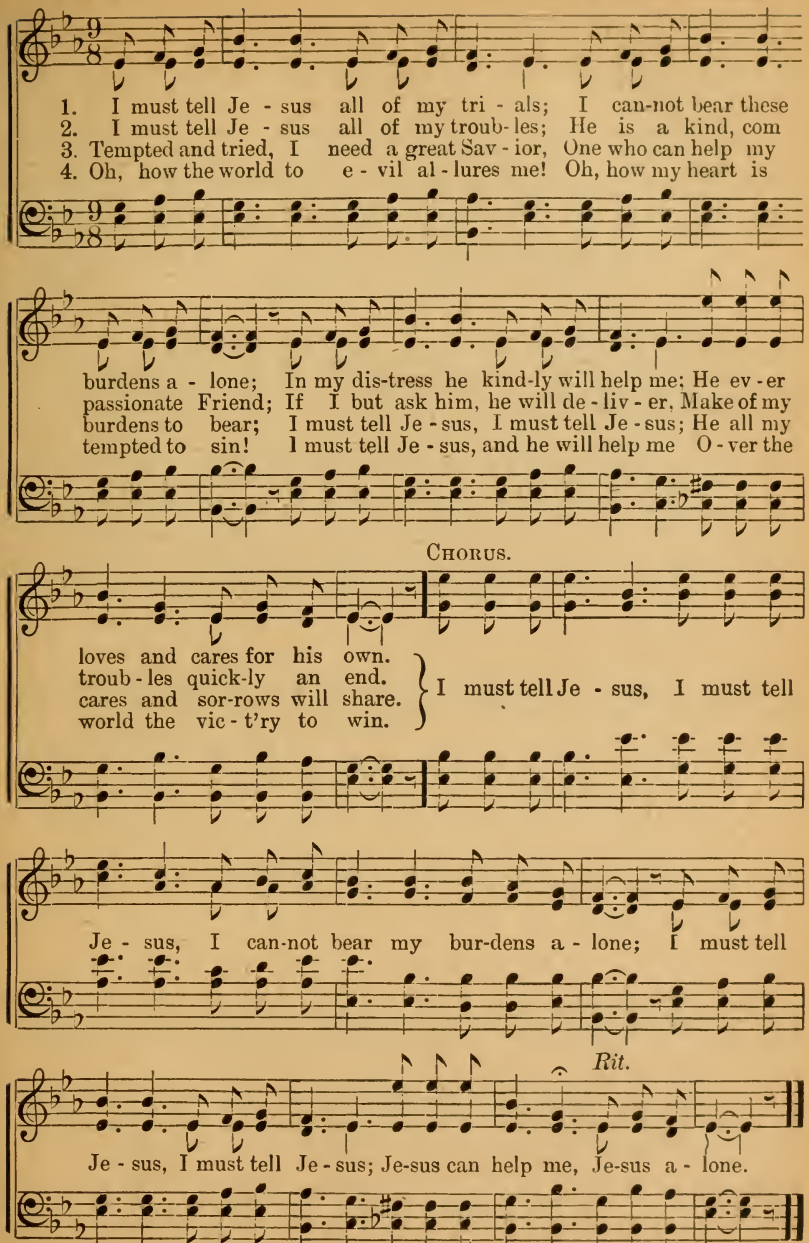
153 I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



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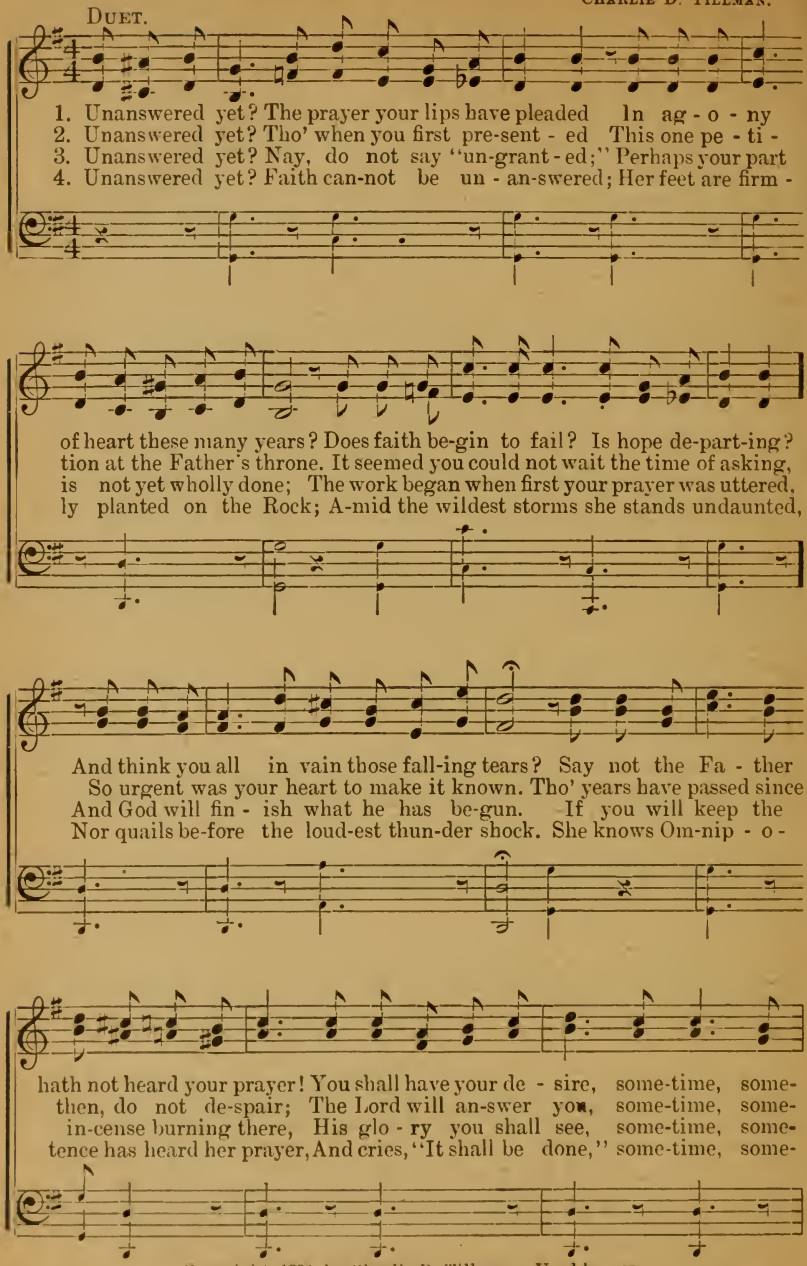
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.



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Rit. - - - - - - - - - - - - *Ad lib.*

where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some - where.
where, The Lord will an - swer you, some-time, some - where.
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some - where.
where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some - where.

155 God be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer. By per.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you.
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you.
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you.

With his sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.

Till we meet..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, till we meet;

Till we meet..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet again.

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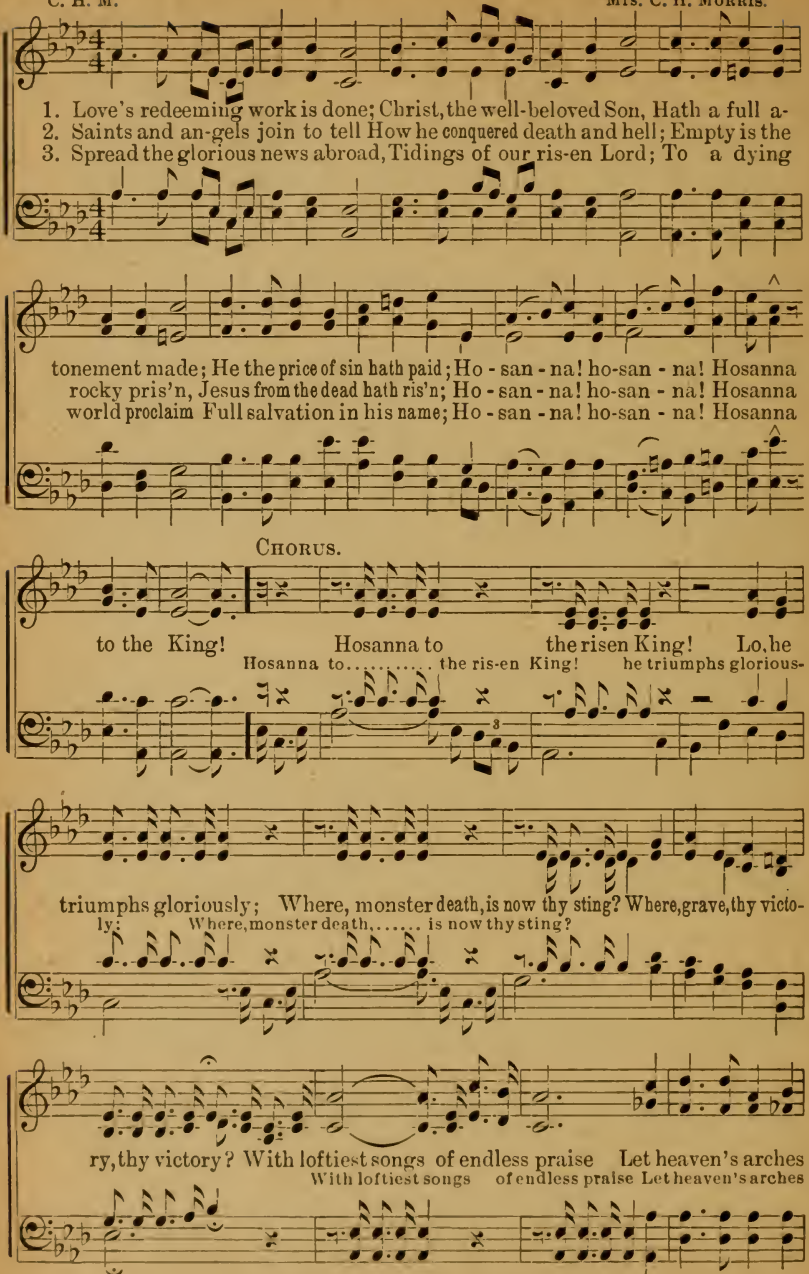
Hosanna to the King!

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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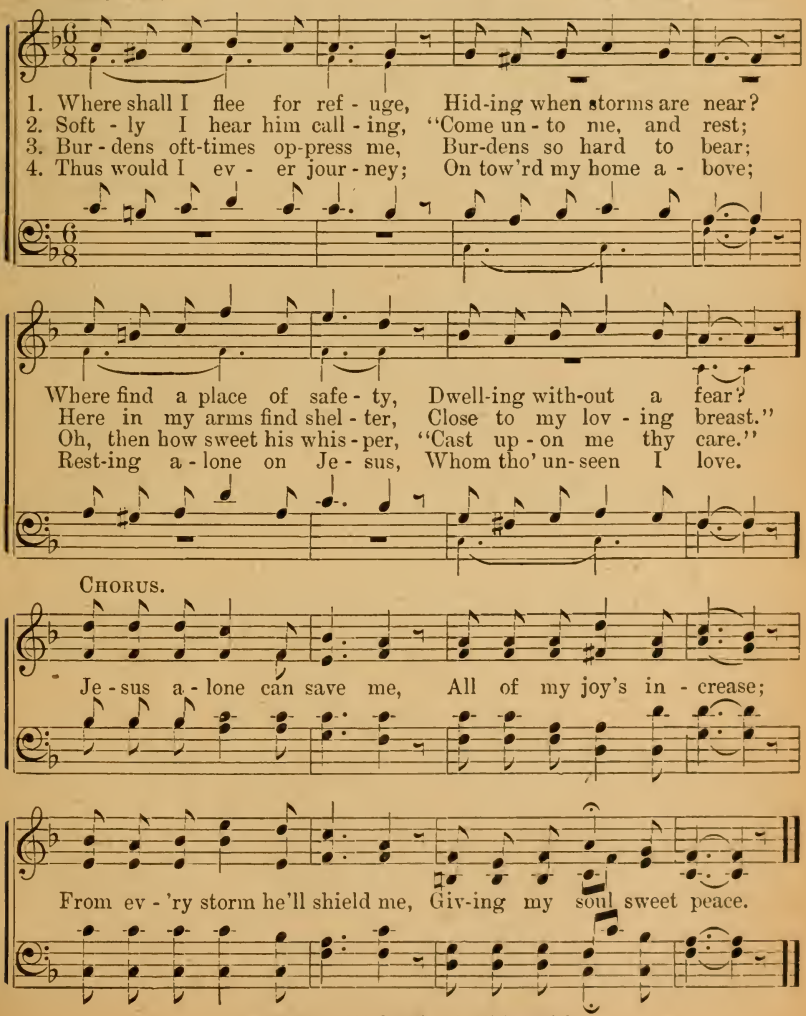
157 Jesus Alone Can Save Me.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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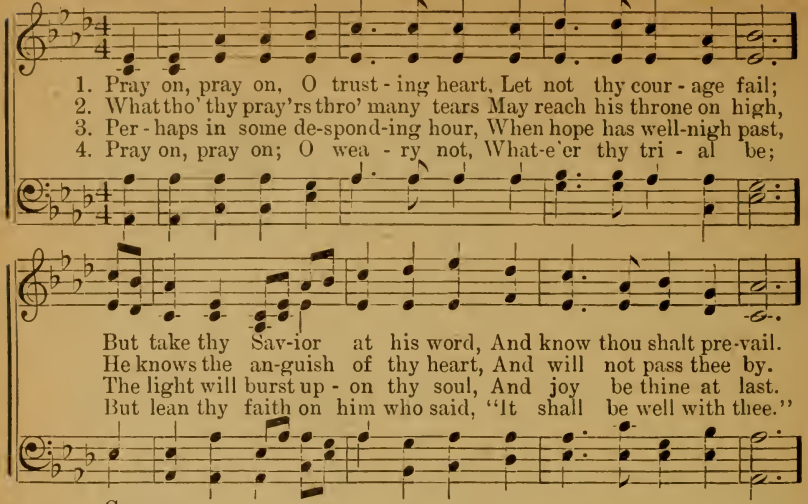
158 Balm in Secret Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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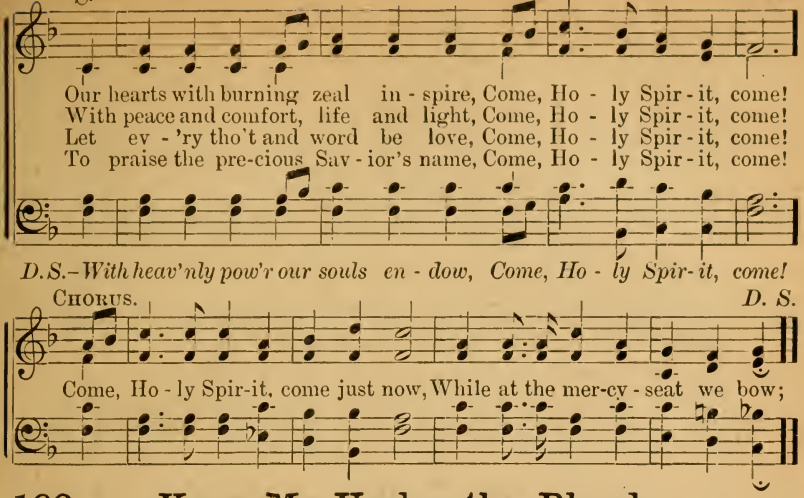
159 Come, Holy Spirit.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

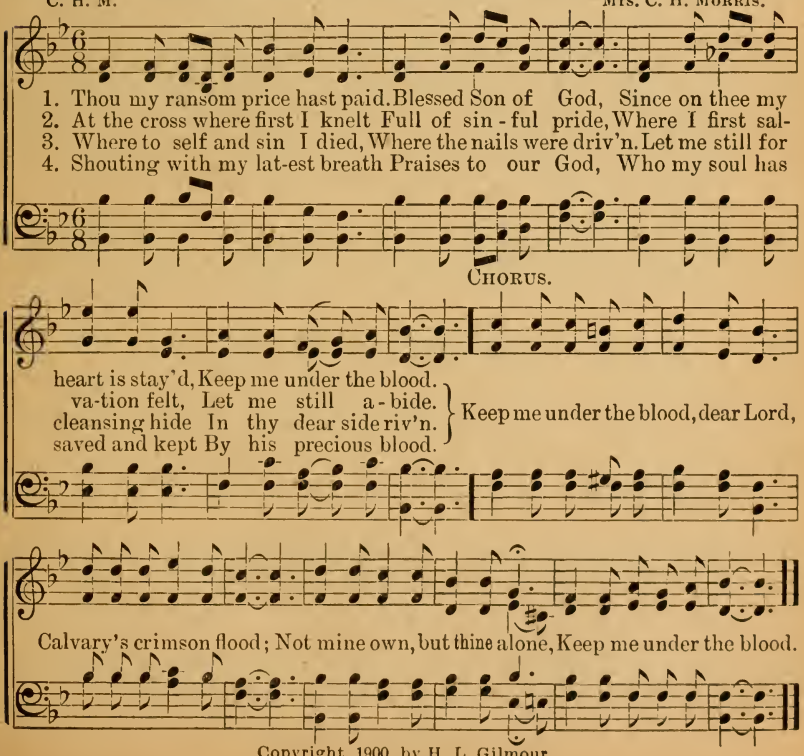
Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Come, Holy Spirit—Concluded.



160 Keep Me Under the Blood.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



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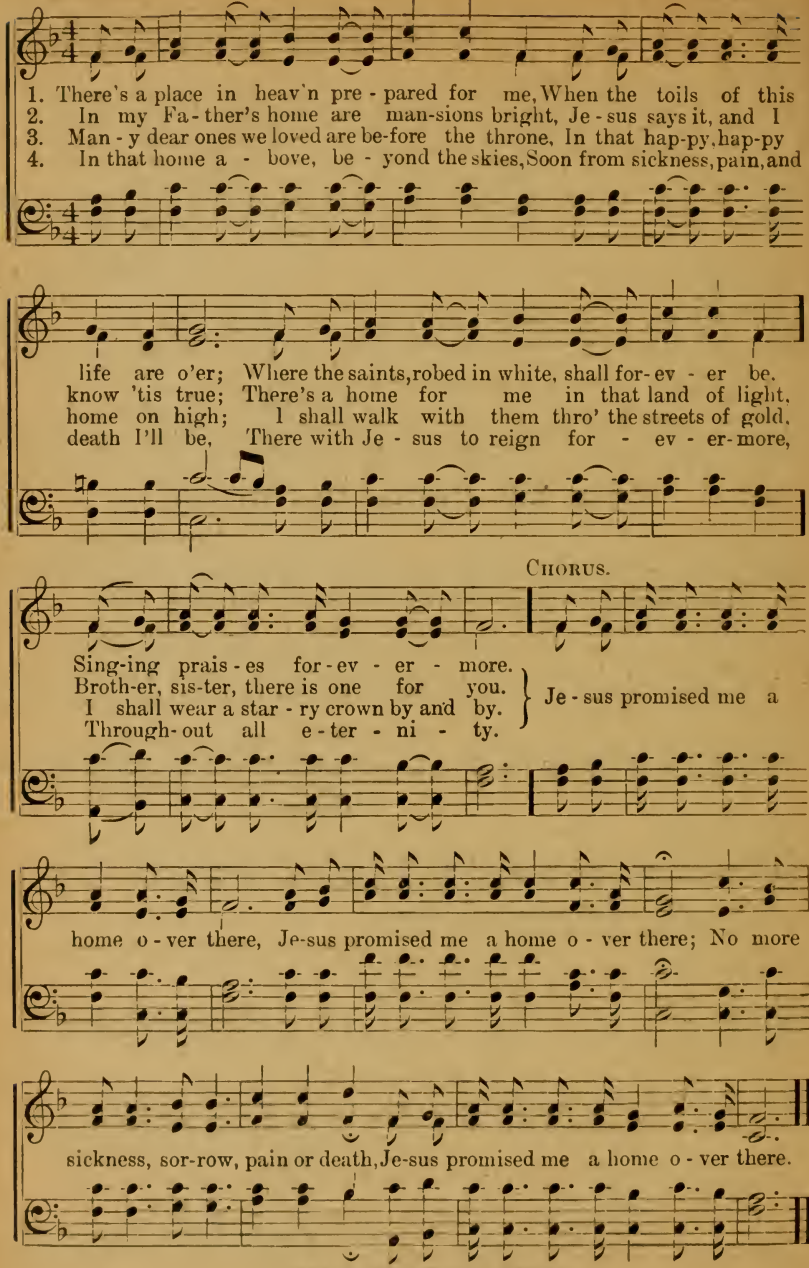
161 Jesus Promised Me a Home.

H. LUTTON. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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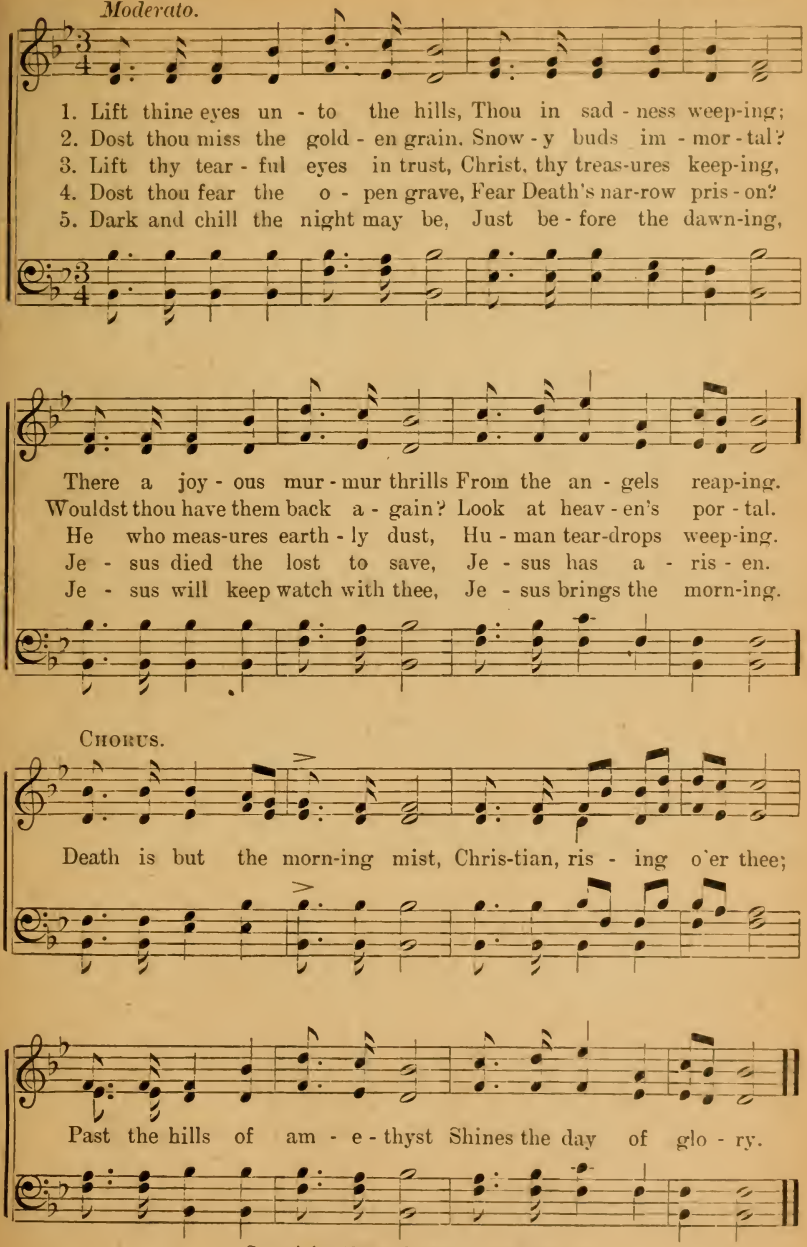
The Hills of Amethyst.

Miss P. J. Owens. Harry Sanders.

Moderato.



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The Voice of the Savior.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato. *p*

1. The voice of the Sav - ior is call-ing, call-ing, As far-ther and
2. The wounds of the Sav - ior are pleading, pleading, And clear-er and
3. The hands of the Sav - ior are beck'ning, beck'ning, As near-er and
4. The love of the Sav - ior is boundless, boundless, In bil-lows and

far-ther I wan - der a - stray; In ac - cents of love it is
clearer is shin - ing the light; It shows me the nail-prints all
near-er I press to his side; Up - on his sure word I am
bil-lows it breaks on the shore; The depths of his mer - cy are

p

fall-ing, fall-ing, "O turn thee, O turn thee, no long - er de - lay."
bleeding, bleeding, Dear Sav - ior, I'm com-ing, I'm com - ing to-night.
reck'ning, reck'ning, Dear Sav - ior, I'm com-ing, for me thou hast died.
soundless, soundless, Dear Sav - ior, I'm com-ing, the strug - gle is o'er.

Chorus.

Call - ing, he's call-ing to-day, Call - ing for me:.....
Calling, he's calling, Calling for me, calling for me;

Call - ing, "No longer delay;" Dear Savior, I'm coming to thee....
Calling, he's calling, I'm coming to thee.

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

164 In a Little While We're Going Home.

E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.

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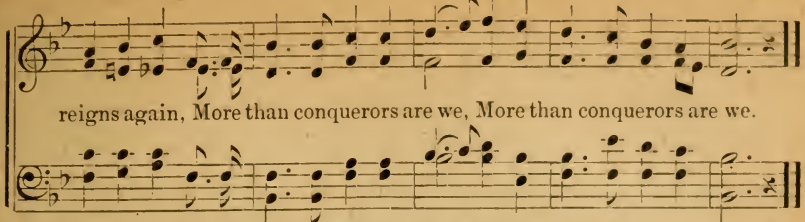
165 Conquerors Through the Blood.

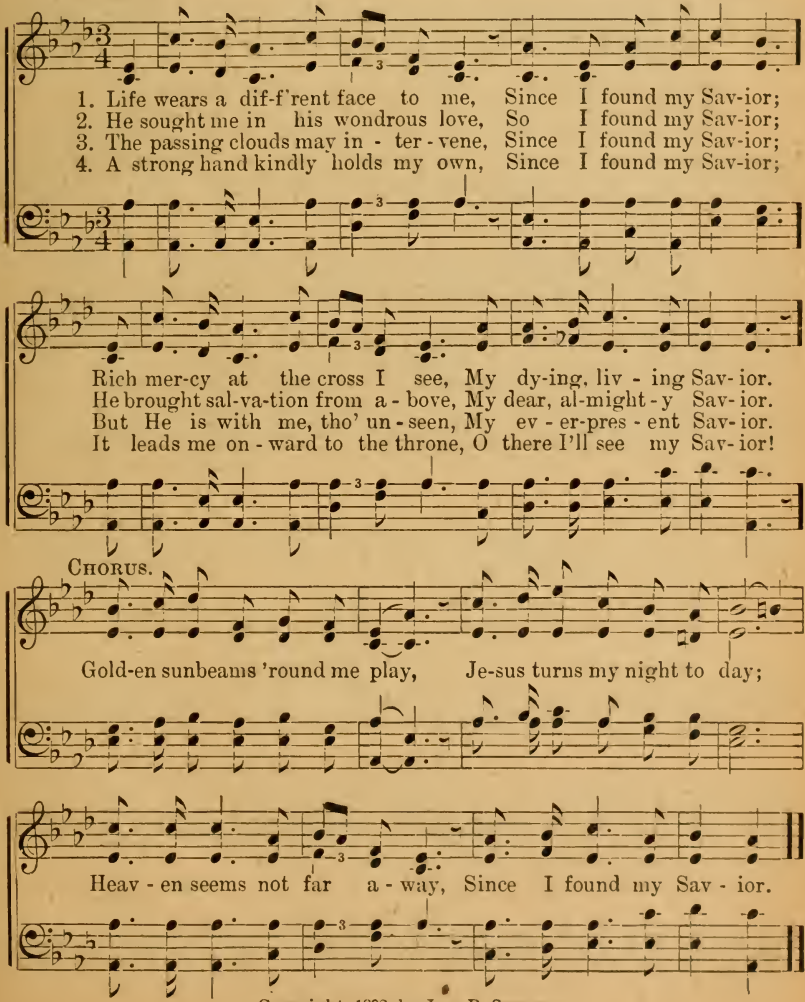
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Copyright, 1896, by H. L. Gilmour.



166 Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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167 A Glad Good-Morning.

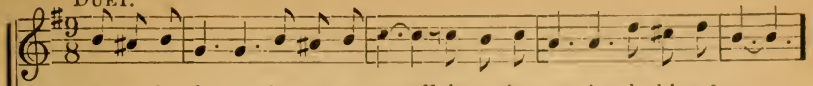
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

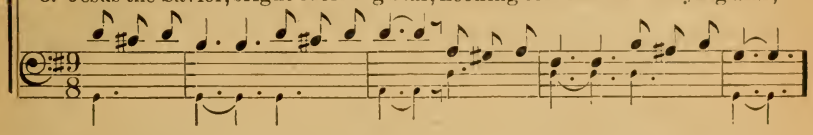
Looking This Way.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

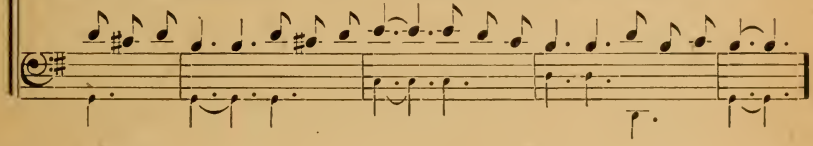
Duet.



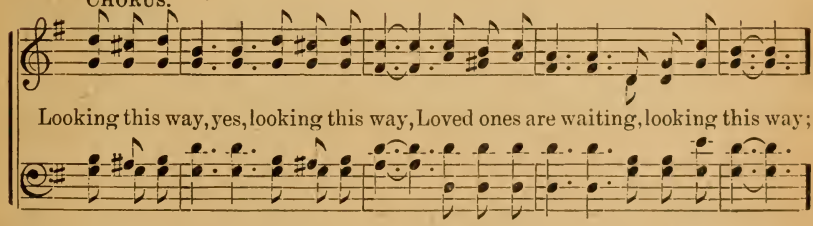
1. O-ver the riv-er fa-ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Father and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sister, gone to that clime, Wait for the others coming sometime;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come;
5. Jesus the Savior, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying afar;



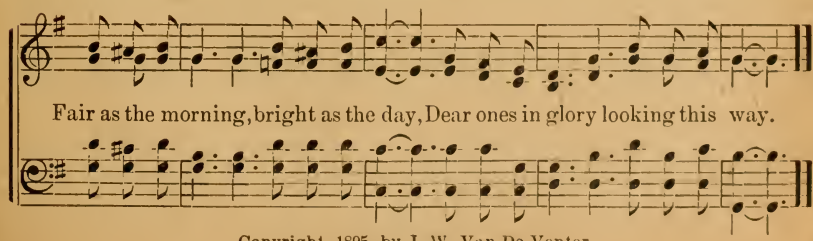
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
Bearing the loved ones over the tide In-to the har-bor, near to their side.
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
Hear the glad message, why will you roam? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."



Chorus.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;

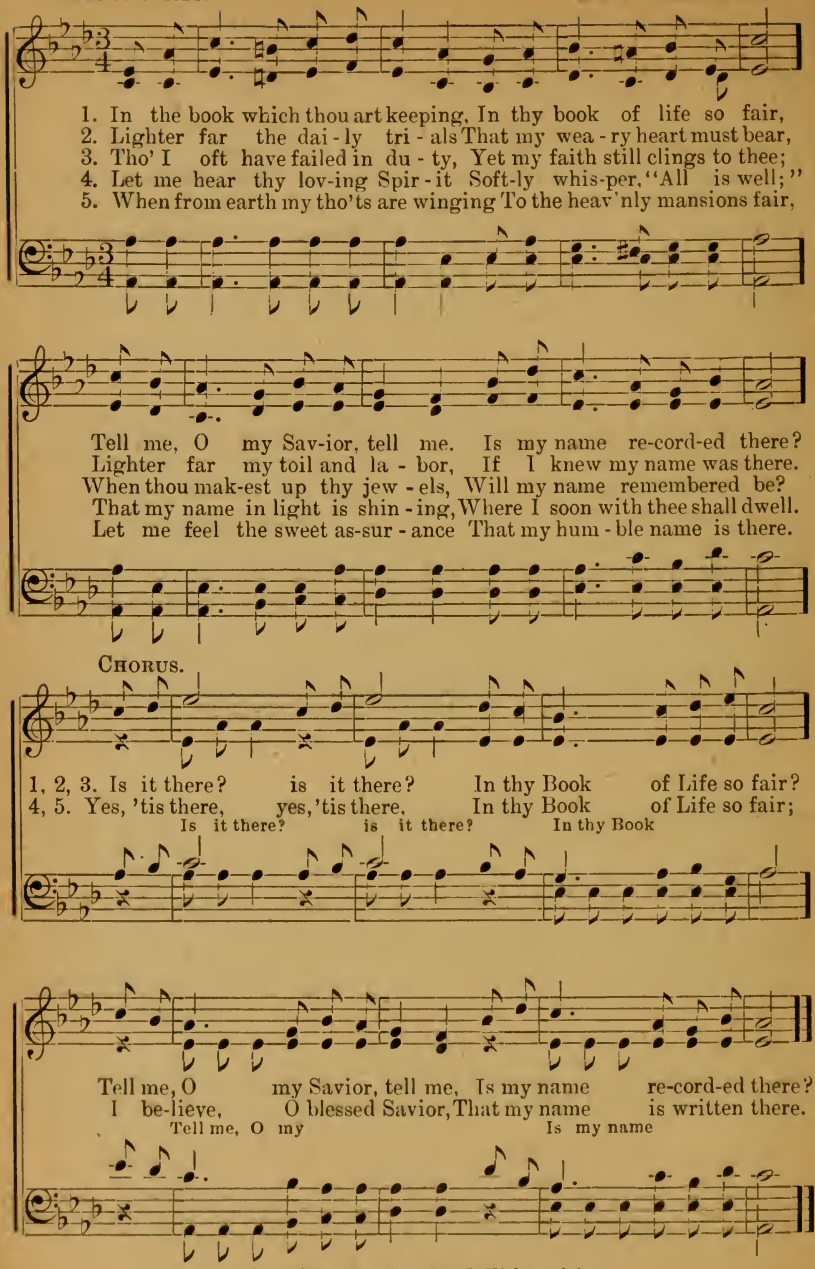


Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glory looking this way.

Copyright, 1895, by J. W. Van De Venter.

Is it There?

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

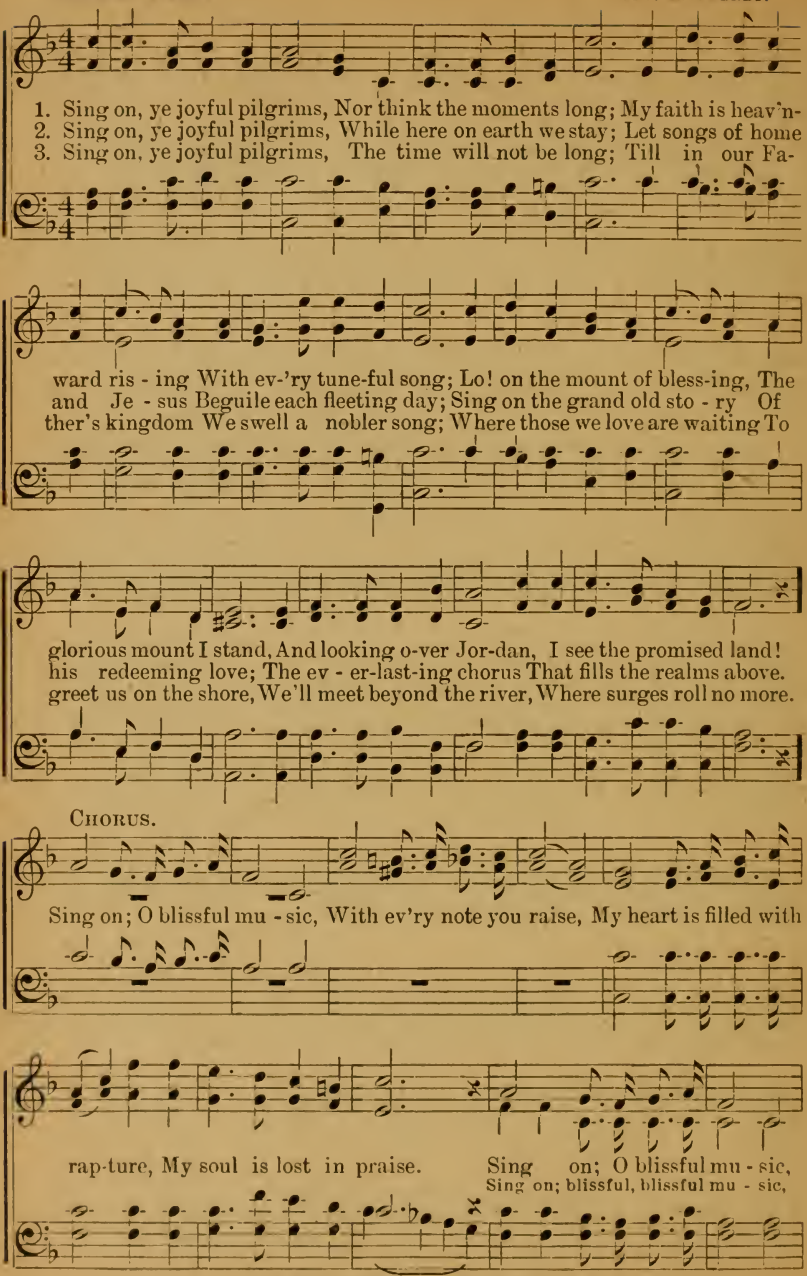
170 The Cross Is Not Greater.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.
Arr. by W. J. K.

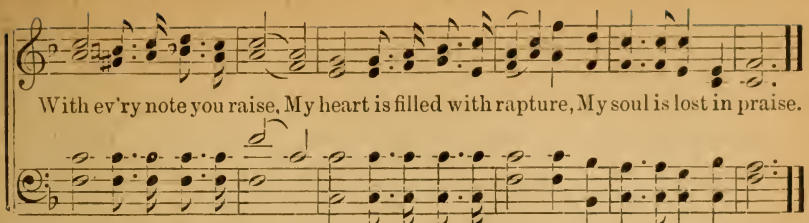
May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

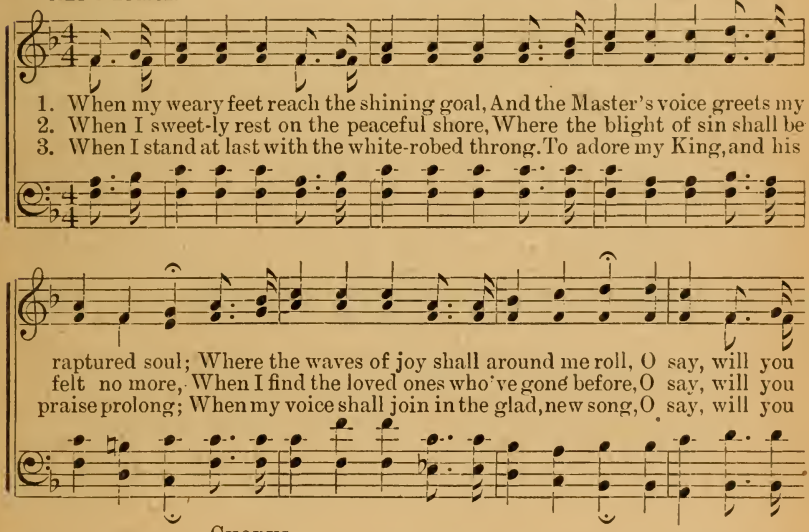


From "Living Hymns" by per.

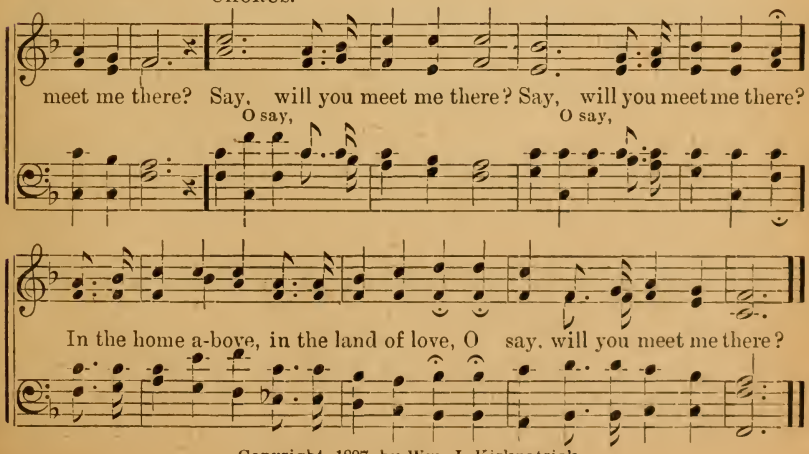


172 Say, Will You Meet Me There?

MAY MAURICE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.



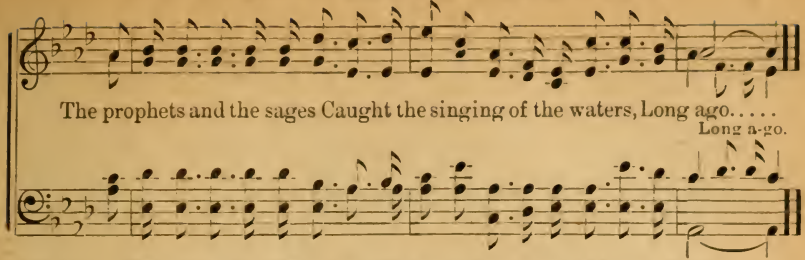
Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

173 The Old Fountain.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

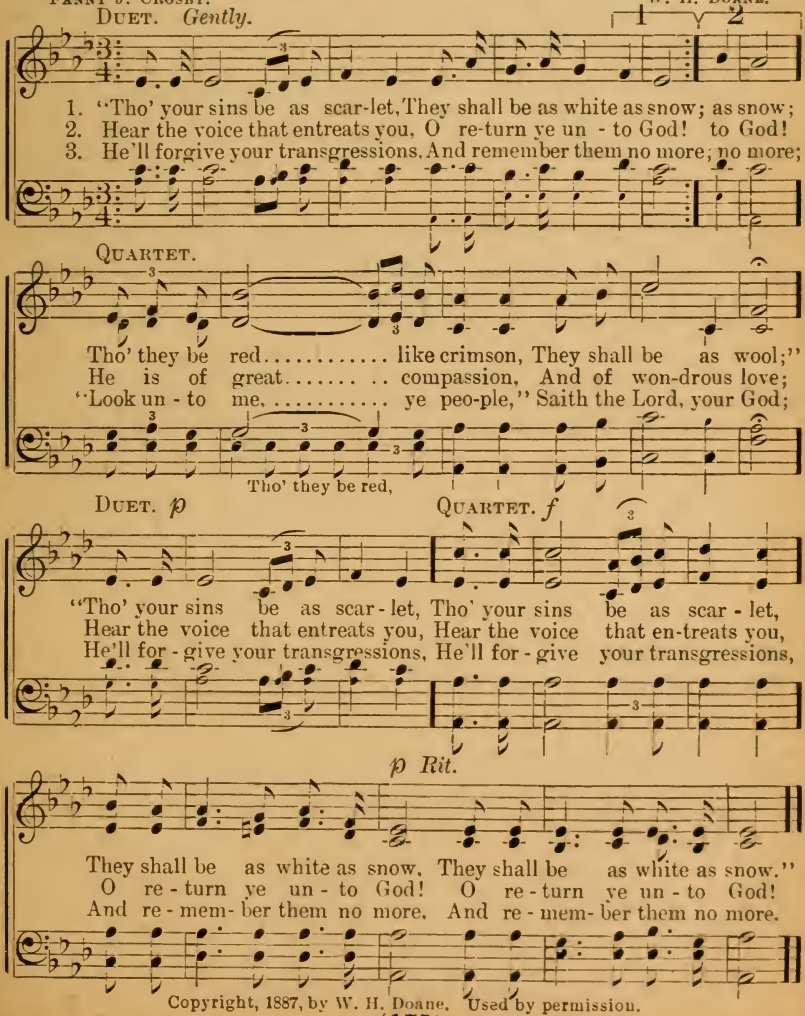
Effective as a Solo.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



174 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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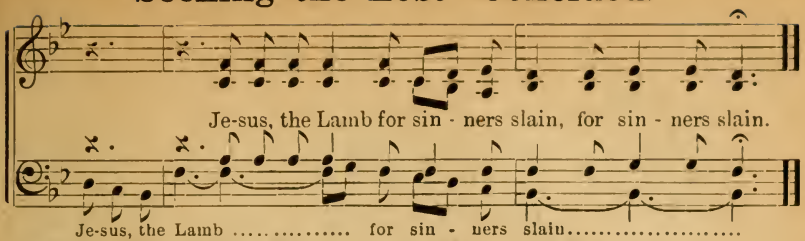
Seeking the Lost.

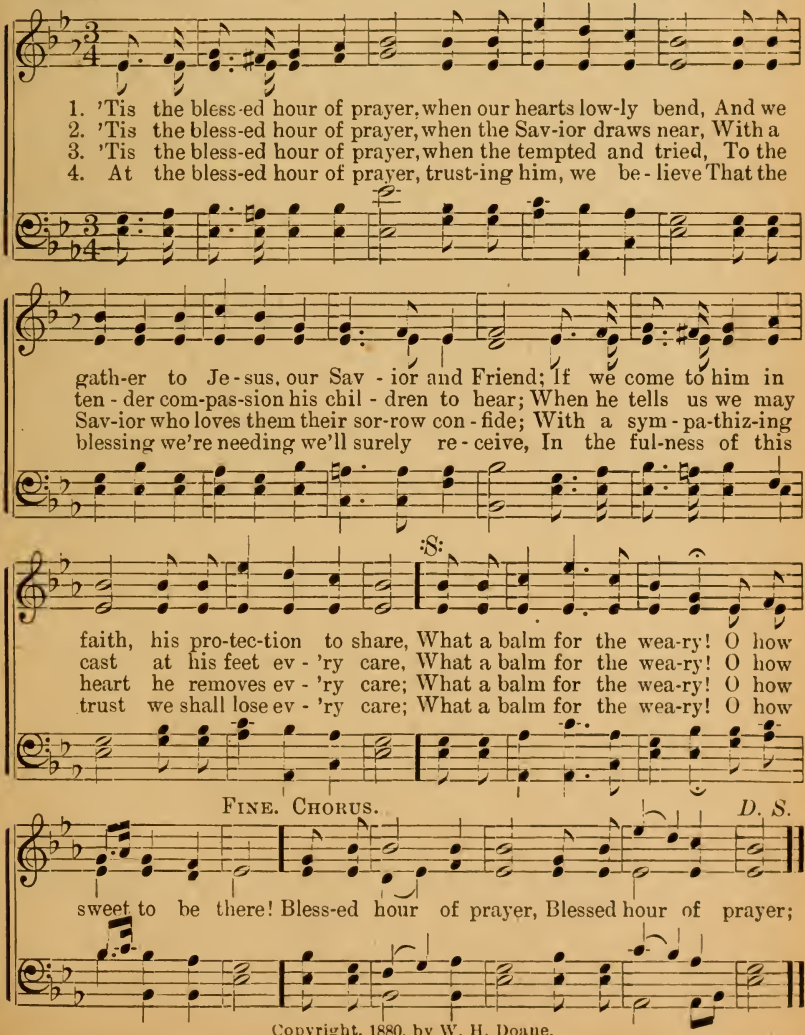
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

Used by permission of Mrs. W. A. Ogden.



176 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

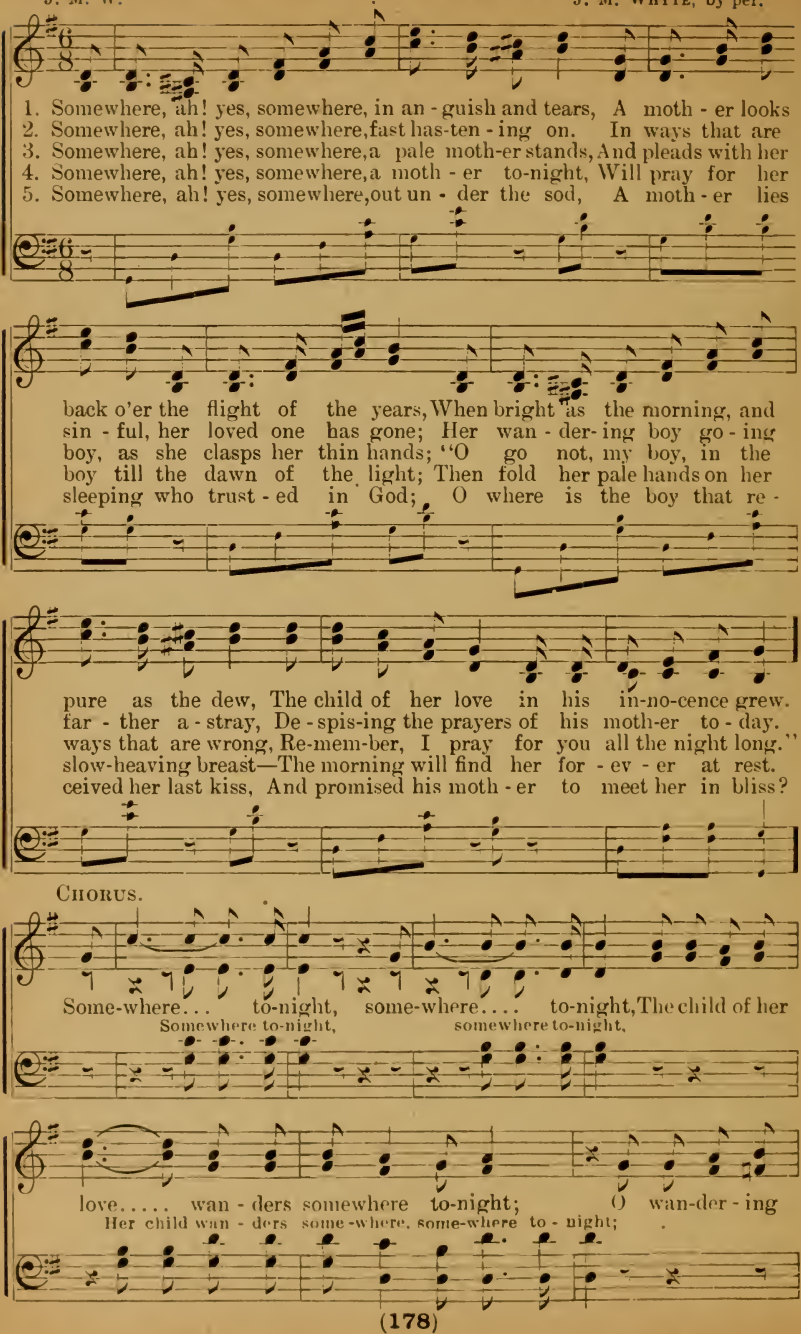
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



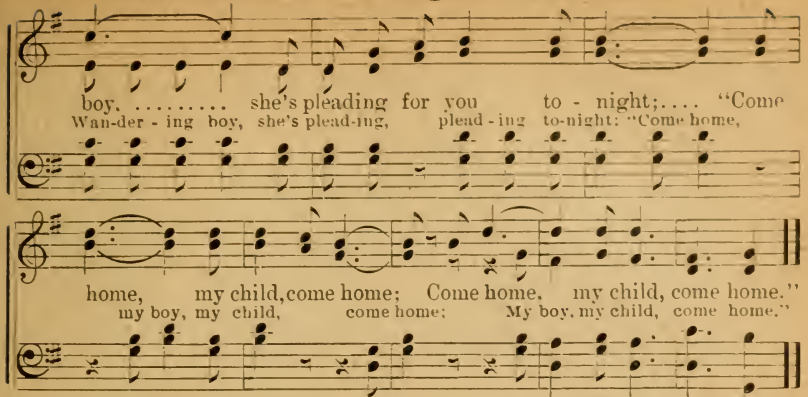
Copyright, 1880, by W. H. Doane.

177 Somewhere To-night.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE, by per.

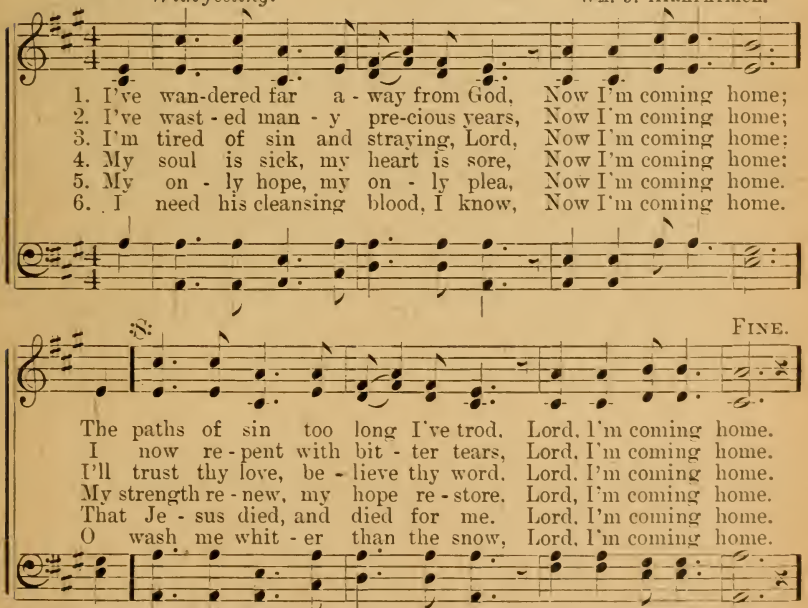


Somewhere To-night—Concluded.



178 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. *With feeling.* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

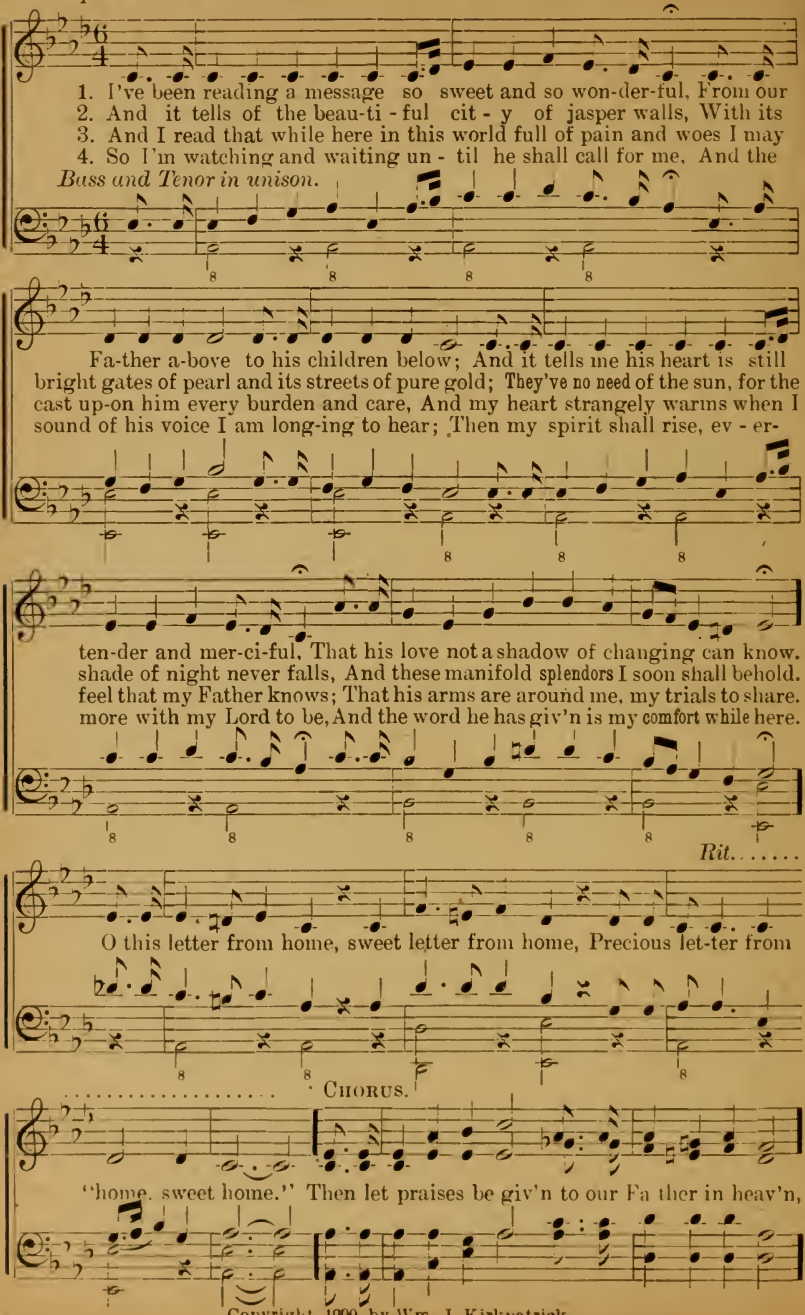


Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

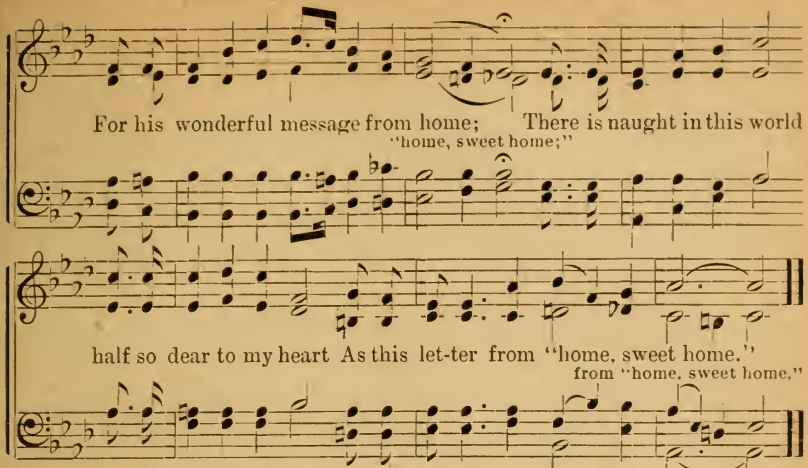
A Letter from Home.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Sop. and Alto in unison.



Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



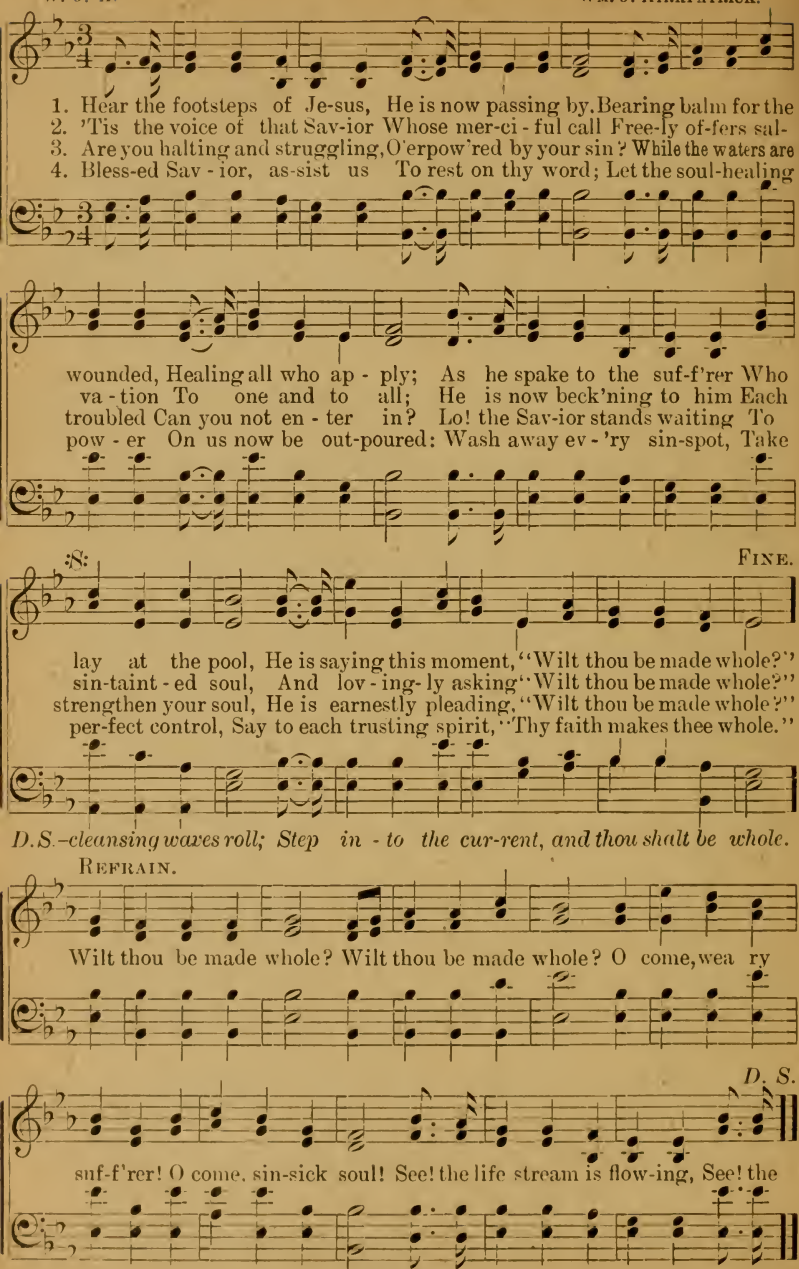
180 I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Copyright, 1894, by E. O. Excell. Used by per.

181 'Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Used by per.

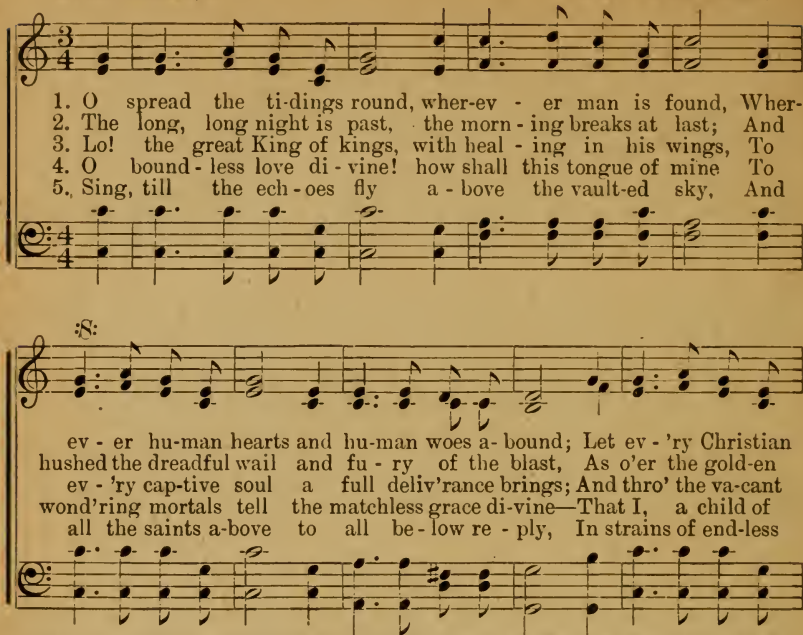
182 Send Out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R SWENEY.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

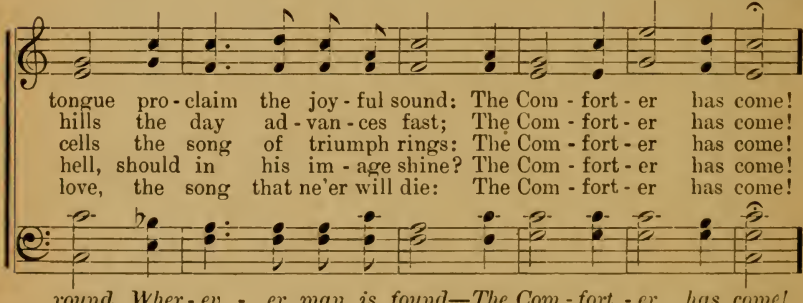
183 The Comforter has Come.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



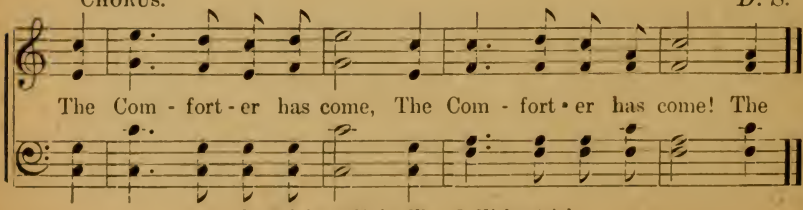
D.S—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings

Fine.



round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

Chorus. *D. S.*



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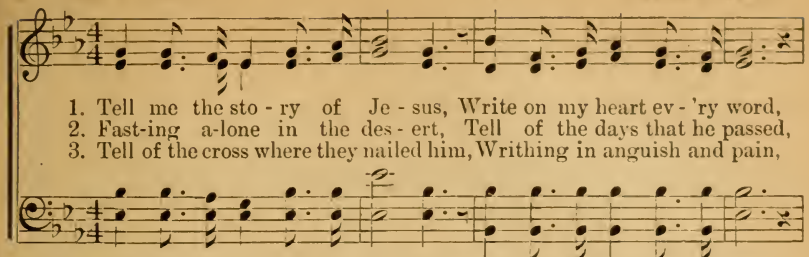
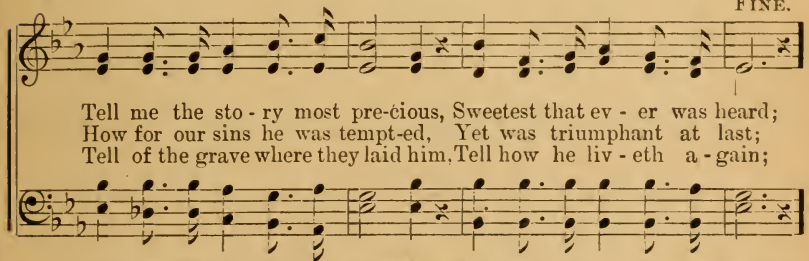
184 Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

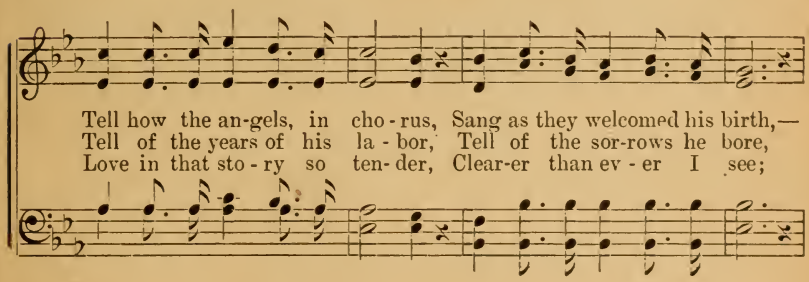


CHO.—*Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,*

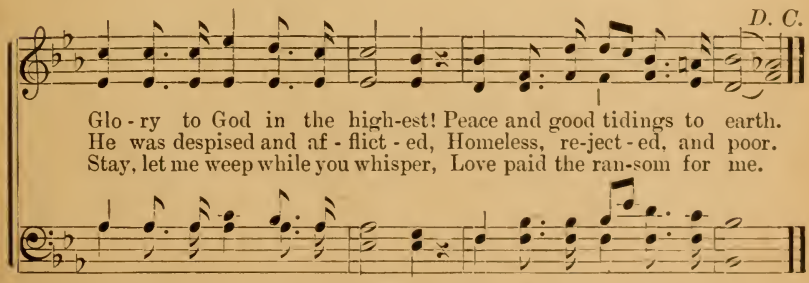
FINE.



Tell me the sto - ry most pre-cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.



D. C.



Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

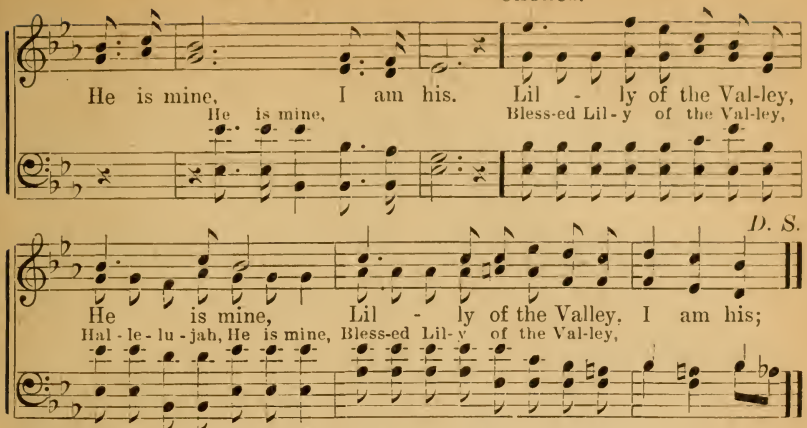
185 He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Copyright, 1894, by John J. Hood

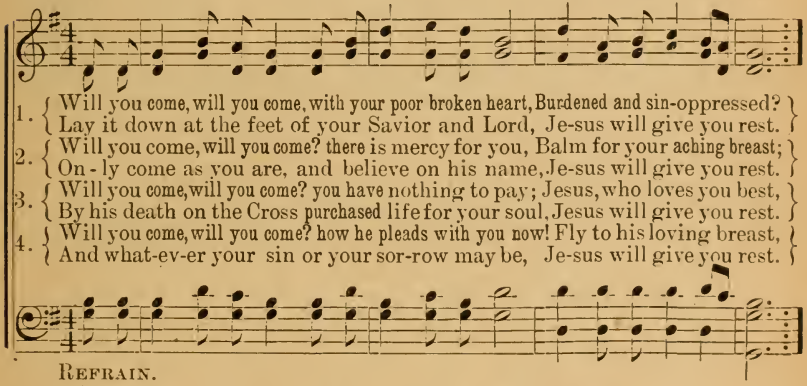
He is Mine, I am His—Concluded.

CHORUS.

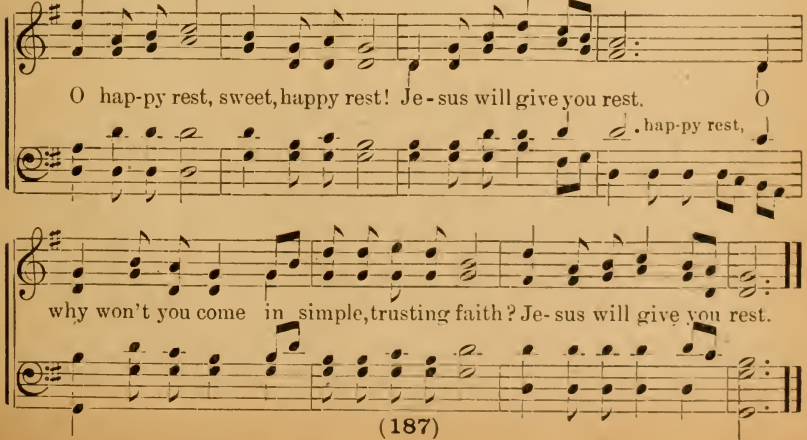


186 Jesus will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



REFRAIN.

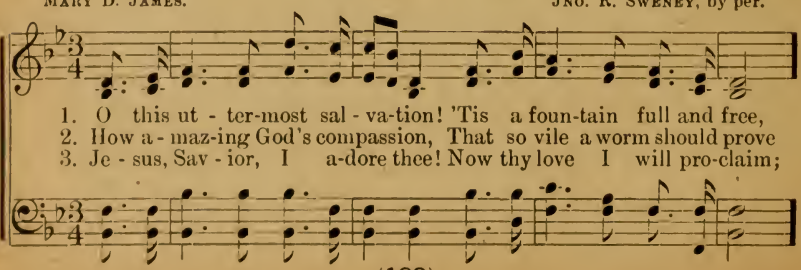


187 Holy, Holy, Holy.

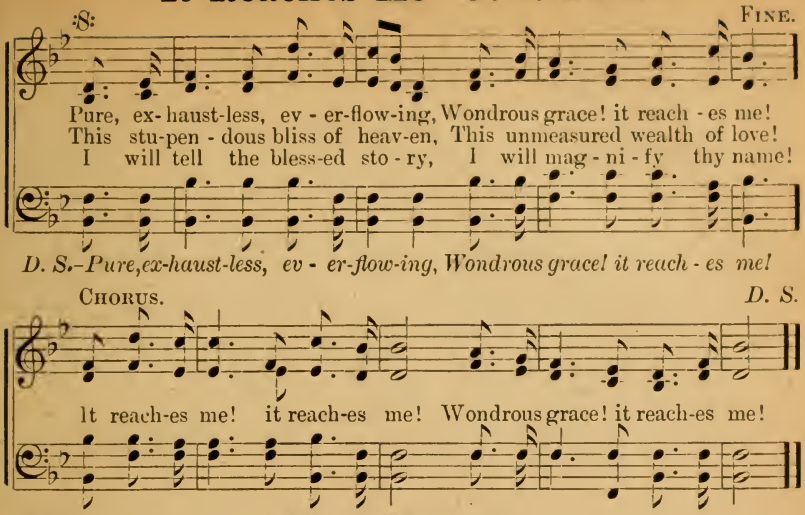
REGINALD HEBER. J. B. DYKES.

188 It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

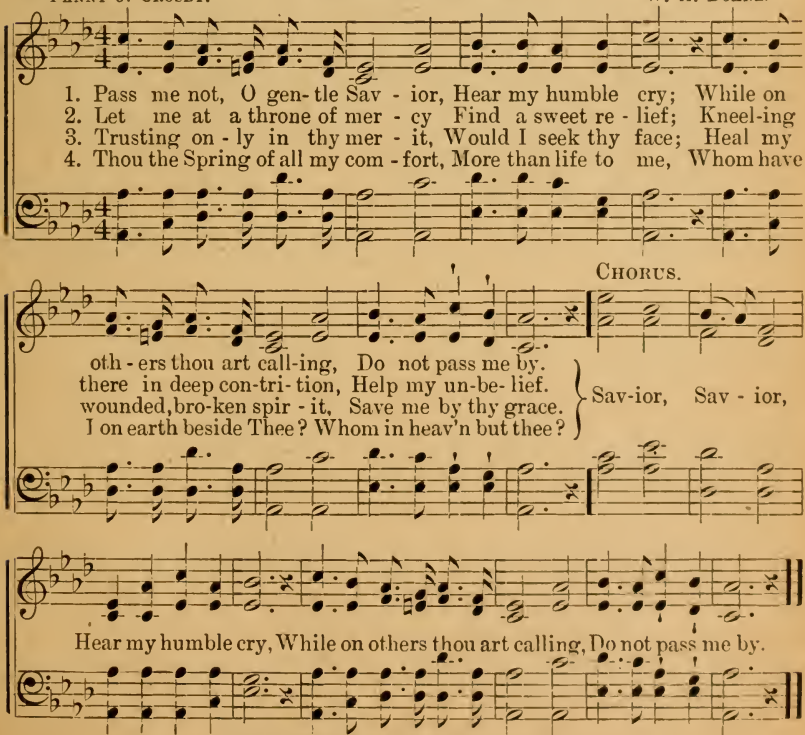


It Reaches Me—Concluded.



189 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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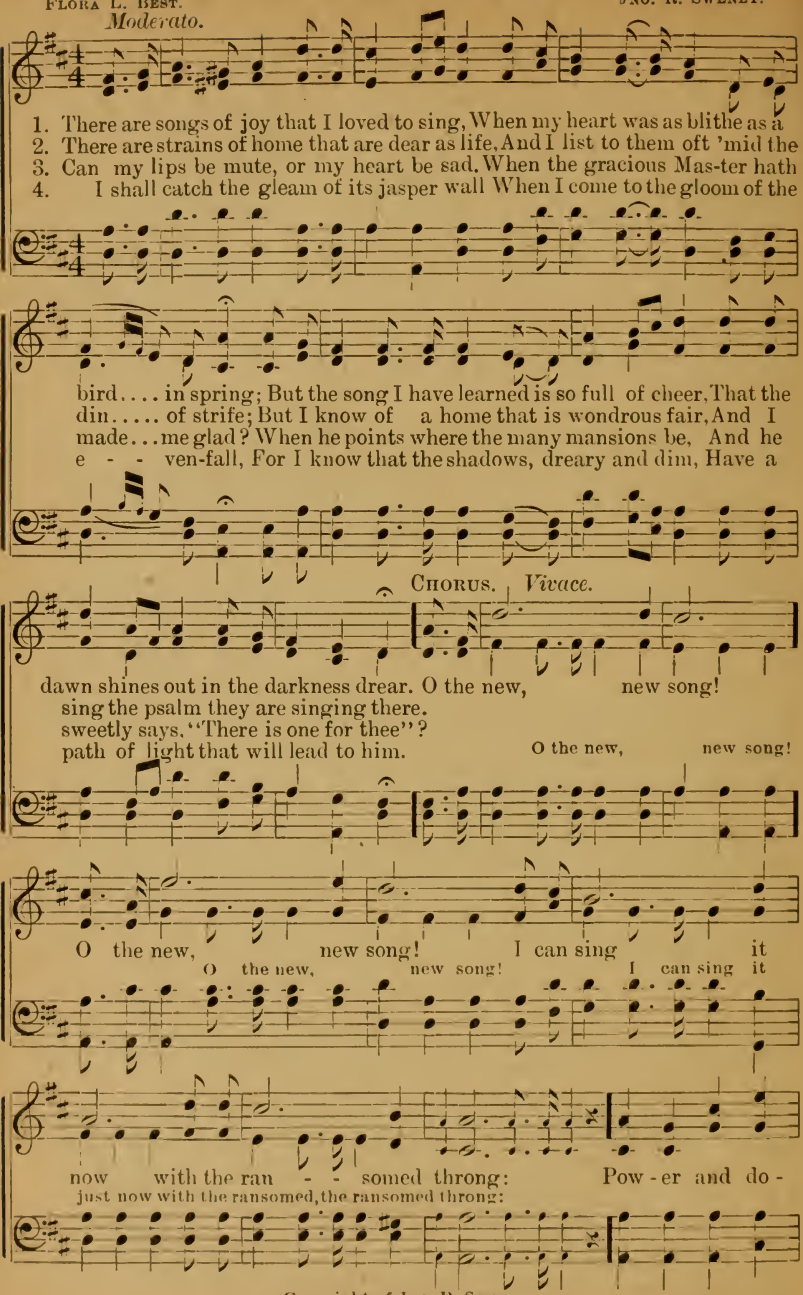
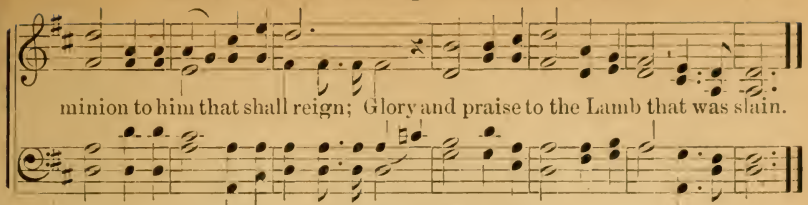
The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

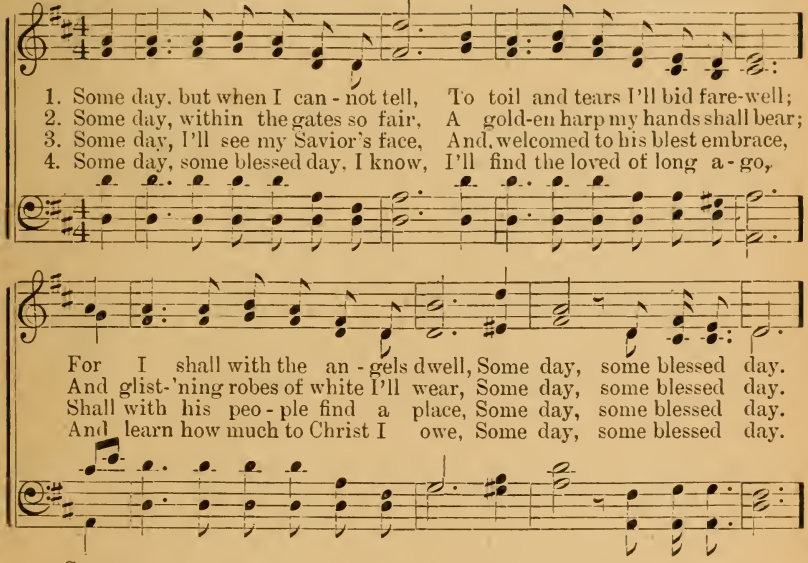


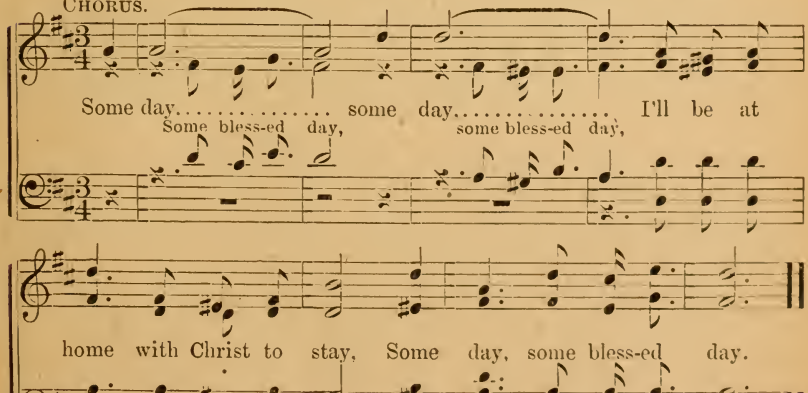
Copyright of Jno. R. Sweney.



191 Some Blessed Day.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





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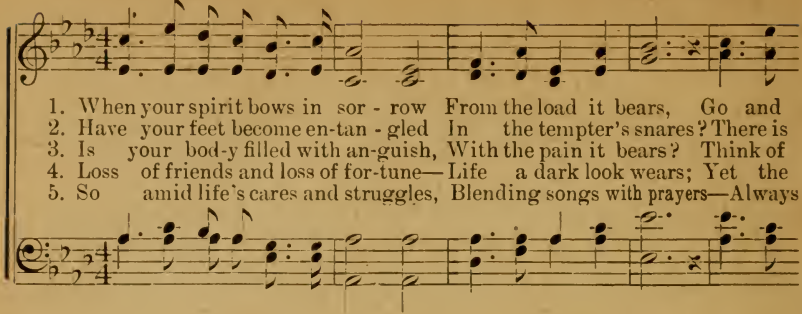
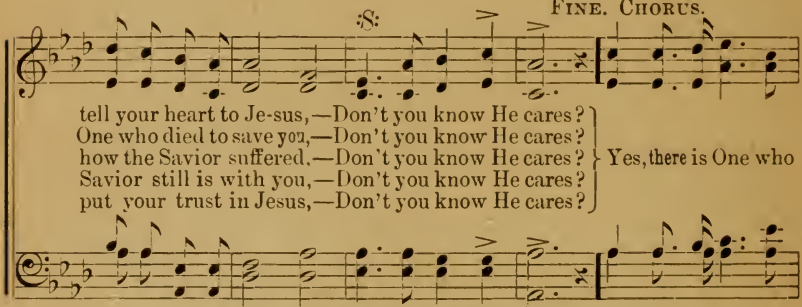
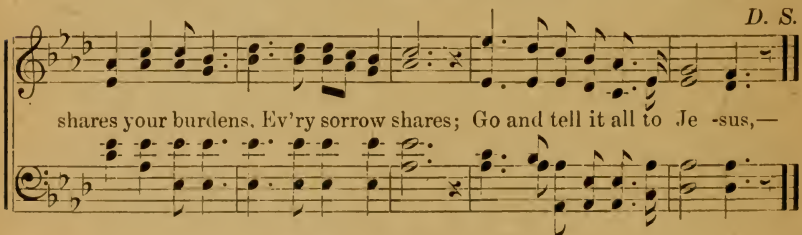
192 Don't You Know He Cares?

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.





D. S.—Don't you know He cares?



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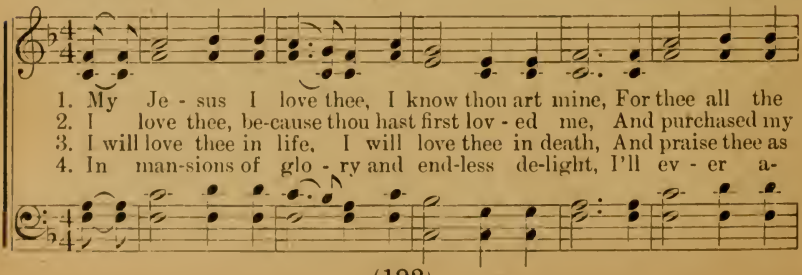
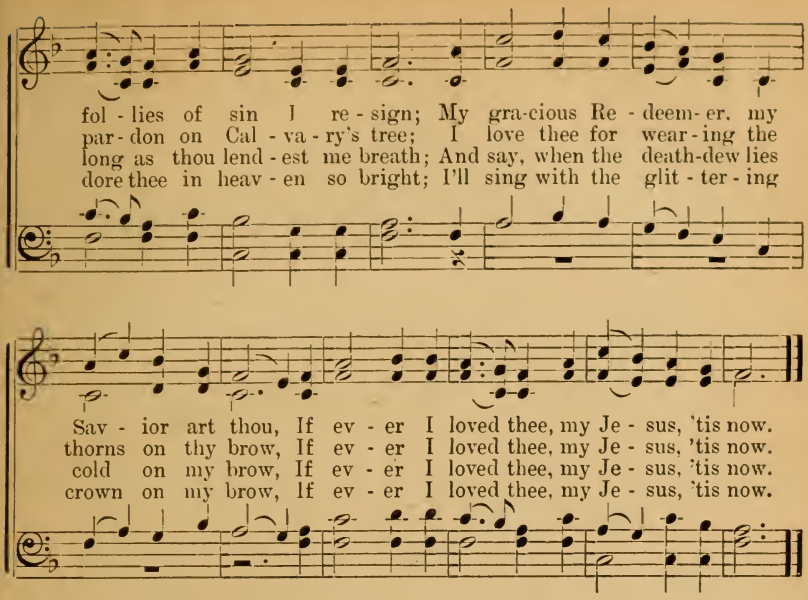
193 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon. By per.

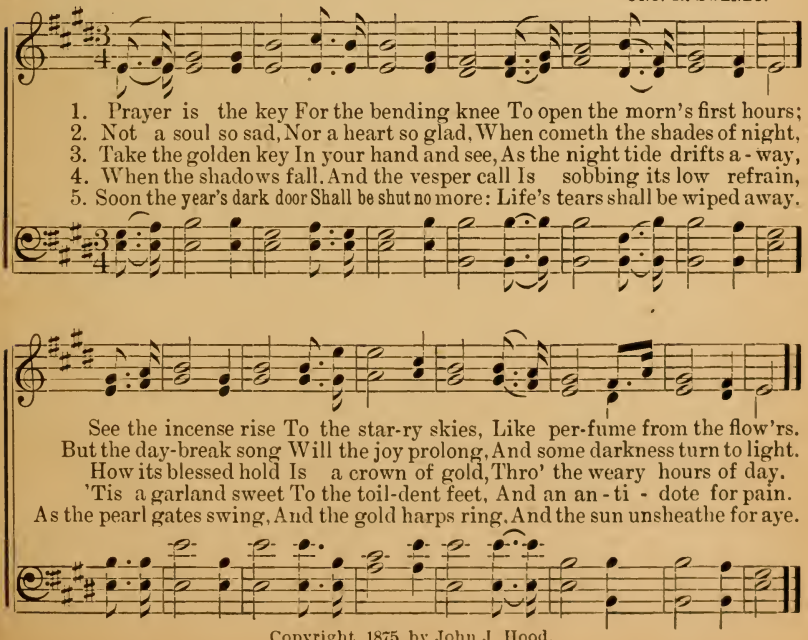


My Jesus, I Love Thee—Concluded.



194 The Golden Key.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



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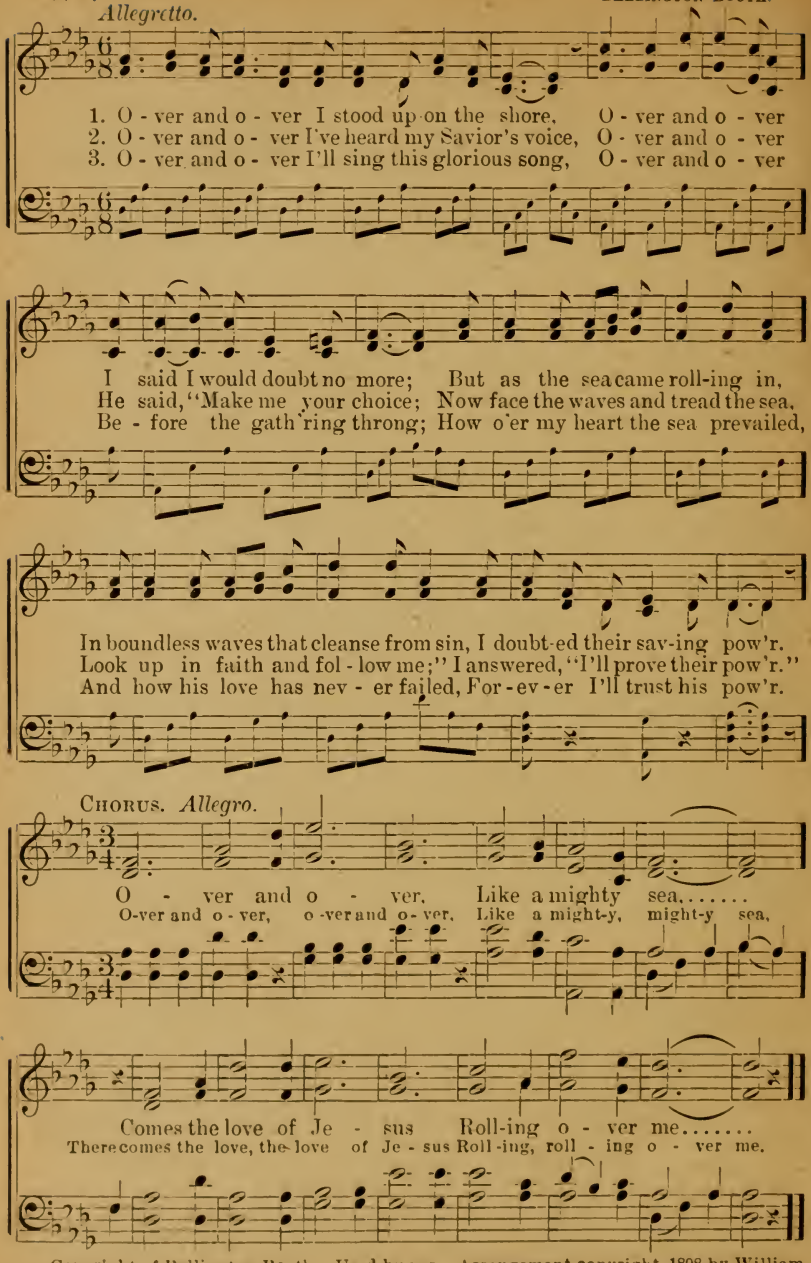
Over and Over.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Allegretto.



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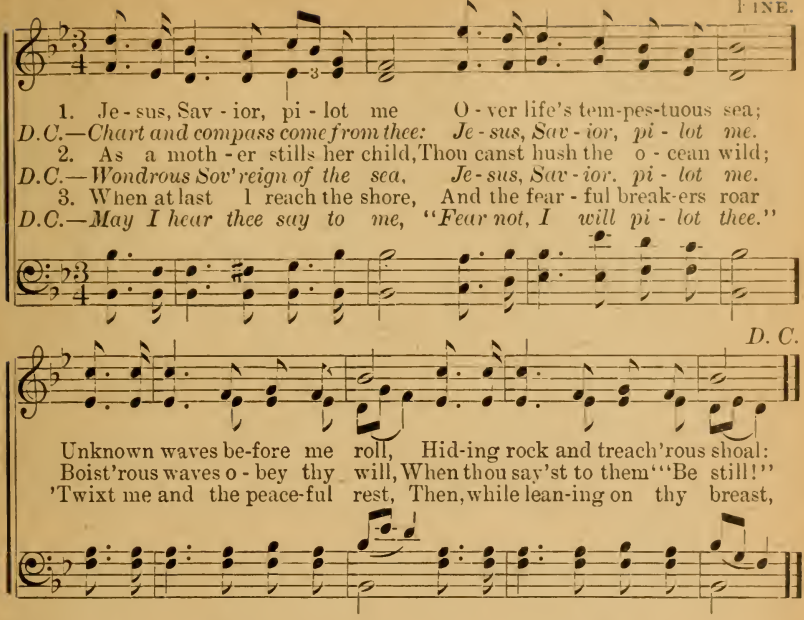
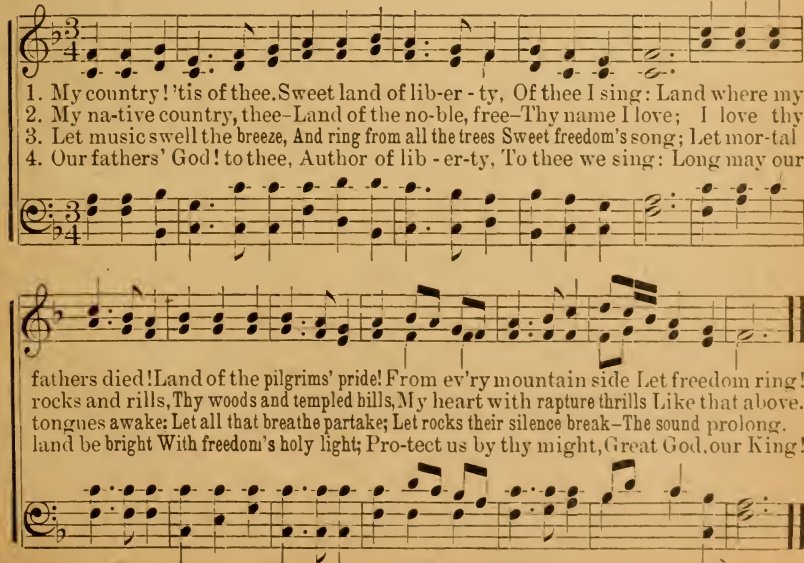
196 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. E. Hopper. J. E. Gould



197 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.



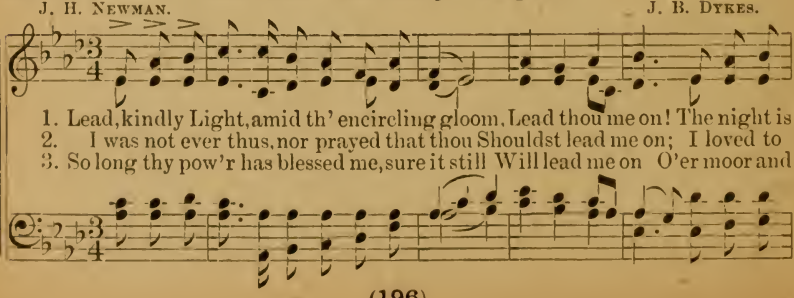
198 Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. D. E., arr. Geo. D. Elderkin, arr.

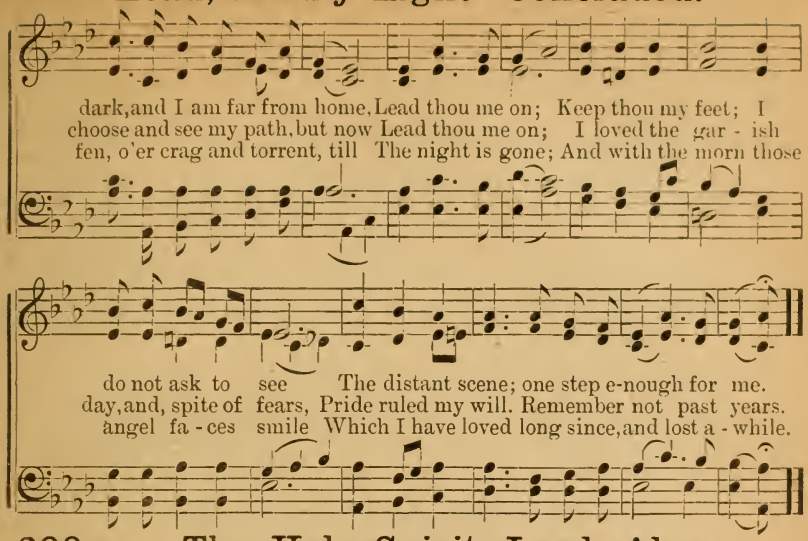
Copyright, 1890, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

199 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

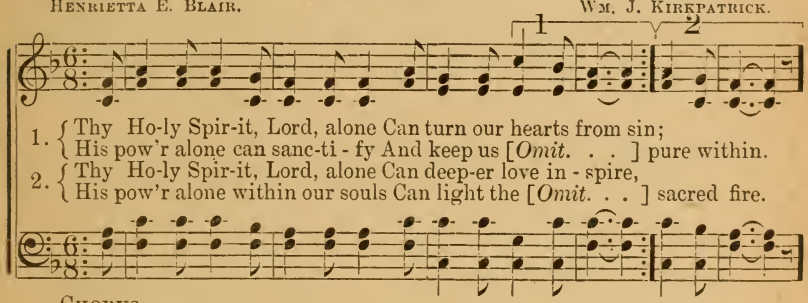


Lead, Kindly Light—Concluded.

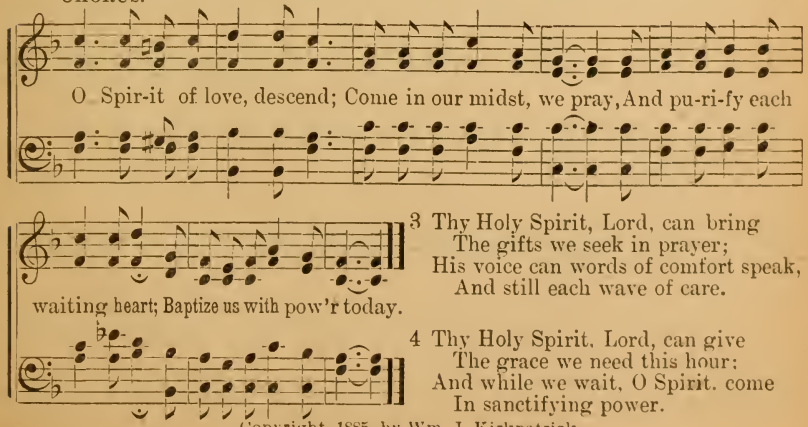


200 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.



3 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, can bring
The gifts we seek in prayer;
His voice can words of comfort speak,
And still each wave of care.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, can give
The grace we need this hour;
And while we wait, O Spirit, come
In sanctifying power.

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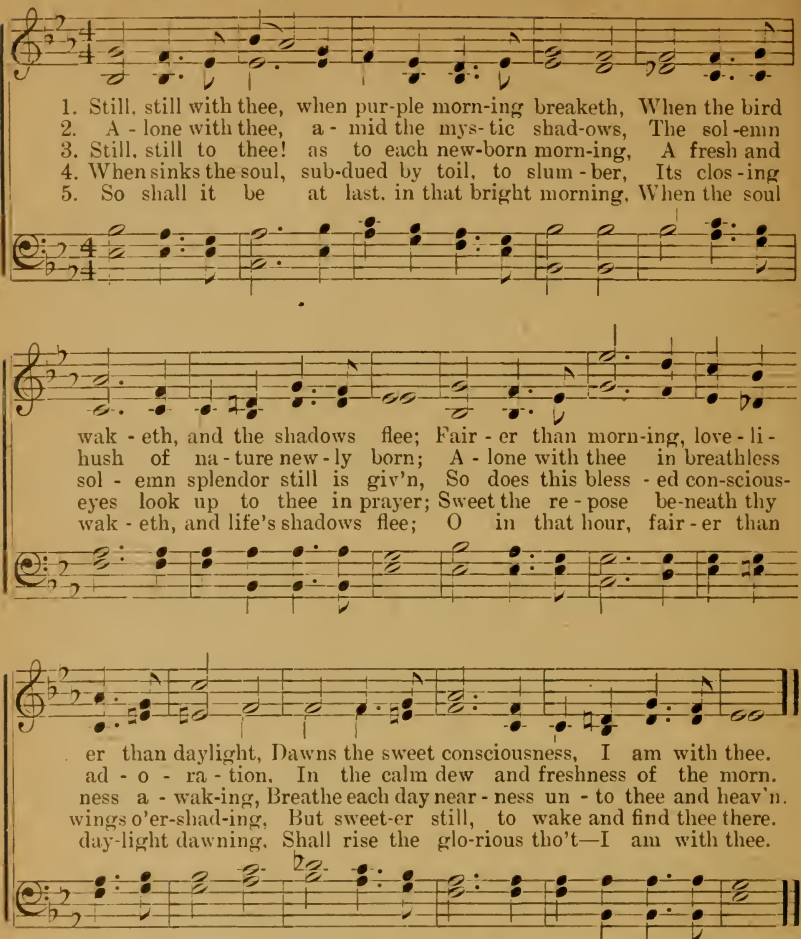
201 Still, Still With Thee.

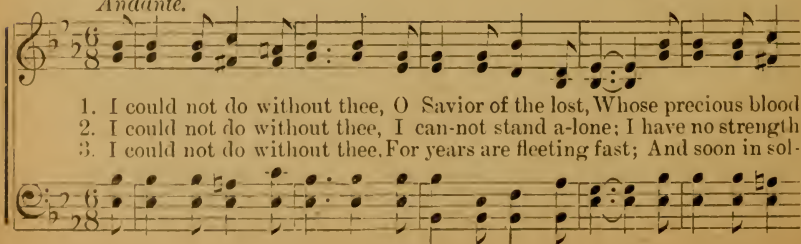
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN, arr.



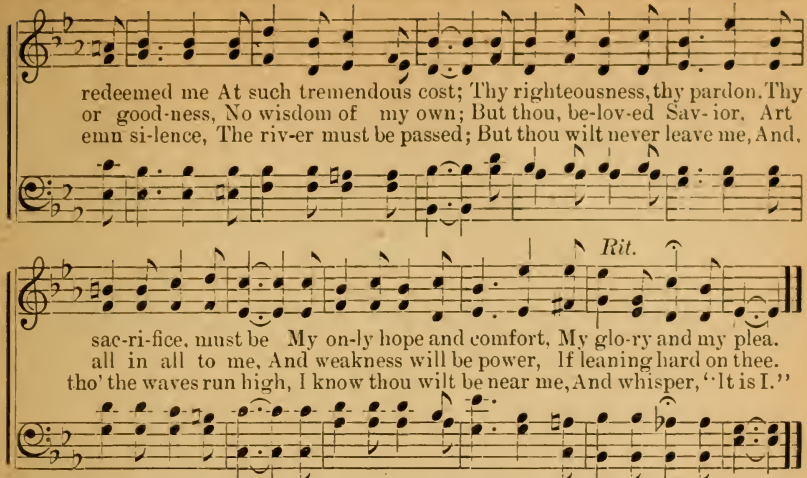
202 I Could Not Do Without Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL. S. THALBERG. Arr.

Andante.

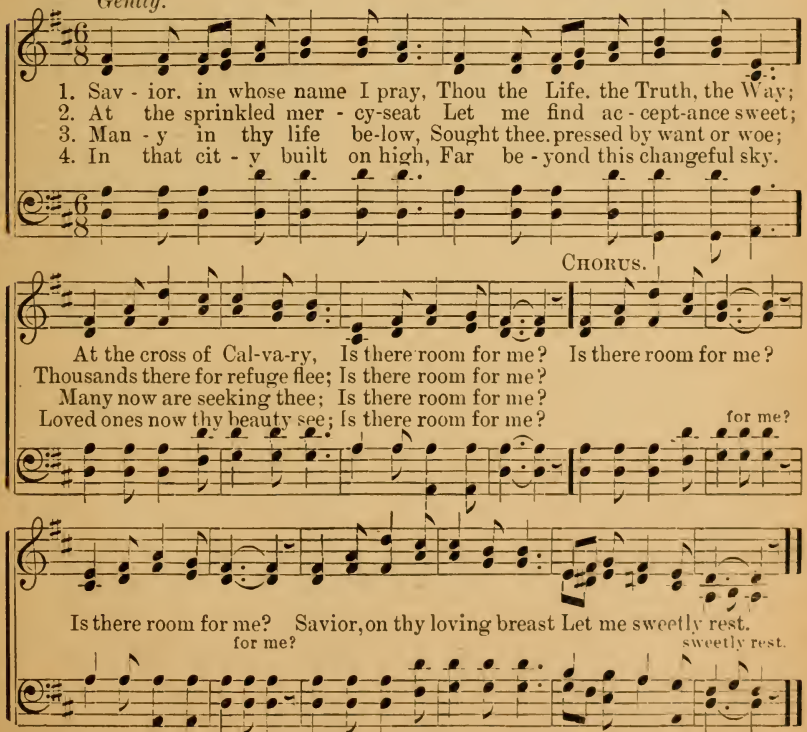


I Could Not Do Without Thee—Concluded.



203 Is There Room for Me?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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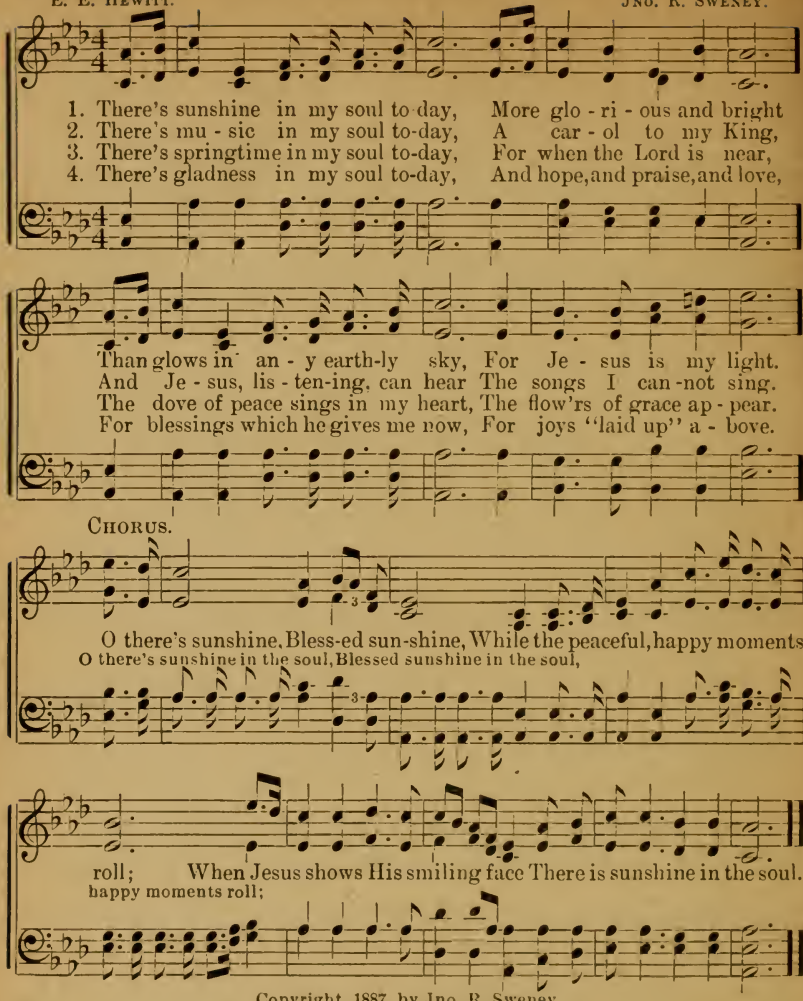
204 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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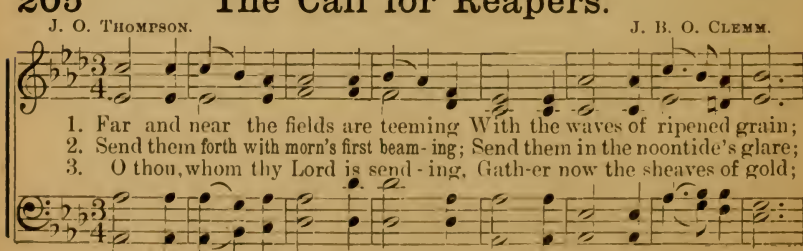
205 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.



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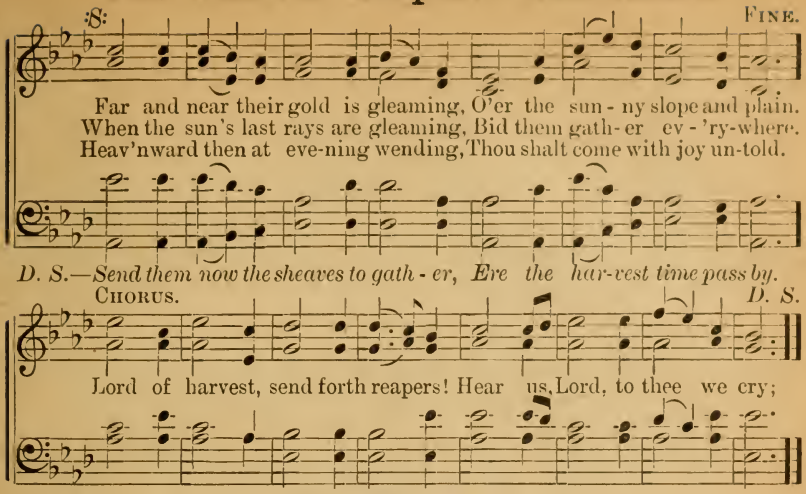
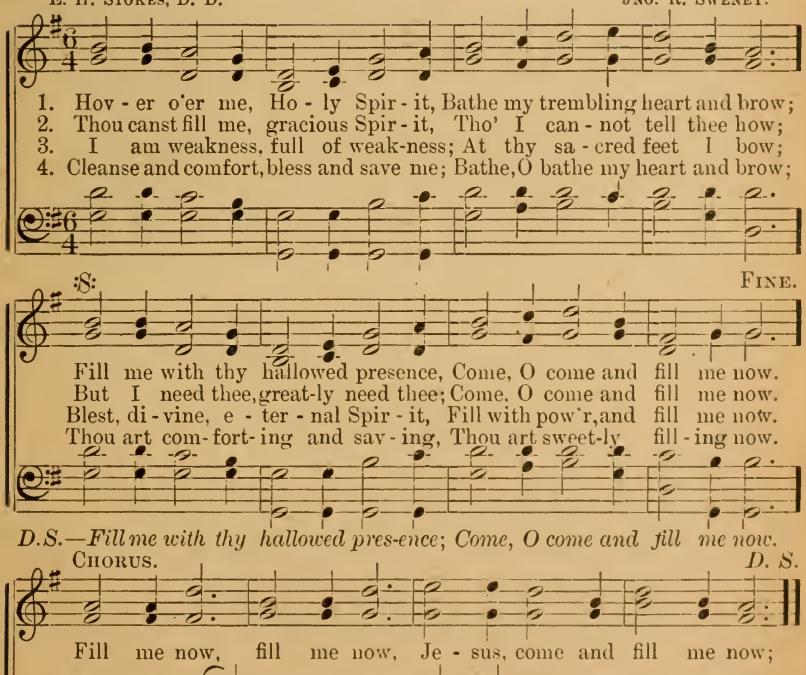
The Call for Reapers—Concluded.



206 Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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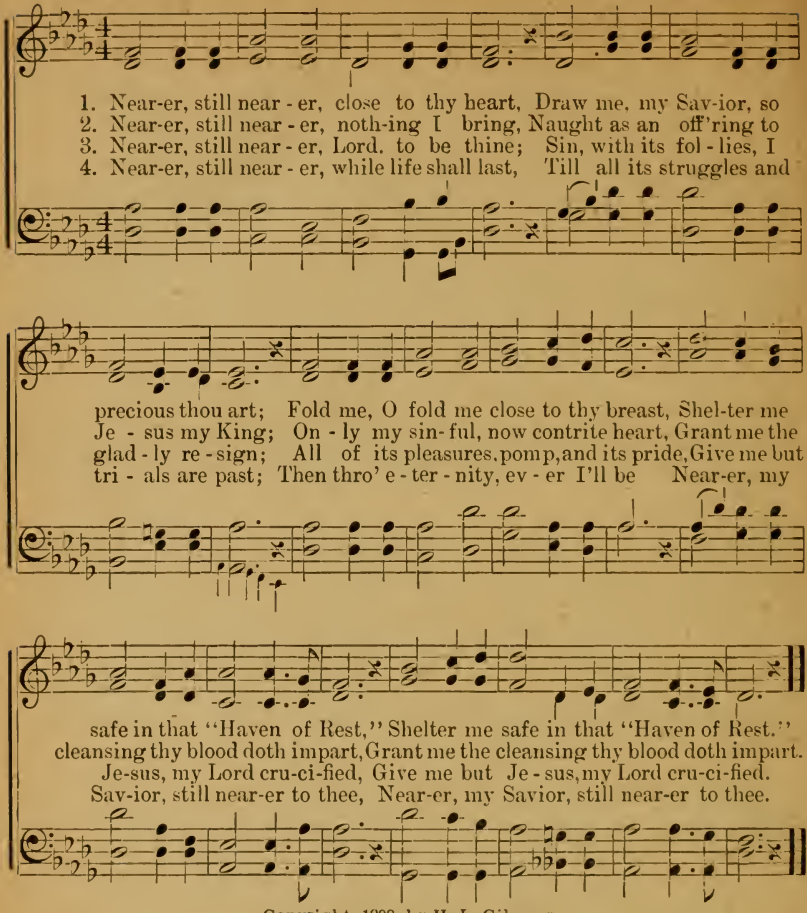
207 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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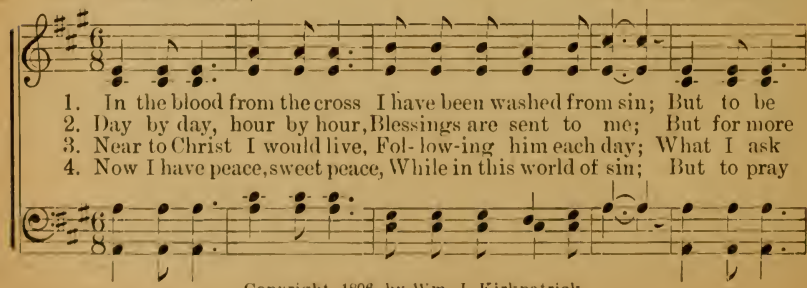
208 Deeper Yet.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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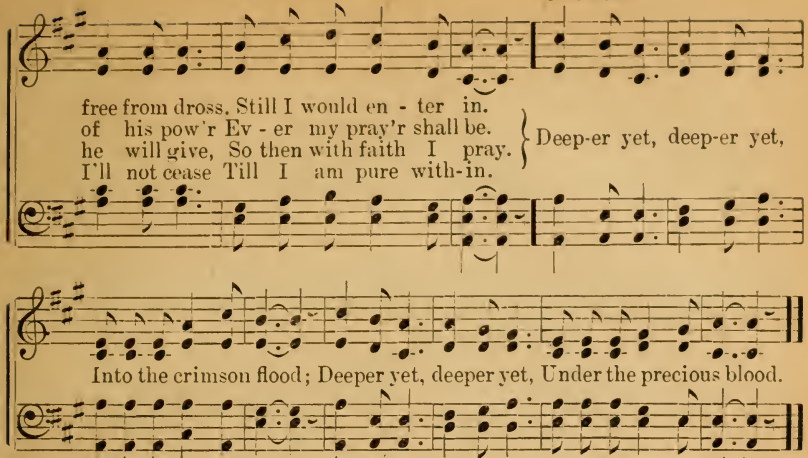
Deeper Yet—Concluded.

CHORUS.

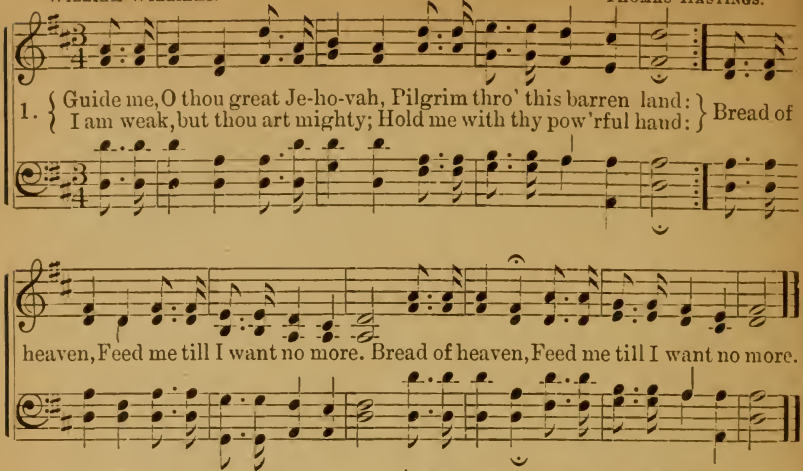


209 Linger No Longer.

T. C. O'K. Theme from T. E. PERKINS.

210 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.

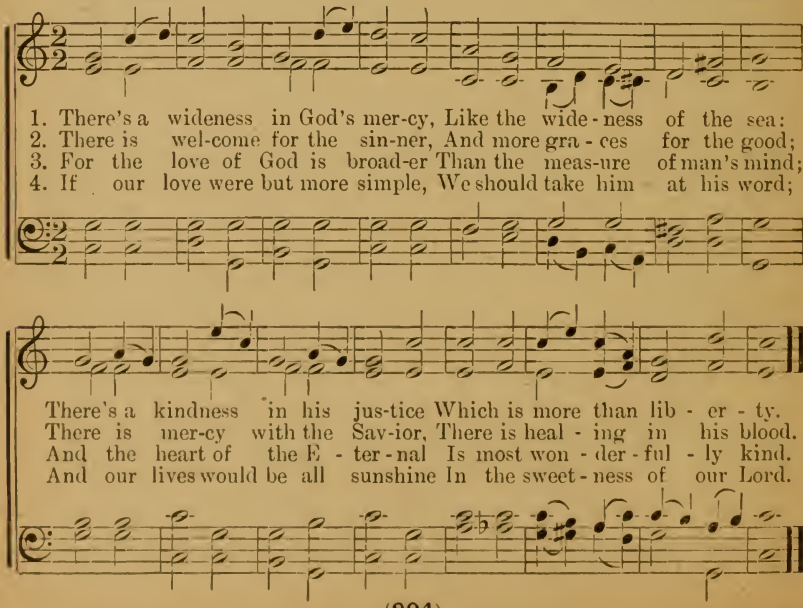


2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

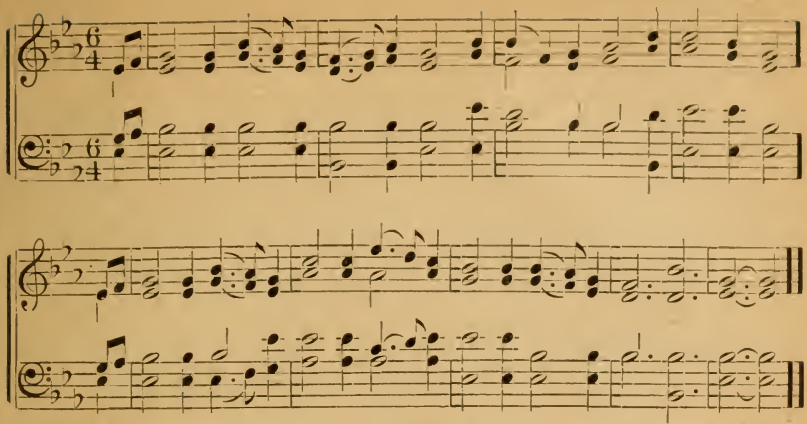
211 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



Woodworth. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



212 Just as I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me.
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

213 O that My Load of Sin.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 I would, but thou must give the power:
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

214 From Every Stormy Wind.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

215 Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be?

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

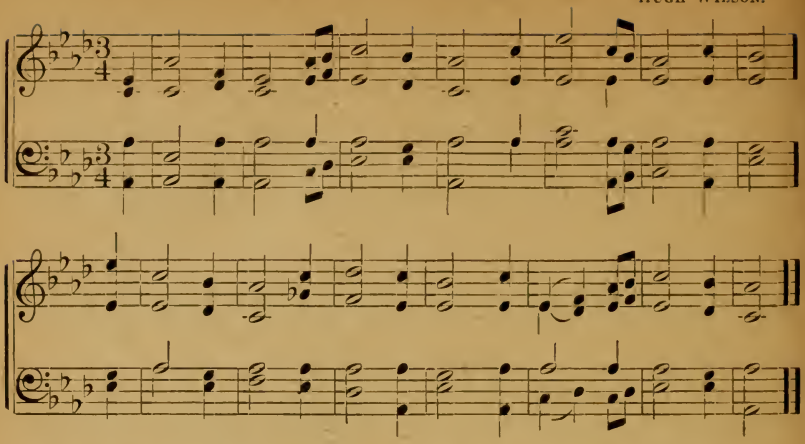
2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Avon. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



216 Forever Here My Rest.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me, and mine thou art; [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

217 Alas! and Did My Savior.

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

218 O for a Heart to Praise!

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

219 Jesus, the Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

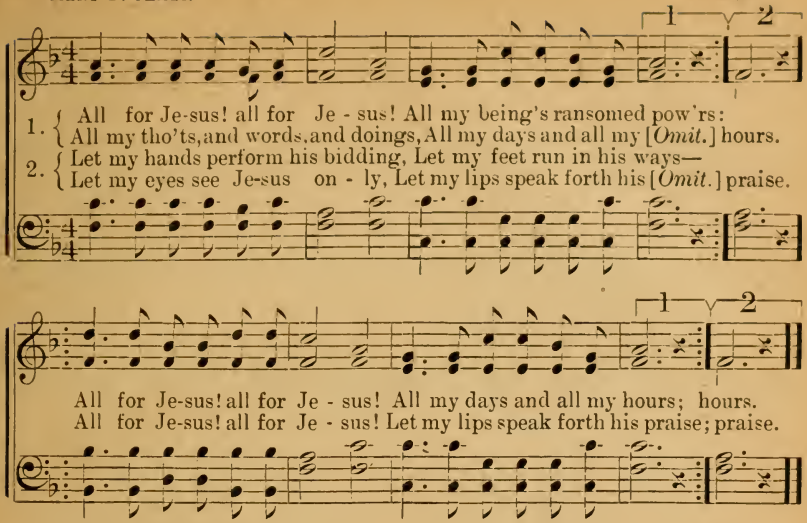
2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

220 All for Jesus.

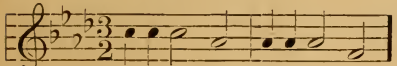
MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.



3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings. :‖

221 I am Saved.



1 I am saved! the Lord hath saved me,
Help me shout the glorious news!
I have tasted God's salvation,
And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I rejoice, salvation came;
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I am saved in Jesus' name.

2 Loud I sing my exultation,
Hoping it will reach the skies;
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever
Under thy protecting eyes.

3 Free salvation! glad salvation!
Let us shout from pole to pole,
Until each diseased nation
Feels that God hath made it whole.

4 When at last the days are gathered
Into thy great judgment one,
May I find my name deep written,
In the records of thy Son.

222 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

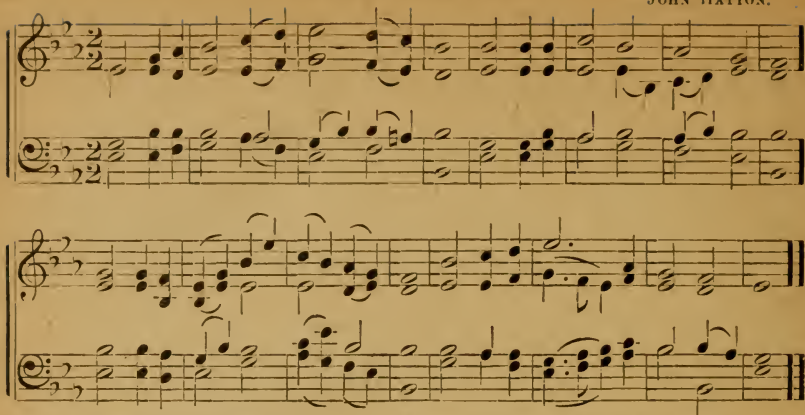
1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus.
Oh, what words I hear him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past:
For his love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And when weary, find sweet rest;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from his fulness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Savior, bless me,
As I sit low at thy feet;
O look down in love upon me,
Let me see thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as he is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

Duke Street.

JOHN HATTON.



223 Jesus shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

224 I Thirst, Thou Wounded.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

225 From All That Dwell.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

226 When I Survey.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

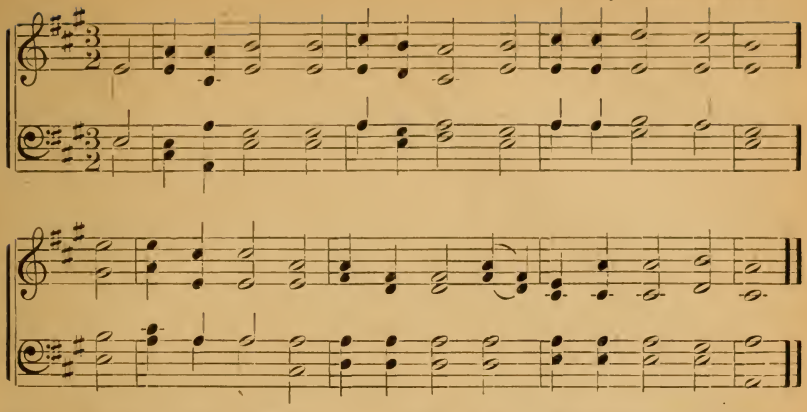
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Azmon.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



227 O for a Closer Walk!

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

228 How Sweet the Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

229 O for a Thousand Tongues!

1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

230 O for a Faith!

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

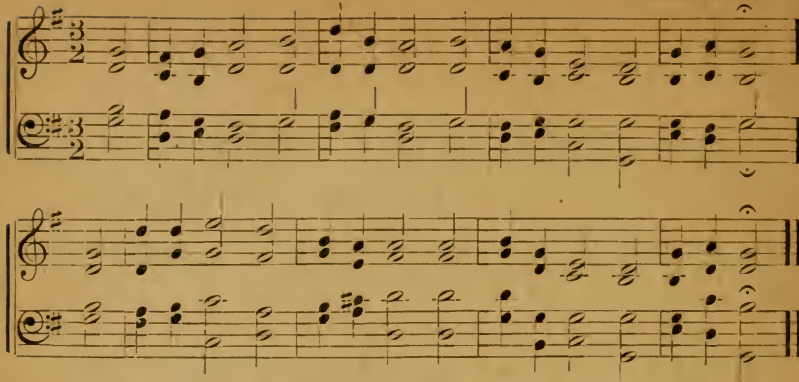
2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Rockingham.

LOWELL MASON.



231 Delights of the Sabbath.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

232 Invitation.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

233 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

234 While Life Prolongs.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

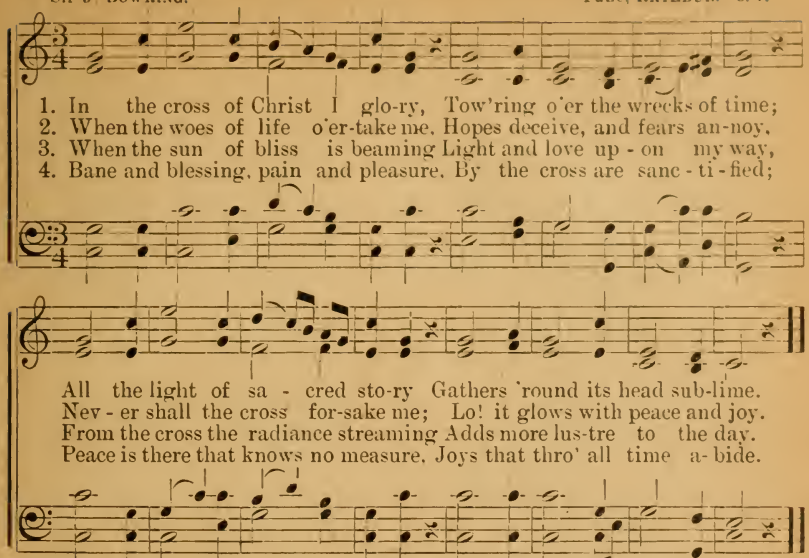
2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

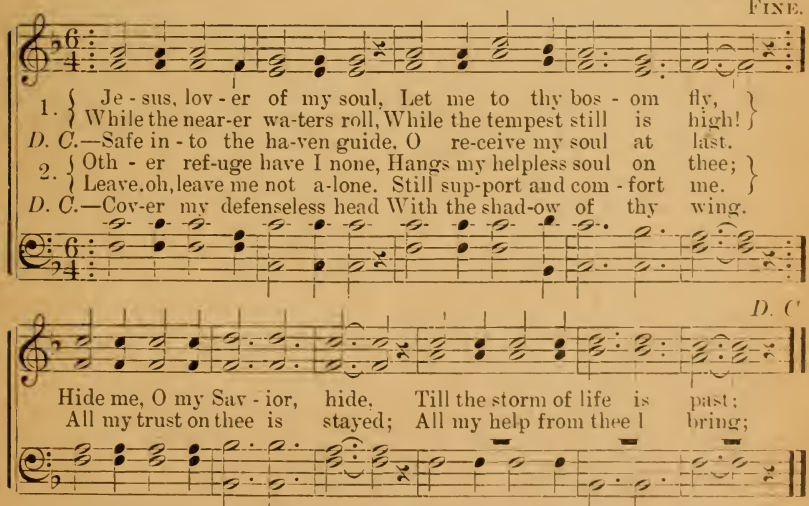
235 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. Bowring. Tune, Rathbun. 8. 7.



236 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

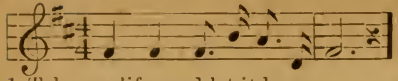
Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.



Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint.
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is thy name.
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am.
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

237 Entire Consecration.



1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

CHO.–Wash me in the Savior's precious blood,
Cleanse me in the purifying flood;
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

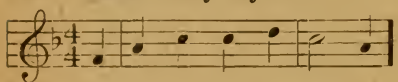
2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

238 Missionary Hymn.

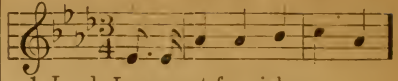


1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

239 Is My Name Written There?



1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold;
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Savior,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

240 Work, for the Night is Coming.

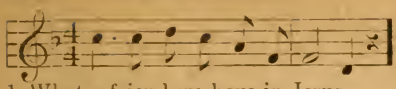
Key of F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

241 What a Friend.

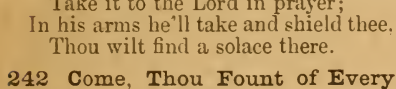


1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

242 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

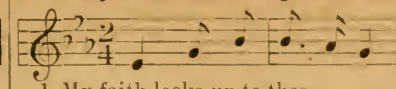


1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

243 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.



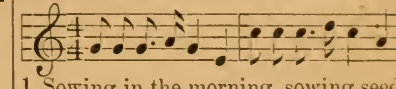
1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

244 Bringing in the Sheaves.



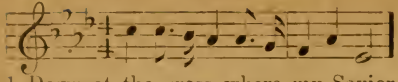
1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, [eves;
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

Cho.—‖:Bringing in the sheaves, :‖
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, [chilling breeze;
Fearing neither clouds, nor winter's
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, [often grieves;
Though the loss sustained our spirit
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

245 Glory to His Name.



1 Down at the cross where my Savior died, [cried;
Down where for cleansing from sin I
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

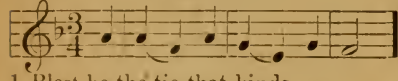
CHO.—‖: Glory to his name; :‖
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in; [clean;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

246 Blest Be the Tie.



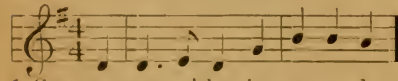
1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

247 Only Trust Him.



1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

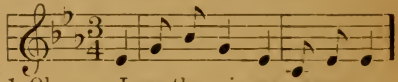
CHO.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you.
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

248 The Cleansing Wave.



1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

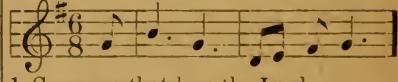
REF.—The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise;
I hear the speaking blood!
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure, and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

249 Marching to Zion.



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

250 Crown Him Lord of All.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

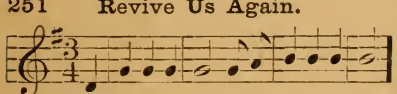
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

251 Revive Us Again.



1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory; revive us again.

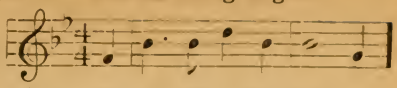
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

252 The Morning Light.

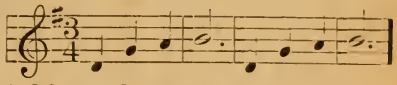


1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

253 O Happy Day!



1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

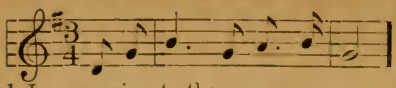
Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

254 I am Coming to the Cross.



1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

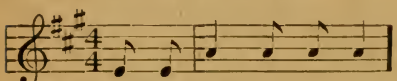
2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me;
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be—
Wholly thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes, he fills my soul,
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

255 It is Good to be Here.



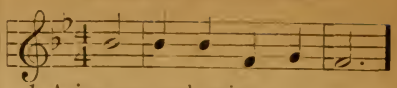
1 While we bow in thy name,
O meet us again;
Fill our hearts with the light of thy love;
May the Spirit of grace,
And the smiles of thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

REF.—It is good to be here, it is good to be here;
Thy perfect love now drives away all fear,
And light streaming down makes the pathway all clear;
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;
O may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning tide;
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

256 Arise, My Soul, Arise!



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

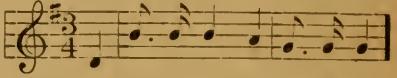
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

257 Beulah Land.



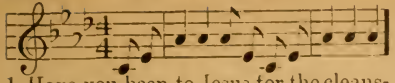
1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, forevermore!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me;
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

258 Are You Washed?



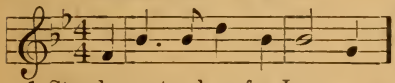
1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? are they white as snow? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, [Lamb?
Pure and white in the blood of the
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

259 Stand Up for Jesus.

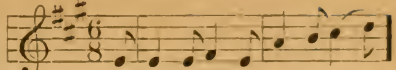


1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

260 Glorious Fountain.



1 There is a fountain ‖: filled with blood :‖
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged ‖: beneath that flood, :‖
Lose all their guilty stains.

Cho.—O glorious fountain! here will I stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ‖: rejoiced to see: ‖
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, ‖: tho' vile as he, :‖
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! ‖: thy precious blood :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God: ‖
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream: ‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

261 The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

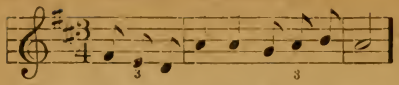
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

262 Blessed Assurance.



1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHO.–‖: This is my story, this is my song.
Praising my Savior all the day long. :‖

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst forth on my sight,
Angels, descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest;
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

263 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

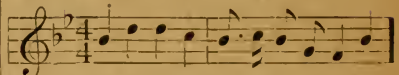
Key of G.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

264 Tell It to Jesus Alone.



1 Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a Friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

---

265 Marching to Glory.

Tune:—"Marching Through Georgia."
Key of B Flat.

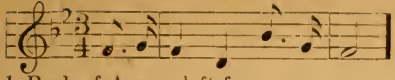
1 Come with hearts and voices now and sing a gospel song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the mighty throng;
Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud and long,
While we are marching to glory.

CHO.—Then hail! all hail! the coming jubilee!
Redeemed from sin, our Jesus make us free:
Now we'll shout salvation over mountain, land, and sea,
While we are marching to glory!

2 Gird the gospel armor on, and duty's call obey;
See the host of Satan ready marshaled for the fray;
Going forth to meet them we will watch, and fight, and pray,
While we are marching to glory!

3 Forward then to battle 'neath the banner of the cross;
Counting worldly honors at their best as only dross;
Jesus is our Captain, and we ne'er can suffer loss,
While we are marching to glory!

266 Rock of Ages.

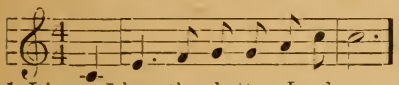


1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

267 I Know I Love Thee Better.



1 I know I love thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

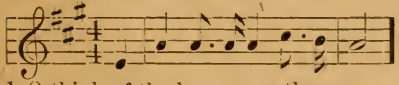
Cho.—The half has never yet been told.
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told.
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart:
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Savior, precious Savior mine!
What will thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with thee?

268 The Home Over There.



1 O think of the home over there.
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair.
Are robed in their garments of white.

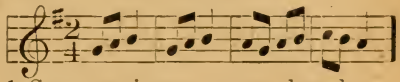
Ref.—‖: Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there. :‖

2 O think of the friends over there.
Who before us the journey have trod.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Savior is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

269 Come, Ye Sinners.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

Cho.–Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

270 At the Cross.

1 O Jesus, Lord, thy dying love
Hath pierced my contrite heart;
Now take my life, and let me prove
How dear to me thou art.

Cho.–At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away:
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day!

2 Amid the night of sin and death
The light hath filled my soul;
To me thy loving voice now saith,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

3 I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand,
I touch thy bleeding side;
O let me here forever stand,
Where thou wert crucified.

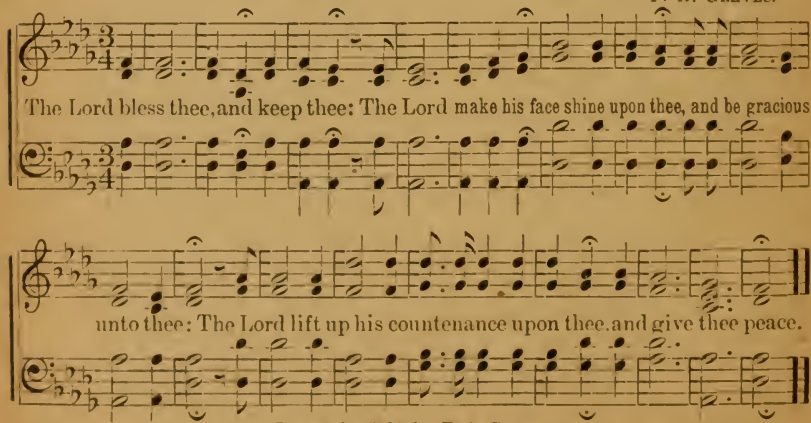
4 My Lord, my light, my strength, my all,
I count my gain but loss;
Forever let thy love enthrall,
And keep me at the cross.

271 Parting Hymn.

J. ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

272 The Lord Bless Thee.

F. A. GRAVES.



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